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August 22, 1925

Collier's

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"Let us talk about women"

and—

THOMAS MEIGHAN

"A hero's life is not an

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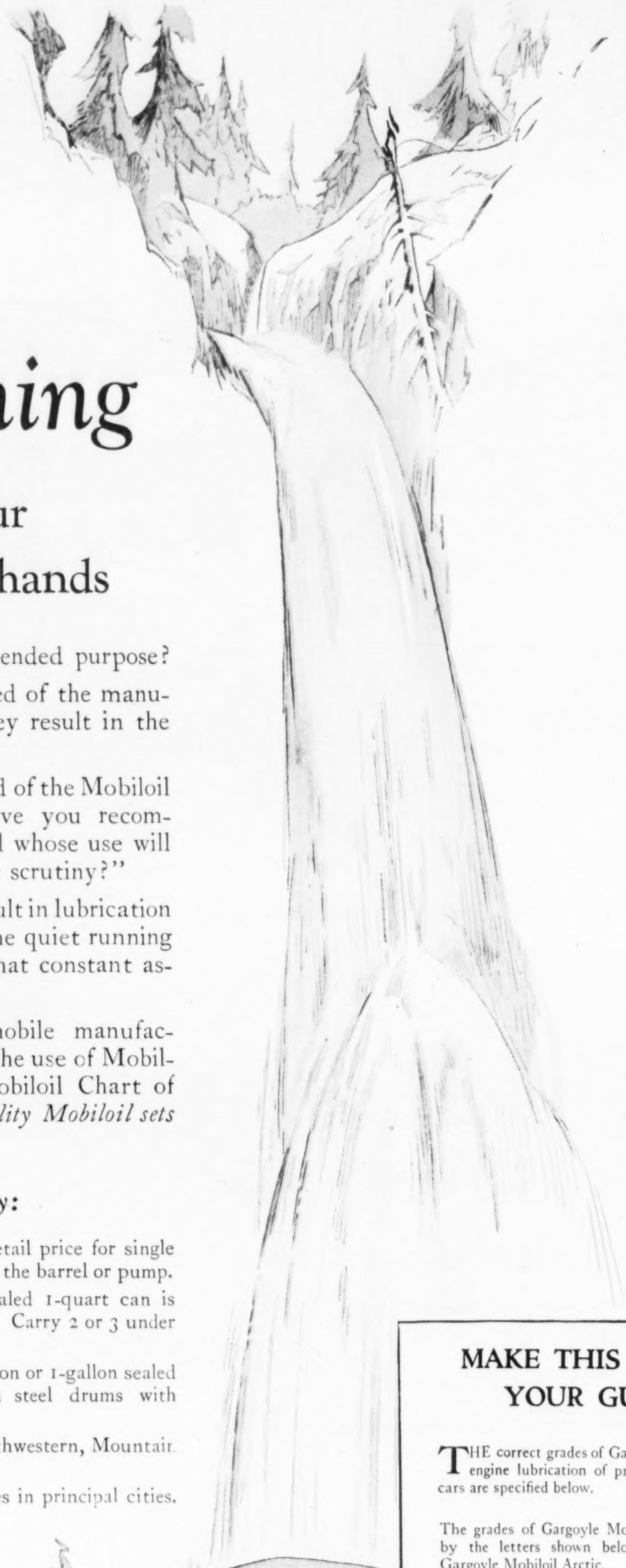
Years of sweet running

The life and full, quiet power of your automobile engine are in your own hands



THE manufacturers of your car want your engine to give full, quiet power for the longest possible time. They want you to get the lowest possible cost per mile. They deliver to you the best engine they can build for a car of their price.

But from there on, engine economy is in your own hands. For you are the one who will determine what oil will go into the engine.

Vital questions

Does one kind of crude petroleum invariably produce the best lubricating oil? No. The Vacuum Oil Company selects its crude stock for lubricating value and for ability to best produce oils of the type desired. The treatment of crudes during manufacture is also of the utmost importance. Good crudes under certain refining methods may result in indifferent oils.

Does the color of an oil in any way indicate its efficiency? No. If it offered real lubricating advantages, we could make oil as clear as water.

Does compression alone determine lubricating efficiency? No. Oil supplying excellent compression in a given engine may dangerously starve the bearings.

For 59 years the Vacuum Oil Company has specialized in lubrication. Only one question is asked of the crude stock—has it the most *lubricating value* for the intended purpose?

Only one question is asked of the manufacturing methods—will they result in the most efficient *lubricants?*

Only one question is asked of the Mobiloil Board of Engineers, "Have you recommended for each car the oil whose use will stand the strictest scientific scrutiny?"

Only such a policy can result in lubrication which definitely prolongs the quiet running of your engine and gives that constant assurance of full power.

Practically every automobile manufacturer in America approves the use of Mobiloil as indicated in the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations. *In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.*

How to buy:

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

The guide sign to scientific lubrication

For 59 years the Vacuum Oil Company has specialized in lubrication

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (*other mod's.*)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The public must be taught how to use everything that it touches

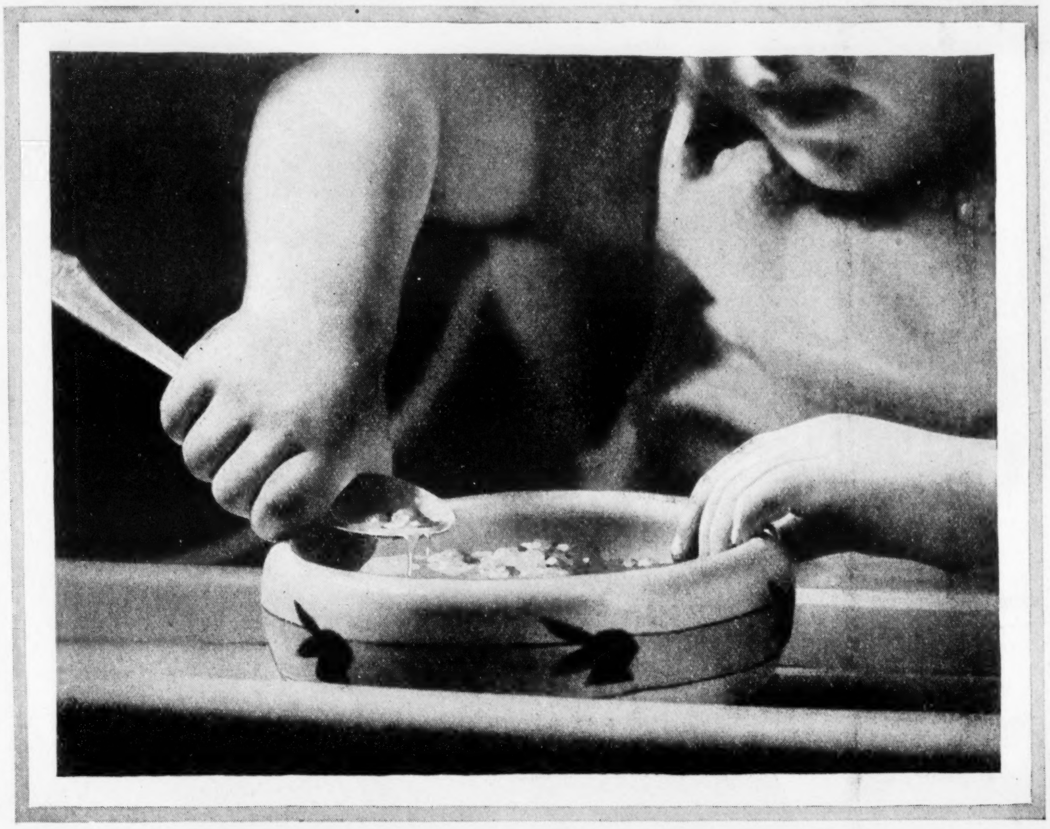
WHEN you were a baby you were very awkward in using a spoon—but for all that you were a very superior baby, no doubt.

At least you have survived until this instant in a world beset with perils for babies, for people, and for everything that people touch.

You and all the other babies came up through life using things awkwardly, breaking things that need not have been broken, and learning very slowly the right way to use a few tools, to eat a few foods, to choose and wear a few articles of clothing.

But wherever you see a factory, you can be sure there is at least one man worrying because an inexpert public misuses and sometimes abuses the thing he tries so hard to make, and studied so long to perfect.

To every good manufacturer, or merchant, or grower, or importer the world appears full of grown-up babies who seem bent on buying things, destroying them, and crying loudly that they were no good.



In some of these cases manufacturers have worked for years to educate people to a more skillful use of their goods

A few typical examples of misused products

Too many men shave with dull razor blades.

Too many people use a toothbrush horizontally instead of with a vertical or rotary motion.

Too many people try to regulate their own watches with a penknife.

Too many blondes buy brunette rouge, and vice versa.

Too many women use caustic soap on linoleum.

Too many people squeeze out too much dentifrice at a time.

Too many motorists forget to water their storage batteries.

Too many people use fountain pens with points unsuited to their handwriting.

Too many people eat bananas that are not completely ripened.

Too many smokers let fine cigars dry out.

Too many housekeepers use too much floor wax and try to polish before the wax is dry.

Too many men play approach shots with a spoon.

Too many people can't open a new volume without breaking the binding.

Too many motorists leave the caps off their tire valves.

Too many cooks burn fried eggs on the bottom.

Too many people think that it is all nonsense to change phonograph needles every time a record is played.

Too many women don't follow the directions for washing fine silks.

Etc., etc., etc.!

THESE manufacturers want their goods to work. They want the things they sell to give the full service they are expected to give. Above all, they do not want a trial to result in disappointment.

That is why many of them use printing and employ good printers.

That is why the growth of business is usually paralleled by a growth in the amount and quality of good printing that is used by that business.

An attractive folder slipped into a package by a salesman or packed with the goods at the factory, a circular to customers, an illustrated letter arriving at the right time—all tend to educate the public to a more skillful and satisfactory use of the things the public buys.

To printers, merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Helpful suggestions on the preparation of commercial printing are contained in a series of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. A book just issued is "The Full Meal in Advertising," a discussion of the value of repetition and reminder in educating the public.

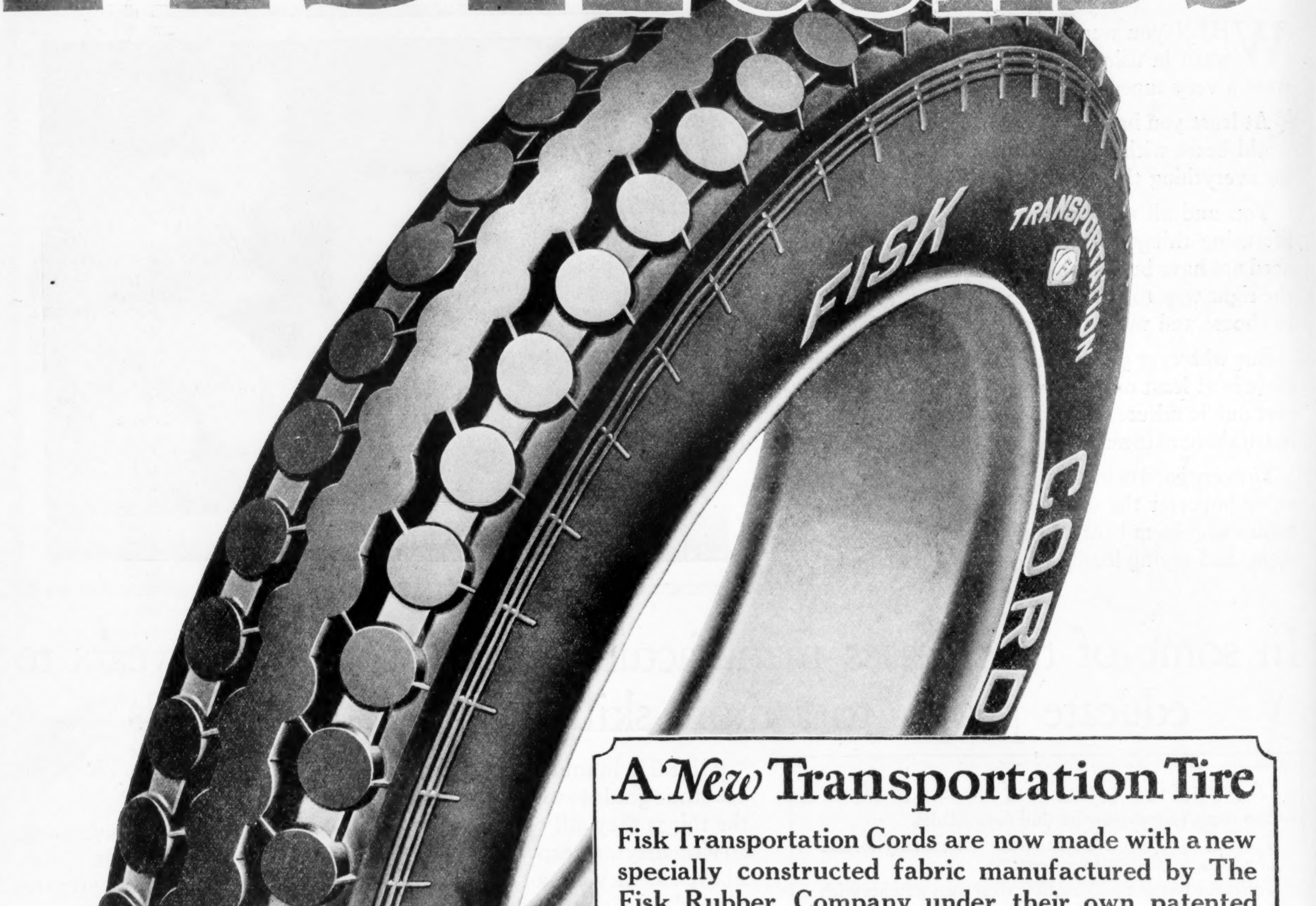
Copies of this book may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

{ better paper — better printing }

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

FISK TRANSPORTATION "Fillerless" CORDS



A *New* Transportation Tire

Fisk Transportation Cords are now made with a new specially constructed fabric manufactured by The Fisk Rubber Company under their own patented process.

This new method of construction eliminates cross threads, controls the spacing and tension of the cords and uniformly surrounds the cords with rubber. This is called "*Fillerless*" fabric.

Exhaustive tests have shown the merits of this new fabric to withstand the hard usage that transportation work demands.

All Bus and Truck Sizes

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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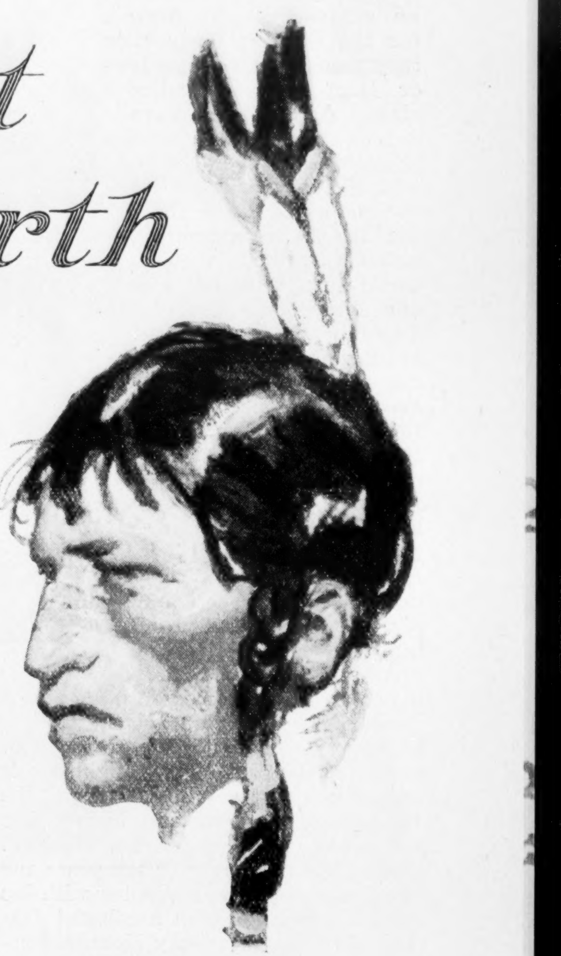
The richest people on earth

The truth about those Osage Indians in Oklahoma who didn't have to do a bit of work to rise to riches

By WILL IRWIN



AS WE drove that Sunday from Tulsa to Pawhuska the lively American boy on the front seat kept improving our minds with information and comment. Now and then he would point to a trim new brick house shining out of the groves along the water courses and remark, "Osage Indian house."

"Richard," his mother asked finally, "how do you know they are Indian houses?"

"Because there are eight-cylinder cars in front of them!" His tone implied that he had settled the question.

The hairdresser at Tulsa confided to my wife that she was an Indian—quarter-bred. "Osage?" inquired my wife.

"No," sighed the hairdresser; "Creek. I wish I *were* Osage!"

A nickeled limousine stopped before the big general store at Pawhuska, capital of the Osage Nation. Inside sat a handsome Indian matron with marcelled hair, wearing, as though born to them, the latest creations of Fifth Avenue. Haughtily she drew off her gloves, languidly she opened her vanity bag, touched up her lips, powdered her nose. With an imperious "Wait!" to her white chauffeur, she tripped in her trim, high-heeled gray shoes to the confectionery counter, ordered a box of chocolates, squatted down on a pile of sacks, and ate them all.

These three anecdotes illustrate and illuminate a situation. Just across the low hills, studded with oil tanks, bristling with derricks, which hide the southern horizon from rich, growing, hustling, American Tulsa, are the richest people in the world. The whimsical, unaccountable lay of oil sands has dumped into the lap of every individual among them an income running as high as $12,000 a year.

Were these ordinary white men, working for a living, the fact would be startling enough. But when fortune struck them all in a heap, most of the pure-blood Osage Indians were still living "in the blanket," as they had lived ever since their ancestors drove out the mound builders. Here is a background for all kinds of human drama—comedy, tragedy, romance. The dramas have followed. For ten years Oklahoma has rung with stories of Osage follies in spending and white man's plots against Osage wealth. But through it all you trace in the native white a kind of pride. Oklahoma has 'em—the richest people in the world.

The Osages do not owe their wealth entirely to luck. Their whole recorded history proves that. Always they have been wise bargainers. The white man found them ranging along the southwestern bank of the Mississippi. The settlers wanted that land. "Move!" said the Great White Father.

"After you pay us for our lands," said the Osages. "We are peaceable. Our hearts are soft toward the paleface. But when we're roused—"

"Very well," said Uncle Sam.

Did They Have a Hunch?

THEREUPON the Osages bought at a lower price a reservation in southern Kansas. It was good wheat land. A few years more, and the white settlers wanted it. "Move!" repeated Uncle Sam.

"Our hearts are soft toward the paleface," repeated the Osages, "but—"

Uncle Sam paid. At a net profit on the whole transaction of some fifty cents on the acre, the Osages purchased that strip of wild, attractive hill country which formed the eastern end of the Cherokee Reservation in northern Indian Territory. Eventually they had a tribal fund of $9,000,000, all gained by shrewd dealings in land.

The pure bloods settled down to live by hunting, fishing, their own corn and the $40 or $50 a quarter which each received from the interest of the tribal funds. This was their final home, and they kept it exclusive. A guard stood at the entrance of every road and trail. No white man entered legally except by a hard-won permit. Even at the end of the last century the Osage country remained so wild that such famous Oklahoma bandits as Al Jennings and the Dalton boys used it as a refuge.

In the eighteenth century missionaries came up from Louisiana and converted most of the Osages to Catholicism. Behind them followed French traders and settlers, to intermarry with the tribe. The Osages carried into Oklahoma a good proportion of mixed bloods. They have always refused to take in the Negro strain. The beauty of the French is traditional. The Osages are tall and stalwart, with massive faces. The French-Osage strain produces the girls who take most of the beauty prizes in Oklahoma.

In 1906 the Indian Bureau decided to break up the traditional communism of the Osages—until that time there had been no land titles. Mixed bloods and pure bloods together, they numbered less than twenty-three hundred. Among these the lands were divided. Each individual man, woman or child received 635 acres. More income for the Osages. These are ideal grazing lands. Part of the mixed bloods began on these areas intensive farming or stock raising; the pure bloods generally leased grazing rights to cattlemen.

But on one point the Tribal Council held like a rock. They would not deed away the mineral rights.

Three separate commissions from Washington visited Pawhuska before the Indians compromised. By the final agreement the mineral rights to Osage land were to remain until 1931 the common property of the tribe. Later, that period was extended to 1946.

The Osages got their treaty just in time. Within a year or so prospectors found signs of oil. A trickle by 1909, it was, before the World War broke, a flood. An oil-bearing formation underlay the whole territory. Ever deeper and richer as it sloped away from the Missouri border, it ended in the Burbank field, where the drill goes far down to tap 3,000 barrels a day. Already a third of the land allotted in 1906 had been sold to outsiders. But the Tribal Council declared that all Osages enrolled in 1906 should share the benefits of the discovery.

At first every man, woman and minor on that list got $1,000 a year. The annual payment rose to $2,000, to $4,000. This came from royalties of one fifth or one sixth the product. But as the drills broke into such bonanzas as the Burbank field and the operators clamored for a chance, the government began to put up at auction the rights to drill.

How They Spend It

BEFORE the agency building at Pawhuska stands a fine wineglass elm. It is called "the million-dollar tree," for under it the auctioneer used to set up his rostrum. The bonus on one quarter section in the Burbank field was knocked down to a syndicate for more than $1,900,000! Now the income was $6,000 a year; now $8,000; by 1924 $12,000. A father and mother with two children born before 1906—calculate their income for yourself. Further, many whose names stood on the lists of 1906 had died; their shares went to increase the income of their heirs.

Until 1921 this money was just handed out every quarter, and there followed the spending jag. I cannot say the Osages behaved much more foolishly than any set of honest and hitherto poor Caucasians would have done. Some threw their new riches away in wild dissipation; some took trips to Europe; some bought fine houses and cars; some founded soberly those fortunes which will in a genera-

The French-Osage strain produces girls who are ravishingly pretty

tion or so maintain the country aristocracy of northeastern Oklahoma. Nor did the pure bloods make complete fools of themselves. But the exceptions were so picturesque that the Southwest rang for years with stories of their doings.

Every family bought first an automobile. No flivvers for the Osages; for a time they recognized nothing lower than the eight-cylinder class. A certain first-grade American car with nickel trimmings all over the body sold like hot cakes. Osage owners would leave the car out in the rain until the nickel tarnished; then they would turn it in for a new and shiny one. One of my Tulsa acquaintances bought at Pawhuska for $1,500 a car which had cost $2,900 new. It had been run only 189 miles. Otherwise the only thing the matter with it was a bent mudguard. An Indian had bought it, driven it 150 miles or so, and collided with a telegraph pole. He sped back to town and turned it in for another new car, guaranteed not to run into telegraph poles.

An agent succeeded in selling to an Indian a moderate-priced car—list value about $1,500. He liked it as well as the $3,500 cars of his neighbors; it seemed a bargain. So that night he drove back to town and bought five more—one for each of his children. During the past eight or ten years the rich Osage, touring all summer with joy and abandon, has been a colorful feature of life in the Rocky Mountain resorts.

The Osages began to build and furnish modern brick houses. This was sensible, but their manner of using these appurtenances of civilization was sometimes comic enough. One old buck installed himself in a fine house. For the master's bedroom his women bought a shiny brass bed. But he always slept on the floor.

A girl reporter from Denver, by way of getting a story, hired out as maid of all work among the Osages. One of her employers had bought a complete dining-room equipment of dishes and tableware. But when the maid brought on the stew in a big bowl, they all dipped in with their hands.

So much for the comedy. As in the case of the mixed bloods, there were members of the tribe who kept their balance. Over many a trim fence in the Osage country you see registered Durham or Duroc or Hampshire stock, shiny-skinned with feeding on rich grasses. These belong for the most part to Indians. Black Gold, an Osage horse, entered the Kentucky Derby in 1924. He was a rank outsider, going to the post at long odds. The Osages bet their leggings on him. He won.

Matrimonial Epidemics

NEVER was there such a run of luck in history. They can't lose, even at the racing game. The largest building and loan association in Pawhuska is an Indian proposition. As Pawhuska grew from a clapboarded trading post to one of the best-housed, best-paved, cleanest and prettiest little cities of the Southwest, Osage money did much of the work. The new Roman Catholic church, which Cardinal Hayes of New York dedicated last year, was built largely by Osage contributions.

Indians as a class like to dress up. When wealth came, Mr. Osage, the pure blood, kept to the blanket; only he decked out his costume with the best that Indian handcraft knew. A fine car will stop before a store in Pawhuska. Out will step a stately monument of a red man, showing in his attitude a certain satisfaction that an Indian sits at last on top of the world. His barrel-crowned, twenty-dollar white sombrero sports at one side an eagle feather. His sixty-dollar red or purple or orange shirt is woven of the best silk that Lyons can make, and embroidered or beaded by Indian workmen of other tribes. Bands of cunning beadwork bind up the braids of hair falling over his shoulders. Mrs. Osage walks behind him, Indian fashion. If she be an elderly woman, she is attired just as primitively though not quite so gaudily. Down the part of her hair she has run a line of vermilion paint, and her blanket often is Persian.

Miss Osage, bringing up the rear, looks like the Rue de la Paix. Usually, however, she makes two concessions to Indian tastes or to Mother's wishes. She wears no hat; and instead of a coat she sports the finest and softest of multicolored Indian blankets. And three quarters of the time she is ravishingly pretty.

So much for the picturesque side.

"You know," remarked one of the half-breeds to me, "when an Indian wants a thing, he wants it hard. Whether it costs ten cents or a thousand dollars, he'll buy it if he wants it."

The weasels who crawled into Pawhuska traded on this characteristic. They sold things to the Indian at ridiculous prices; they encouraged him to incur debts. By the time the law of 1921 somewhat checked this process, families $50,000 behind the game were not uncommon. "And to this day," says Fred Lookout, the wise and competent full blood and Haskell graduate, elected chief of the tribe last year, "there are generally two prices down here—one for whites and one for Indians."

But the weasels went further than that. Young and attractive men, crude blood brothers to the giglets of New York and Paris, wooed and married aged Osage women. Matrimony did not seem to agree with these ladies; some of them died within a year after their marriage. Women of no character whatever but of loud physical charm would get a young buck drunk; he would wake up to find himself married. His bride's affections would cool; a month or two later she would sue for a divorce and depart with alimony. Toward the end of the marrying epidemic the courts adopted the custom of granting prompt divorce—without alimony. "You are an adventuress who married him only for his money," the judge would say.

All this while J. George Wright, Superintendent of the Osage Agency, had wrestled with a situation which he must have regarded as anomalous and intolerable. The Osages played in their traditional luck when they drew Mr. Wright. Even his opponents and enemies will tell you that not only he but the force under him are 100 per cent honest. A stupid agent, or one amenable to the temptations involved in distributing two or three hundred million dollars, might have brought chaos. Mr. Wright, those old settlers of Pawhuska who have been all along the best friends of the Indian, and certain elements among the Osages themselves, got through in 1921 a new law. As drawn and applied, it divided the Osages into two classes—"competents," meaning all of less than half Indian blood, and "incompetents," including all of half blood or more. Any incompetent could be declared competent by special dispensation.

It would have been ridiculous to put in that class Fred Lookout, who is building up a model farm. Also several full bloods or three-quarter bloods are successfully in business at Pawhuska.

The government made at once a few exceptions, but they were very few. Competents got their oil money as it came in. Incompetents were given $1,000 a quarter for each enrolled adult, $500 a quarter for each minor child. The rest of the money was to be invested at compound interest and paid over to the owner or his heirs when declared competent. An incompetent married couple with two children would get $10,000 a year.

Not a bad income, but the full breeds, for the most part, chafed at this restraint on the spending jag. And immediately their white lawyers found, at the point where federal law and state law dovetail, a wide loophole. By getting the court to appoint a white man as his guardian, the incompetent Indian could get his money right away.

The weasels gathered guardianships up in bunches of seven or eight. Pawhuska, at the height of this era, had a hundred attorneys. Corrupt guardians arranged the sale of building sites to Indians at ridiculous prices; they drew down commissions on the sale of expensive goods; they encouraged their wards to go hopelessly into debt. It is recorded that one Osage wanted to improve his mind by a European trip. "Very well," replied his guardian, "I'll O.K. the bill if you'll take me along."

An Old Bureau in the Way

SO THE business element of Pawhuska, the forces of the local agency and the mixed bloods united to work out a new law. In the Tribal Council elected last year mixed bloods formed a majority. Against opposition from most of the full bloods—who hold to Carlos Montezuma's motto, "Abolish the Indian Bureau and let my people go"—the council added its endorsement. Congress held a hearing and passed the bill; it became operative last February. One little clause draws the teeth of the grafting element among the guardians. Henceforth no draft of theirs on the funds of an Osage is good without the endorsement of the Indian Agency, and a debt contracted by an incompetent Osage is void without the same endorsement. No person of pure white blood can inherit from an Osage. That stops the "marrying evil."

Finally, probably having in mind the stories of certain mysterious deaths, Congress enacted that no murderer could inherit from the estate of his victim. The carpet-bag guardian is departing.

The full breeds dislike the new law. Their opposition does not spring entirely from the desire for more spending money. As Fred Lookout says, to declare a man incompetent is to declare him an idiot or a child. Moreover, it is a backward step: it throws more power into the hands of the hidebound Indian Bureau, which should have worked all these years to destroy the conditions which made its existence necessary.

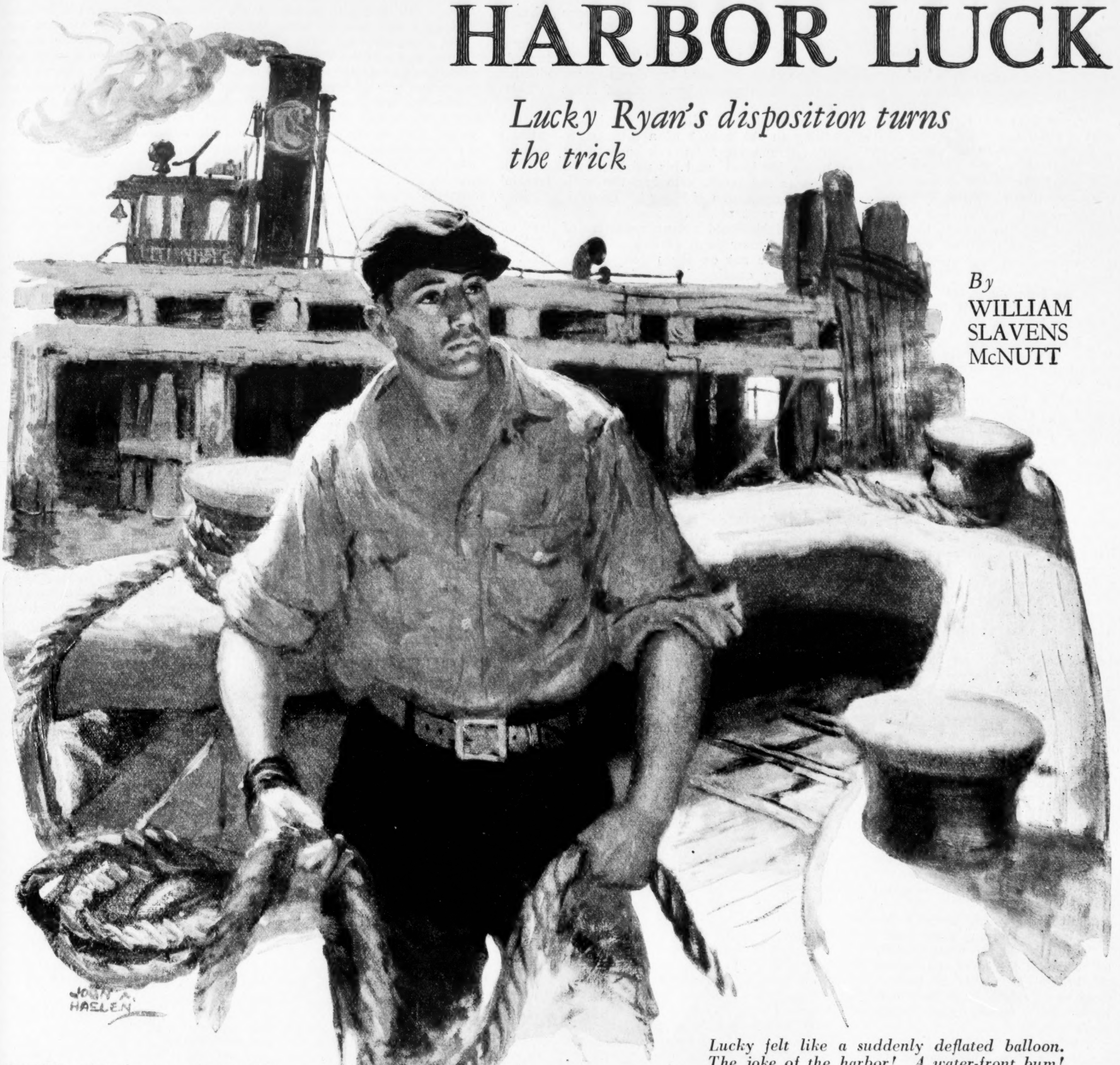
Meantime the biggest days are over. Unless the Osage fields bring forth some sensational new discovery, the "bonus money" will shrink constantly. But, according to oil men, wells will still be working when the rights expire in 1946; and this generation of Osages may look forward to a life without work, poverty, care—or ambition.

Full bloods (and even half bloods) are "incompetents." They must wait for their share, which no white can inherit

HARBOR LUCK

Lucky Ryan's disposition turns the trick

By
WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT



Lucky felt like a suddenly deflated balloon. The joke of the harbor! A water-front bum!

THE sixty-five-ton steam tug Hetty Jane chuff-puffed sassily by Governor's Island, heading for her mooring in the oil-splotched waters of Gowanus Canal after a hard day's towing. In her wheelhouse the gray-haired, portly pilot hummed an off-key tune, steering absently the while with his right hand. In the engine-room in the deckhouse the red-headed engineer was making use of this time of the run home to finish the morning paper. In the hold below, the fireman, his naked torso soot-smudged and sweat-streaked, divided his time between keeping alive the fire in the furnace and the fire in his stub of a pipe. Aft on the stern rail sat Lucky Ryan, the deckhand. He was the youngster of the tug's crew, a barrel-bodied, bull-shouldered, powerfully limbed boy with close-cropped hair the color of dry straw, a freckled, weather-reddened face and small bright blue eyes. He was a harbor character and a harbor joke. Born at seven o'clock in the morning on Friday the 13th, he buoyantly went his obscure, meager way in life, sublimely, absurdly joyous in the delusion that the hour, day and date of his birth had marked him as the inevitable recipient of good luck.

Puffing contentedly on a thin, limp, hand-rolled cigarette, he watched the familiar harbor scene, noting the windows, high in the mountain of buildings at the lower end of Manhattan, reflecting the slanting rays of the low sun so that they seemed filled with brilliant, live flames. Astern the Statue of Liberty was a blurred gray ghost of a figure in a golden haze. The tugs and ferries dotting the bright surface of the bay looked like huge, black water bugs scuttling busily about. A score of freighters lay at anchor, their yellow cargo masts and booms sprouting from their decks like strange denuded trees on tiny islands. Near the Staten Island shore the masts and yards of a lonesome square-rigger gleamed in the sun, a picturesque reminder of a slower, braver day at sea. Beyond the Narrows a giant three-stack liner, her rails black with passengers, was sliding slowly to a stop at Quarantine.

It was an ever-changing picture of which he never grew tired, for in a dim, dumb way he dearly loved the harbor in which he worked, the sense of mystery and romance in the great ships that came and went, and the busy, noisy confusion of impertinent small boats sputtering through the water on a thousand errands, some humdrum and legal, some fraught with outlaw danger. The harbor was to him what the desert is to a confirmed prospector, a natural place to work and the source of a vague, persistent and illogical hope of abnormal reward.

A grease-crusted junk boat went putt-putting by just astern. Lucky waved a greeting to the huddled-up little old man at the wheel, flipped the stump of his cigarette overboard, stood up, stretched voluptuously and started forward.

The engineer put down his paper, leaned from the window and halted Lucky.

"The old lady's visiting to her mother's in Jamaica to-night and I got to eat out," he said. "I need supper money. Match you for a half."

Lucky grinned and searched his pockets. "Only got a quarter with me," he said, producing the coin.

"Quarter'll help," said the engineer. "You match me."

They palmed the coins and exhibited them simultaneously. Lucky showed heads. The engineer tails.

"Too bad you didn't have a half," the engineer said, pocketing both coins.

"Same old story," said Lucky, grinning broadly. "Luck never goes back on me."

"Luck!" the engineer exclaimed.

"Sure!" said Ryan. "If I'd had a half with me, I'd 'a' lost it, wouldn't I?

Well, then! I'm a quarter to the good 'cause I didn't have a half, ain't I?"

He went on to the bow, chuckling with satisfaction.

"Ryan just had another piece o' good luck," the engineer called down to the fireman.

"Yeh?" said the latter, looking up. "What happened? Break his left arm when it might 'a' been his right?"

"'Bout like that," said the engineer, and explained.

"Huh!" said the fireman. "If he was to get sent to the electric chair, he'd wake all hell the minute he got there to tell 'em how lucky he was he didn't get sentenced in some state where they hung guys."

In the bow Lucky was leaning with his elbows on the rail, his chin in his cupped palms, watching. Ahead to the left was Erie Basin, a colorful confusion of wharves, grain elevators, big black-hulled freighters moored to docks or sitting absurdly out of the water propped in huge dry docks. Directly ahead was Gowanus Bay, rapidly narrowing to the canal entrance.

The tug glided into the mouth of the canal, past moored barges discharging cargo. At the rear of each barge a deckhouse, some with lace curtains at the windows and window boxes full of flowers. On deck at the rear of one a woman sat in a rocker nursing a baby. Two young children played about near by, protected by a fence of chicken wire. Forward a great steam shovel was dipping crushed rock from the business part of this floating home, a quarter of a ton at a scoop. The husband and father and captain of the barge stood on top of the deckhouse superintending the job. Lucky called and waved to him.

"Another lucky guy," he said to himself. "Nice wife and kids. No rent. Coal free. A hundred a month for bein' towed around the harbor in his own back yard doin' nothin' much. Not so bad."

The tug's whistle spoke stridently and a steel bridge over the narrow canal split in the middle and yawned open. As the stubby little vessel passed through, the bridge tender leaned from his tower.

"Any luck to-day, kid?" he called down to Ryan.

"Best in the world," Lucky yelled back. "Never had any other kind."

"A nut," said the bridge tender as he moved the lever that closed the bridge jaws. "If he was as lucky as he thinks he is, he'd have Rockefeller's money and Valentino's face."

Another two hundred yards of bunting a lane between close-packed barges under overhanging steel cranes in the cool shadow of abrupt factory walls. Then Lucky cast a line ashore and jumped after it. The Hetty Jane was home for the night.

As Lucky scrambled up the bank the pilot leaned from the wheelhouse window and called to him.

"Come over to the shack an' play pinochle to-night, Lucky?" he asked.

"Can't," Lucky called back. "Got a heavy date."

"Addie Mullarkey, hey?" said the pilot.

"You win," said Lucky, grinning.

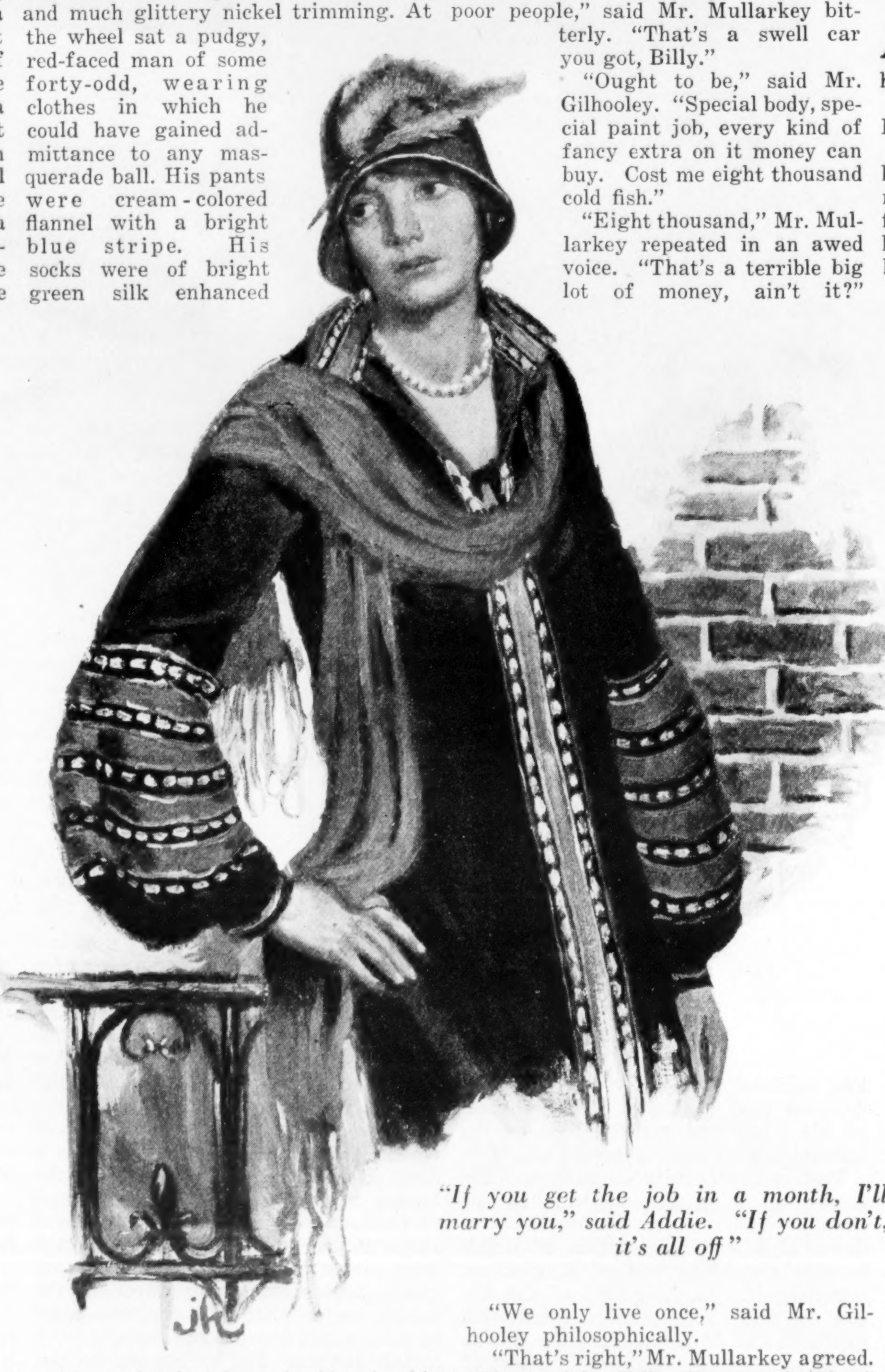
"Great to be young," the pilot sighed, looking after Ryan and visioning the face of the girl Lucky was hurrying to meet. "Maybe the lad's as lucky as he thinks he is, at that."

MR. MULLARKEY sat on a rocker on the front porch, attired in undershirt, trousers, and house slippers, cooling out after a hard day shoveling coal into a hungry furnace at the gas works. It was not much of a front porch, nor was the house it more or less adorned much of a house. Dilapidated as it was, it was at least in harmony with the rest of the houses on the block, ill-cared-for, cheap frame affairs with pocket-handkerchief front yards.

Mr. Mullarkey failed to present anything in the nature of a contrast to his surroundings. In common with his house, his block, and his neighborhood he was not much. He had the well-earned reputation of being the grouchiest and most persistent family nagger in a neighborhood not unproductive of this particular form of domestic pest, and as he sat on the porch on this particular evening he was having a fine time thinking up words that would penetrate the armor of his youngest daughter, Addie, and hurt when they got through.

AS HE sat thus, lustfully manufacturing verbal ammunition, an object as out of harmony with the neighborhood as a scented lipstick in a lumberjack's turkey turned the corner.

The object was a robin's-egg-blue roadster with bright leather cushions and much glittery nickel trimming. At the wheel sat a pudgy, red-faced man of some forty-odd, wearing clothes in which he could have gained admittance to any masquerade ball. His pants were cream-colored flannel with a bright blue stripe. His socks were of bright green silk enhanced with an intricately embroidered white figure. His feet were encased in black-and-white sport shoes cunningly striped after the fashion of a zebra's flank. A white patent leather belt, with an initialed silver buckle the size of a policeman's badge encircled his fat middle. A snuff-brown coat enlivened with a white pin stripe, a silk shirt with purple and white stripes, a blue bow tie with white dots, and a panama hat with a turned-down brim and a blue-and-white silk band completed the costume.



"If you get the job in a month, I'll marry you," said Addie. "If you don't, it's all off"

This rotund rival of the rainbow guided his gaudy car to a stop in front of the shabby Mullarkey home and called to the old man on the porch in a voice that matched his raiment.

"Hello, Pop, old socks, how they treatin' you?"

"Fine, Billy, fine," said Mr. Mullarkey effusively. "Come in and take a load off your feet."

"The queen home?" the radiant arrival inquired, descending to the sidewalk.

"Sure thing," said Mr. Mullarkey eagerly. "She's here. Come right on up, Billy. I'll call her."

He turned and called into the house: "Addie! Hey, Addie! Billy Gilhooley's here to see you."

"Hot, ain't it?" said Mr. Gilhooley, mounting the steps. "Tough weather on poor people that ain't got cars to run out to the beach in and cool off when they feel like it."

"All kinds of weather is tough on poor people," said Mr. Mullarkey bitterly. "That's a swell car you got, Billy."

"Ought to be," said Mr. Gilhooley. "Special body, special paint job, every kind of fancy extra on it money can buy. Cost me eight thousand cold fish."

"Eight thousand," Mr. Mullarkey repeated in an awed voice. "That's a terrible big lot of money, ain't it?"

"We only live once," said Mr. Gilhooley philosophically.

"That's right," Mr. Mullarkey agreed. "That's right, Billy. You got the idea."

"I got the dough," Mr. Gilhooley continued with an air. "Why shouldn't I spend it?"

"That's right, Billy," Mr. Mullarkey continued to agree. "You can't take it with you when you die."

The front door was opened and Addie Mullarkey stepped out onto the porch. Seen beside her father Miss Mullarkey was potent evidence against the theory of inevitable direct inheritance. Her resemblance to him was the resemblance of a rose to a ragweed. She was a tall, grave, graceful girl with cool gray eyes and a wealth of blue-black, silk-soft hair.

"Hello, sugar lamb," Mr. Gilhooley greeted her. "Hot enough for you?"

Addie looked him over gravely, slowly, adjusted the wave of hair over her right ear with a graceful hand, and sighed significantly. "Just about," she said shortly. "What of it?"

"Thought I'd drop around with the little old bus and drive you down to Long Beach for a dinner and a dance," said Gilhooley. "Cool down there. Best of everything. Nothing too good for anybody that steps out with Billy Gilhooley."

"I got a date," said Miss Mullarkey shortly.

"Oh, don't you bother about that, Addie," said Mr. Mullarkey, signaling furiously from behind Gilhooley's back. "You go right ahead. I'll see Lucky and fix it with him."

A SLIGHT shade of purple mixed with the normal red of Mr. Gilhooley's countenance.

"So you got another date with Lucky Ryan, huh?" he said angrily.

Addie raised her eyebrows, pursed her lips, looked critically at the finger nails of her right hand, and, apparently finding the polish not quite sufficiently high, began shining them diligently on her left palm.

"Oh, all right!" said Mr. Gilhooley explosively. "If you want to throw yourself away on a dirty roughneck of a deckhand when you got a chance to step out with a regular fellow that'll treat you right, why, go ahead and do it. You'll be sorry, though. Mind what I tell you: you'll be sorry!"

He stamped furiously down the steps, climbed into his gay roadster, and drove away without looking back.

"If you was a year younger, I'd turn you over my knee and give you a lickin' you'd never forget," said Mr. Mullarkey viciously as the car rounded the corner and disappeared.

Addie nodded. "I know you would," she said quietly. "You've given me many a one I'll never forget."

"A lot o' good any of 'em did you," Mullarkey scoffed. "Think of any girl in her right mind runnin' around with a bum like Lucky Ryan when you might be goin' out with a wealthy man like Billy Gilhooley."

"A bootlegger!" said Addie scornfully.

"How do you know he's a bootlegger?" Mr. Mullarkey demanded. "What if he is, anyhow? He's got the money, and he's no dumb deckhand on a dirty tugboat!"

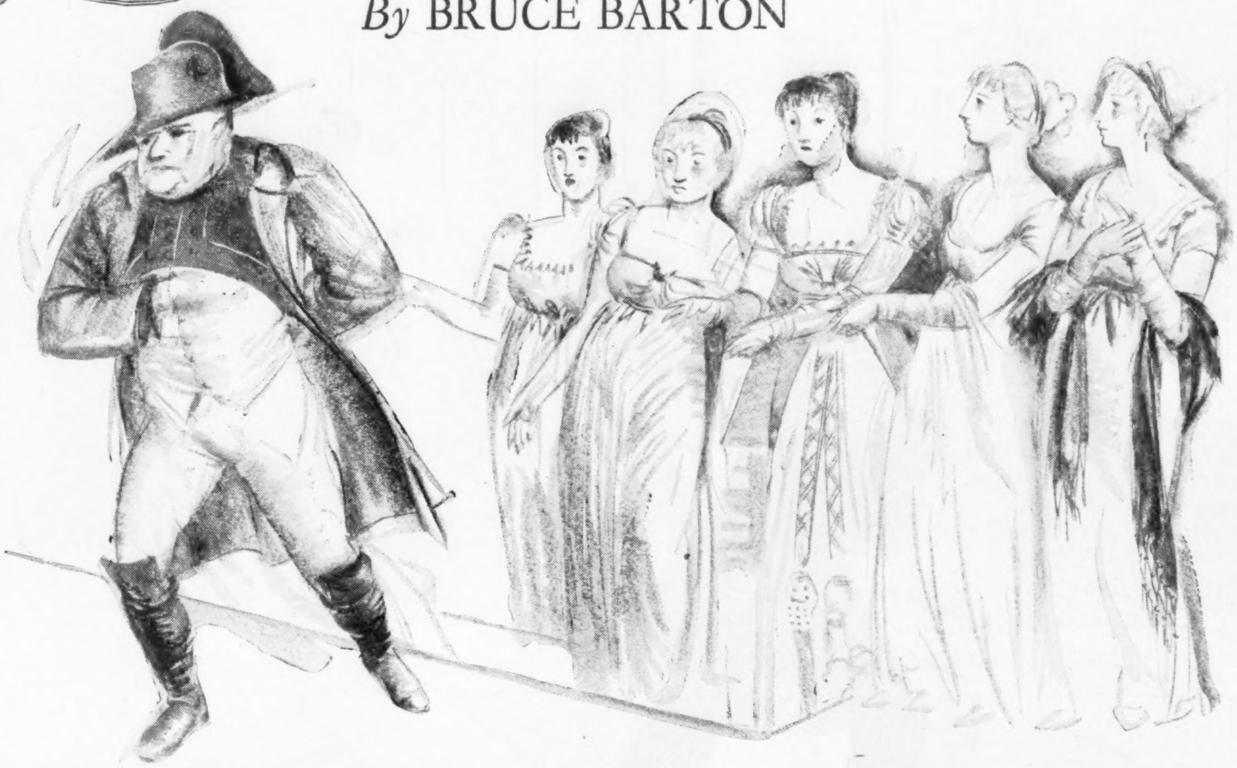
"Lucky'll be a pilot pretty soon," Addie defended him. "When he gets to be a pilot we're going to be married. You might just as well make up your mind to that and stop nagging me."

"He don't amount to nothin' an' he never will," said Mr. Mullarkey spitefully. "An' I ain't goin' to stop naggin' you as long as you keep on tryin' to throw yourself away on a no-good harbor rat like him."

Addie expressed her contempt for her father's opinion by banging the front door hard from the inside, but she could not slam shut the door to doubt that was (*Continued on page 39*)

Let us talk about women

By BRUCE BARTON



"Women shall have no influence at my court," said Napoleon. In exile his pet subject was woman

BRUCE BARTON will be a monthly contributor to Collier's hereafter. He is outstanding among the editorial writers of this generation. He is close to the heart of the American people, talks about the common things of everyday life, writes what he thinks and minces no words about it. He is as typically American as a town meeting, and he numbers his regular readers by millions.

ST. HELENA was a dreary prison for the man who had been the greatest power in the modern world. There was nothing but the dull daily ride, the partial diversion of the billiard table, and talk—talk about his battles, his triumphs and his mistakes; the kings he had known, and the generals—and the women.

"Women shall have no influence at my court," he had announced contemptuously in the days of his glory. Now, in defeat, he explained that he had kept them away because he was too susceptible and feared to be dominated. It was a blunder, he said. If he had his chance again, he would act differently; he would spend at least two hours a day in conversation with ladies, for from them every man, even the emperor, can learn.

"Let us talk about women!" he would exclaim. "Are fat women more admirable than thin ones? Are the blondes more desirable than the brunettes?" He had emphatic views on every phase of the subject.

All of which is recalled by a letter from a vehement reader who is distressed by the current tendencies and activities of the feminine sex. He desires us to view with alarm and speak boldly. He would have us rebuke the girls for their manners, instruct young matrons to pattern after their grandmothers, and persuade members of the sex in general to go back home where they belong. In itself this letter is not significant, but as representing the present attitude of a good many serious-minded folk it deserves an honest answer. There are four definite things to be said in reply:

1. The amount of nonsense that has been written about women is prodigious, and for much of it the male sex ought to be very heartily ashamed. Even the best men have been guilty. Saint Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy, said: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but *to be in silence.*" Sir Thomas Browne, author of the "Religio Medici," was not only a devout man but, according to the standards of his generation, intelligent, a physician and a philosopher. Woman, he said, was but the twelfth part of a man and the crooked part at that; namely, the rib. The world was made for man and very little of it had any intelligible relation to woman. She was indeed a necessary factor in the propagation of the species, but Nature might much better have arranged for men to reproduce themselves like trees.

Nobler Than Man

HOW have women received such outpourings? With glorious indifference. Dr. Browne's practice grew and his wealth increased. He was made a knight of the realm and apparently enjoyed the good will of all the women, one of whom married him, bore him several children, and sincerely mourned his passing after forty-one years of wedded life. How absurd his utterances seem at this distance, yet how apparently incurable is the male habit of uttering like absurdities.

2. We hear a great deal about the "new woman." There is a new woman only in the sense in which there is a new man. The new man rides in an automobile instead of an ox cart; he telephones instead of sending a runner; he is somewhat freed from the fear of famine and much better sheltered from the elements. But in his motives and thought, his hopes and fears, his loves and hates, his ambitions and desires, he is not essentially different from Adam; nor is the new woman different from Eve.

An Englishman visiting at the White House during a national campaign was disturbed by the direful campaign oratory. "Your country seems to be on the verge of a crisis," he said.

To which McKinley replied, with a calm smile, "Sir, this country is *always* on the verge of a crisis."

Women, like the country, are always tottering on a precipice—gloomy comments are made and gloomy predictions uttered regarding each new generation. "We are ducks," said Florence Nightingale's mother with tears in her eyes, "who have hatched a wild swan." But Florence turned out very creditably, and so do the dangerous daughters of every generation. They become the sedate mothers of the next, and better mothers on the average because they have known what it means to be irresponsibly young.

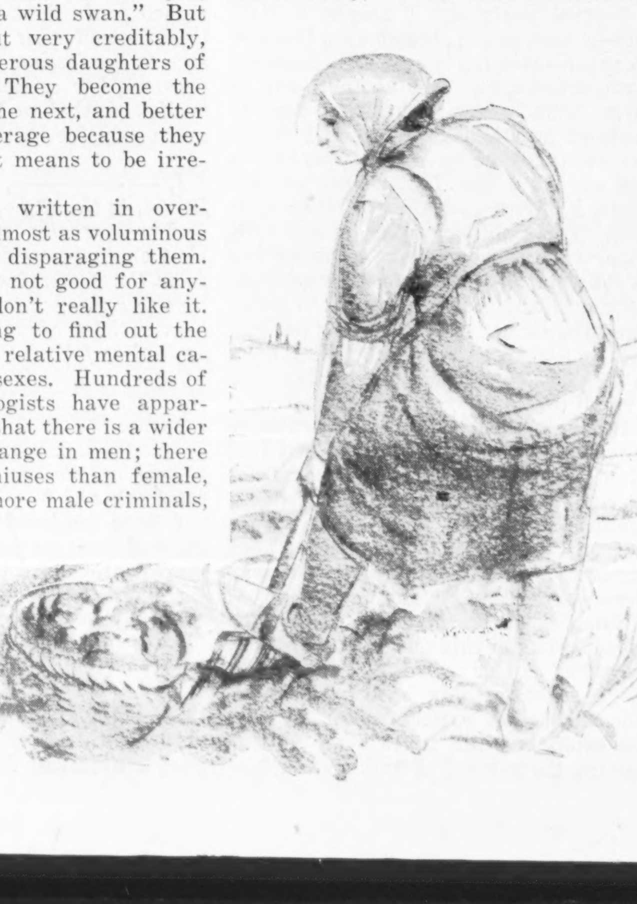
3. The nonsense written in overpraising women is almost as voluminous as the nonsense of disparaging them. Too much praise is not good for anybody, and women don't really like it. Science is beginning to find out the facts regarding the relative mental capacities of the two sexes. Hundreds of studies by psychologists have apparently demonstrated that there is a wider variety of mental range in men; there are more male geniuses than female, but there are *also* more male criminals, and more male insane. Between the average normal man and his wife there is no mental difference. She is every bit his equal, but not his superior, designed neither to be worshiped nor bossed, but for the finest companionship.

4. The supreme difference between men and women is not in their minds but in their spirits, and has nowhere been so well expressed as by Gina Lombroso, the daughter of the great Italian psychologist, in her "Soul of Woman."

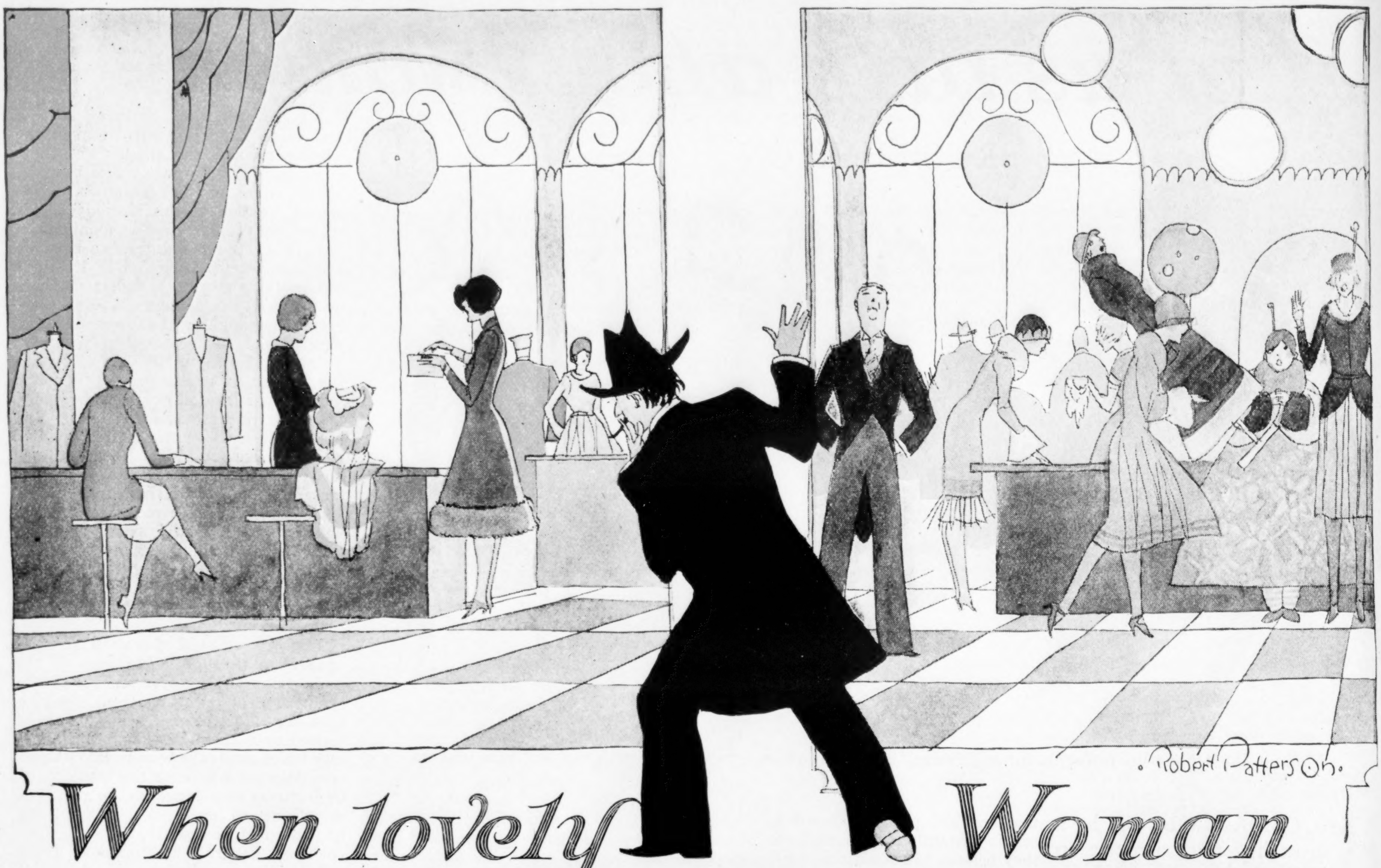
"Man," she says, "like all other living organisms unstamped by potential maternity, is egocentrist; that is to say, he makes himself and his pleasures and his activities the center of the world in which he lives. . . . Woman is alterocentrist; that is to say, she centers her feelings, her enjoyment, her ambition in something outside herself; she makes not herself but another person, or even things surrounding her, the center of her emotions, and usually this person is someone whom she loves and by whom she wants to be loved: husband, son, father, friend."

This driving need of women for self-expression *through other lives* is the mainspring of the universe. It fills the shrines with young matrons praying that the pains of motherhood may be visited upon them. It inspires the loyalty which sends the woman into danger or desolation wherever the man's work or fortunes may cause him to go. It is something so much nobler than any quality given to man that it calls upon each new generation of manhood for a rededication to chivalry. The record of the race is full of blots, and neither sex can take complete satisfaction in it, but no historian has any doubt that the record of the women is the better. They kept the fires burning and sacrificed for the children while primitive men loafed and drank and fought. They have given devotedly and have not asked for fame or wealth or comfort but only affection in return. They have kept religion alive. They stood tearful but firm at the foot of the cross when all the others had fled.

What the present-day world needs is more chivalry on the part of men. Until our male record has decidedly improved it behooves us all to stand by deferentially, with our hats in our hands.



Woman is every bit the equal of man



When lovely Woman

As told to
ALVIN F. HARLOW

By the head detective in a large store

YOU MAY go into a department store five times a week for years and never see any shoplifters. But they're nearly always present. Here's a man who has spent nearly thirty-nine years trapping them and studying them. He knows all about their sinuous ways, their clever subterfuges, and their psychology; and he can tell you some things about them that will surprise you.

I'VE been catching department store thieves — mostly shoplifters — for nearly thirty years, and I haven't yet succeeded in deducing all the reasons why women steal. When I say this, I'm referring particularly to women who don't *have* to steal; the professionals, of course, do it as a business. And I emphasize women in this connection because more than ninety per cent of all shoplifters are women.

Several years ago I caught a little girl—a tiny, pretty, brown-eyed thing of six years—stealing in our store. She wore three dresses, one over another, and in them were seven capacious pockets made of bed-ticking, in which I found two purses, some lace collars, penknives and gloves, a fine fan, a pair of earrings, a brooch and a dozen other trinkets. The child was accompanied by a sister aged thirteen, who escorted her to the various stores, gave her instructions now and then and helped to carry away the swag. The children's parents had sent them out to steal. They lived in a basement, where the father ran a small coal and ice business.

I caught another girl, only twelve years old, working alone. She had just lifted a ten-dollar pair of shoes from us, and she had concealed about her a quantity of goods stolen from other stores. She admitted that she had been arrested a year before—when she was eleven—on a similar charge.

Some apology may be made for women who get this sort of start in life, but what can be said for the carefully reared, comfortably situated woman who filches an article which perhaps she could buy ten times over without missing the money? I wish I knew how many hundreds—perhaps thousands—of fairly well-to-do and supposedly respectable women I've caught stealing. I have whole drawers full of their signed confessions—for if we decide to let a first offender go free, we make her sign a confession before we agree to overlook her crime. So numerous are such cases that we have a blank printed and ready for them:

I, ——— ———, residing at No. —— Street, in the city of ————, do freely and voluntarily confess and declare that on the —— day of ——— I took from the possession of ———, with intent to appropriate to my own use, certain articles of personal property, described as follows:

....

....

....

....

Said articles so taken being of the total value of $———.

I have implored the firm to forgive me and save me from the disgrace and mortification of a criminal prosecution. I engage that I will never again enter ————'s store.

Dated —— ———, ———.
Signed ———— ————.

Nice thing, isn't it, to know that a document like that is lying in some company's archives, forever branding you as a thief! I must protect my firm, so I fill out the blanks, lay the paper before the culprit and say, "Sign—or go to prison!" And they almost always sign.

A woman is naturally more timid and cautious than a man. Yet a delicately nurtured and apparently otherwise well-balanced woman who has everything that a reasonable person could desire will risk lasting disgrace and humiliation merely for some intangible satisfaction she gets out of stealing an article worth sometimes only a few cents. There must be some abnormality or some unusual urge back of such an act.

Some of the blame, to be sure, can be laid upon the abnormal times in which we are living—the "Keeping-up-with-the-Joneses" idea. I remember one middle-aged woman who stole a $50 table cover from us and, when caught, explained tearfully that she had wanted it for a wedding gift to her daughter, who was to be married in a few days. She longed to have the glory of putting that beautiful table cover on display at the wedding!

There are women of more ample means than she who gamble away their monthly allowance at bridge and finally begin stealing to make up the deficit.

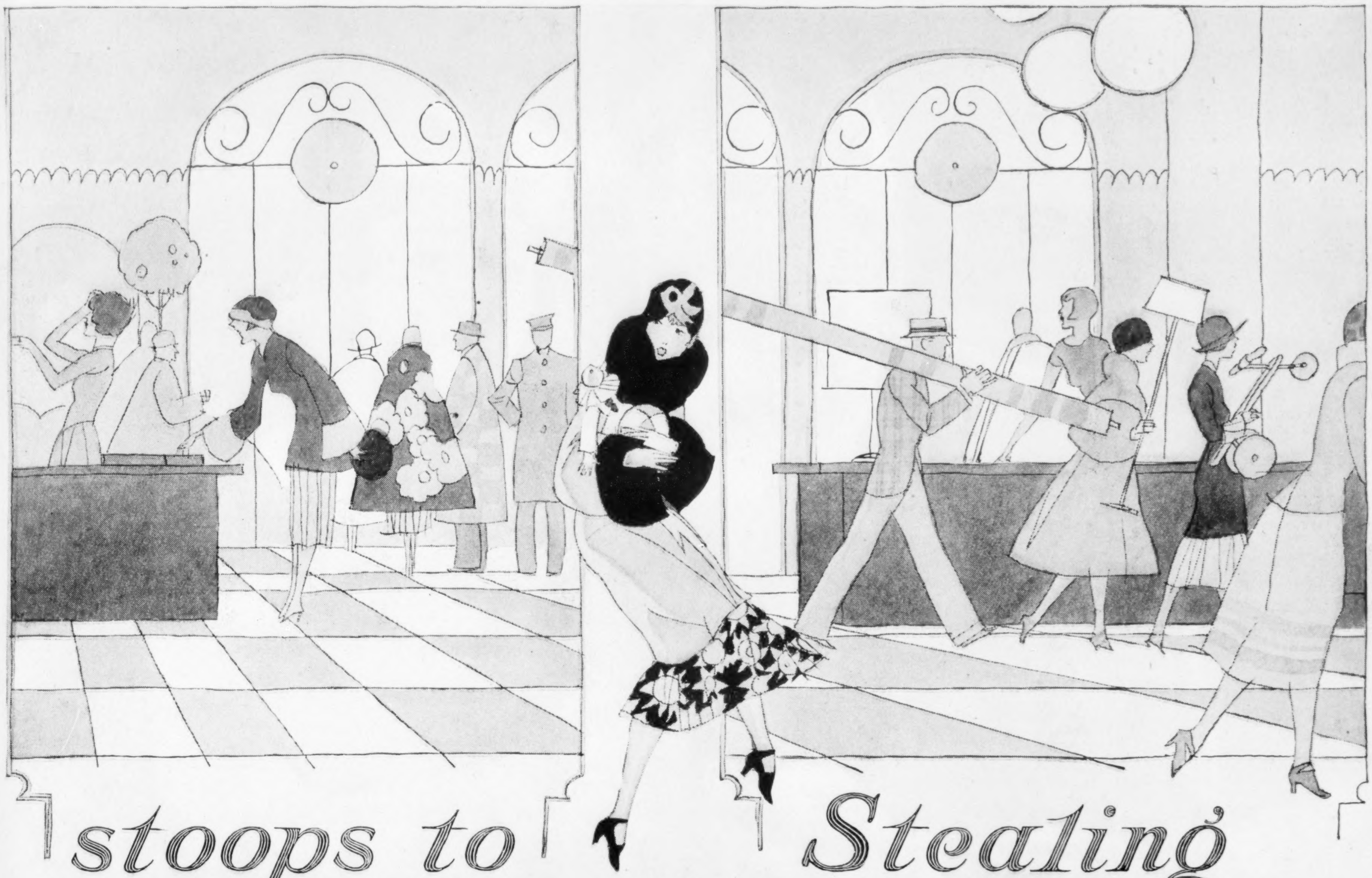
There are cases in which the theft merely represents innate criminal tendencies just coming to the surface. And then there are women whose sudden predilection for theft you just can't explain on any ordinary ground. Such women or their families usually fall back on some previous illness or nervous trouble as an explanation and in many cases it is doubtless a valid one; though why such troubles should bring on kleptomania is one of the mysteries of feminine psychology.

Here is an example: A beautifully dressed woman wandered about the store one day, picking up laces, ribbons, perfume, a handsome purse and other articles and putting them into her bag. The salesgirls sent for me in haste. When I halted the woman on the sidewalk she had a veritable fit of hysterics. After a while she calmed down and offered to pay for the goods.

"Possessed of a Devil"

SHE had $150 with her. She gave me her name and I notified her husband, a prominent insurance agency manager. He and the family physician, as well as others, testified that the woman had had a serious illness, followed by gangrenous affections which necessitated five operations and the loss of part of one hand, and that she had been compelled for several months to use morphine to overcome pain. It seemed evident that she was not entirely responsible for her actions.

There are other women who are not able to give any excuse at all, but simply say over and over, "I don't know why I did it." If I've heard that remark once in my career, I've heard it a million times. I heard it from a woman of fifty (the mother of twelve children and a member of a wealthy family of silk manufacturers), who stole ten handkerchiefs, a tie and a silk remnant from us and had $20 worth of handkerchiefs from other stores in her bag. I heard it again from a woman richly dressed and loaded with diamonds, wife of a prosperous commission merchant; she



stoops to Stealing

had $40 worth of goods charged to another woman and then stole several rolls of ribbon.

Frequently they vary the remark. A young woman who had with brazen effrontery swindled most of the big stores in the city by having goods charged to other people was so overcome when brought into court that she fainted. "I can't imagine what made me do it," she said. "I must have been possessed of a devil."

"Thank God you've caught me!" exclaimed the gray-haired wife of a broker when I stopped her as she was carrying off a fur neckpiece. "This will break me of a bad habit."

I'm glad that those immense muffs women used to carry have gone out of style. They were the favorite tool of shoplifters, both amateur and professional. With one of them the thief could mask the operations of the hand with which she did the stealing. Often she put the loot right into the muff—stockings, silk underwear, handkerchiefs, jewelry, and the like. I've seen muffs with false linings and hidden pockets for the reception of stolen goods, but the most remarkable one I ever saw was a big, long-haired affair with an oblong hole cut in one side of it. The professional who used it of course kept the hole always turned downward, so that it couldn't be seen. She would stand alongside a counter, looking at something or waiting for a salesgirl, and meanwhile her busy fingers would be drawing silk hose, gloves or whatever she wished to steal through that hole in the muff.

Those big, loose capes that women used to wear were great aids to the shoplifter. They could carry away almost anything up to a bass drum under one of them. Some women used the shirt waist in earlier days—preferably a colored waist, and it had one button unfastened. Through that opening the wearer would shove light stuffs like silk underwear, stockings, handkerchiefs, and so on. Of course there were coats and skirts with concealed pockets too.

The women's fine dresses of to-day are royal game for the shoplifter. Many of them are such filmy things that they could be put into a teacup. Why, a woman took five at one haul over at Bassick's recently; just lifted up her own dress and shoved the stolen goods down inside her bloomers, which had an elastic band around the waist. She took just one too many, however. A detective saw her hide it.

One day I was watching a suspicious-looking woman who carried a large bag. She was looking at some fur neckpieces and the like, and presently she set her bag on the counter and began rummaging in it as if for her purse or handkerchief. While she was doing this a fur piece lying near the end of the bag suddenly vanished mysteriously. It seemed like a trick by Herrmann or Kellar.

A New Trick Every Week

BUT when I took her to my office a few minutes later I found that the bag had a sort of trapdoor low down in the end of it; and while she was pretending to fumble inside, those lithe fingers of hers would reach out through that little opening and draw in fur, lingerie or whatever she desired to steal.

It's a dull week that goes by when we don't run up against some new trick of the professional crook. One day a woman carrying a bag was looking at furs and I happened to be in the immediate vicinity. While the clerk's back was turned the woman popped a fine squirrel coatee into the bag. I came near seeing her in the very act. Then, assuming a bored expression, she told the salesgirl that she had decided not to buy. She strolled out of the department and went to the ladies' restroom, where she remained for several minutes. I hung around until she came out, followed her downstairs and out to the street, where I accosted her and requested that she come back with the coat. She was at first amazed, then superbly indignant. She admitted that she had a coat in her bag, but said she had bought it over at Silkstein's and that they would verify her statement. Then, opening the bag in a passion, she drew forth the coat. "Ah," she exclaimed in a tone of triumph, as she thrust the garment under my nose. "Do you see that, sir? Now what have you to say?"

For there was Silkstein's little cloth label sewed into the usual place in the back, with the regular over-and-over stitch.

It was almost a poser for me. Then a great light broke over me. I knew what she had been doing in the ladies' restroom.

"So!" said I. "Swapping labels, eh? It's a new game on me, but it's a good one. You'll have to come back to the store, fair lady."

She continued to play the high-and-mighty until I threatened to call the policeman on the corner, then she gave in and came back quietly. In a hidden pocket of her bag I found labels from most of the big stores in New York, a pair of small embroidery scissors for clipping the stitches around the labels and a spool of thread with a threaded needle stuck in it, all ready for use.

We almost never call a shoplifter's hand inside the store. Even well-known professionals we permit to reach the sidewalk before accosting them regarding the slight "mistake" they have just made. That is because we learned years ago that if we stop a thief inside the building, his lawyer will put up the plea that he was just taking the goods to the light to inspect them more carefully, or that he never intended leaving the building without paying for them; and the judge or jury often believes the yarn.

Most Women Are Honest

THIS practice of letting the thief leave the store is often turned to advantage by sharks whose favorite loot is jewelry. They work in pairs. One comes into the store, chaffers a while at a gem counter, and steals some small but valuable article such as a pearl necklace or a diamond ring. As he steps out on the sidewalk, a totally different sort of person—perhaps an old beggar woman, to all seeming—may brush by him. In that brief moment the loot changes hands. If a detective has seen the theft and brings the well-dressed and highly indignant "customer" back to the office and searches him, not a thing incriminating can be found, and he leaves, breathing hot threats of damage suits for immense sums—suits which are never filed, for as a rule such a customer's life record couldn't stand the light of publicity.

I can assert without fear of contradiction that an innocent person is practically never accused by a store detective. And let me say that I do not wish to intimate that many women are affected by kleptomania. No, no! Only a very, *very* small percentage of them. And neither do I mean to say that women are any less honest than men. The really scientific psychologists have no laboratory data on the subject; but lay experts in the commercial world generally agree, I believe, that one sex seems about as honest as the other. I have most to tell about women's thievery simply because my work lies in what is largely a woman's realm.

It took Mr. Meighan literally several years to get the ring finally on Miss Betty Compson's finger in "The Miracle Man"

A hero's life is not an easy one

By THOMAS MEIGHAN
as told to
JOHN B. KENNEDY

Mr. Meighan says that—

QUITTERS looking for an easy job and quick fame should avoid the movies. The life of the film actor isn't "soft."

It's the endless retaking of scenes—the constant repetition—that he dreads most.

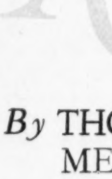
He finds it very difficult to get the right kind of stories: he picks only those that appeal strongly to him.

He never employs doubles to do his dangerous stunts.

From his Long Island studio alone 1,200 of his autographed photographs are sent out each week.

The successful moving-picture actor who makes strenuous pictures must train like an athlete all the time.

"Dirt" doesn't pay—it's the clean picture that wins.



FOOLISH question No. 943,628 asked of any motion-picture favorite every week is: "How can I get in the movies?" The only logical answer is, "Get into them!"

One day, not so long ago, a strapping young fellow came to see me at the studio to get a lift into the game. I had him put on as an extra. He stood six feet two and weighed about 190 pounds and had been a star football player at a Middle-Western college, which meant that he knew something of the rigors of physical training and the game of hitting the line hard.

The following morning at dawn he, with other extras, got into uniforms to enact a trench scene in a driving rain. We had dug the trenches and had strewn them with barbed wire. We had everything complete except real shells and a real enemy. But the elements made it just as uncomfortable for us as they made it for the boys who actually fought in the trenches. We had to slop around ankle-deep in mud. The young ex-football player relished the first half hour of action, and when the camera men called for a retake of the fighting scene and the director demanded that both principals and extras splash around a little more mud to make the realism more effective, my young friend went through the scene with something approaching his first enthusiasm. The rain continued, however, and the director demanded more mud, and we had to make the "shot" all over again. Three more times we tried until the camera man and the director were satisfied. This amounted to three hours' solid work in the rain. When the scene was finished, principals and supernumeraries were wet to the skin, mud-spattered and exhausted. I had the leading rôle in the picture and also my share of the rain and mud. I met the ex-football candidate for the screen. He was drenched and dejected.

"How do you like the game?" I asked. He puffed cynically on a cigarette.

"I played football in tough weather," he replied, "but at least we had some fun out of the football. Here all we got was mud. I think I'll have to try some other business."

There came a young woman out of the East to find fame and fortune in Hollywood. She had left a pleasant secretarial job.

She was lucky, for she got a job—a small part in a Western melodrama. She was the sister of a heroine pursued by an extraordinarily rough villain who had the melodramatic idiosyncrasy of pushing people over cliffs. She and the heroine, a well-known star, had to be pushed over a cliff. It was done twice, three times, and then a fourth time before the camera man and the director announced that another try at it would make the proper register. The young woman from the East, a little bruised and a lot disillusioned, quit, remarking that her specialty in the future would be drawing-room dramas.

These incidents illustrate what is known to every star—that the movie hero's life is not a happy one, not so much because of physical rough stuff, but, what is worse, the boredom of repetition.

You sit for two hours watching your favorite motion-picture performer from a comfortable theatre seat, see him or her move through scenes of adventure or emotion, recall—if your memory is good—published figures of the income tax your favorite paid last year, and, finally, bring yourself to reflect: "Pretty soft!"

Frankly, it is pretty soft, when compared with some of the jobs some people

hold down for much less money. But it isn't as soft as it seems.

The two hours it takes for the finished product of the screen to be flashed before you is a distillation of hard work that has run over a period of months, sometimes of years. Recently I made a calculation of the time it actually took to complete one of my pictures from beginning to end. By this I mean my time—not the authors' and directors' and operatives'—but my time as the salaried star of the picture. This piece was "Tongues of Flame." It took exactly one hour and forty-eight minutes to show on a modern projection machine, without undue delay in reel switching. Of that 108 minutes of screening I figured in seventy-four. Yet by actual record it took six hundred hours of my time to make that picture.

My Pictures Must Fit Me

AT THE end of the period set for shooting the picture we worked as long as ten hours a day. On "The Miracle Man" I had to spend an extraordinary amount of time. Literally, it took several years for me to make that picture, from the time I read the story in magazine form until the picture play was released. But I don't cite that as typical of the consumption of a star's time: it is typical, however, of the laborious preparation and production of "big" pictures.

While the rewards may be less, life is easier and more secure for the second-string picture player than for the star. The star has his niche and his following. To keep in the niche he has made for himself and to retain his following he has to continue the character of portrayal that brought him to the front: he has to get the stories that fit him, the stories his public likes to see him in. That sounds easy. You'd think that with all the writers and would-be writers in the world—or in any one state of the Union—stories suitable for any actor could be turned out by the hundred.

It's always hard to disillusion the inveterately hopeful, and of course there's always the chance that some obscure writer will come through with an idea made to order for the screen, but my own experience is that the stories I use have to be my stories—that is, I have to read them and become thoroughly imbued with them, see myself as the central character. Naturally, this makes the process of selection difficult and has led to my being in at the birth of a story in order to make sure that it is right from the start.

My contract calls for four pictures a year, sometimes I make five, but never more. The company must be reasonably sure of the success of the pictures, which call for substantial investment, before even the preliminaries are started. So I have found it better to proceed hand in hand with the author. Take, for instance, the picture "Back Home and Broke." George Ade wrote it, but it was made to measure for me just as my tailor makes my clothes. By that I do not mean to say that it was cut-and-dried, but the picture actually began when I visited George Ade at his home in Indiana, talked over plots and geographical location for the picture and then left the author to go ahead. He turned out what is generally recognized as a perfect screen piece.

Some well-known authors have raised loud and lurid objections to the "manhandling" of their novels in transference to the screen. They sometimes say that the only relation between the picture play and their story is their name on the producer's check and the theatre billing. Doubtless cases of this kind have occurred. But they are unnecessary if intelligent selection is made at first of the right kind of story for screen use. It is a safe rule, I have found, to pass up the natural desire to put a famous novel into pictures if there is available a story more readily adaptable to the screen, even if the story is by a comparatively unknown writer.

Take "Coming Through." This story, by Jack Bethea, ran serially in Collier's. Mr. Bethea had not written for the screen, but his story was first-class screen material. Our reading staff, who supplement the efforts of the individual stars in the search for material peculiarly suitable to them, had been swamped with novels by authors well known to the screen and to the reading public—that is, novels with picture salability on account of the publicity and reception accorded them and their authors' previous work. But I followed "Coming Through" when it ran serially, and as the story developed I saw that it was sound screen material. We made scenes of the picture in Alabama, where the author lived and where he coöperated in the making of the picture. This is always the most satisfactory procedure, and the fairest, for it gives the author an opportunity to translate his story to the screen direct, with the expert assistance but not the czaristic dictation of continuity writers.

Paramount

The Pied Piper had a hard job charming this kid away from Miss Lila Lee

When the story has been put through the continuity process, parts cast, locations selected and director chosen the real drudgery begins.

Let me put it this way: In the score or more of pictures in which I happen to have played the principal part, the completed pictures averaged, say, eight thousand feet. But from ten to twenty times that footage was made, and in duplicate, for we always have two camera men making the shots from practically the identical angle of vision. This is to insure, as far as it is physically possible and with necessary economy, the fullest value of registration.

Many Waters

CHILDREN are difficult subjects to manage in pictures, and where they appear you may be sure that the principals of the picture have been through a great deal of the drudgery of repetition. To-day, if a story calls for me to work with children, as the result of irritating experience, I know how to proceed. I never let the pretty leading lady see the kid I have to play with before I get a good chance first to attach his affection through romping with him, gifts of candy, and so forth. When Miss Lila Lee appeared opposite me in "Pied Piper Malone" I had several important scenes with a little three-year-old gentleman. In some of these scenes he was supposed to see me advancing down a street or room and rush at me, as happy youngsters will, with arms outstretched. The charming Miss Lee had seen this young gentleman first, and the young gentleman had succumbed—fallen head over heels in love with her. The result was when we came to his cue, requiring him to run to me with an enthusiastic greeting, he ran instead to the heroine, Miss Lee, and it took endless coaxing and large bribery with chocolate to get him to do his stuff as required by the scenario.

Once we were filming a flood scene in the Southwest. The heroine was caught in the roaring waters, and the hero (myself), playing a robust gentleman in corduroy trousers, was required to dive from a cliff into the swirling stream of muddy water to rescue her. For this picture we had engaged a smart camera man, who, with his assistant, occupied a safe, dry place for cranking operations. I have never employed the device of a double to do the dangerous and uncomfortable stunts. Not that occasionally I shouldn't have done so, but the system always smacked a little of false pretenses. I didn't relish the dive into the liquid mud, because corduroy trousers, when they get wet, get very wet, and cling distressingly.

There was assurance that, with an especially smart camera man, I would only have to do the stunt once, and that reconciled me to it. With due barking from the director I climbed to the cliff top. The cameras were set, and I prepared for the plunge. I made it, going head first into the most smelly cold soup ever devised by nature or man. Fighting my way to the surface, drenched and with the corduroys clinging affectionately to me, I had no sooner regained my breath than I heard our star camera man, calmly lighting a cigar, call to his assistant:

"Did you get that right? I missed it."

Preliminary labors and the actual hard work of the making of pictures do not complete the "soft snap" of the motion-picture star. There is the social aspect of contact with the fans. When I appeared on the spoken stage it was not unusual to receive large numbers of letters through the mails, asking for advice or in other ways establishing a correspondence contact. The job of replying to these was arduous, but the number of letters was naturally limited in proportion to the audiences attending a play in a given city or town. Pictures, however, are simultaneously produced in hundreds of places; they are national, and the motion-picture star has an immediate and alert national following. An instance of the personal interest which the public takes in its favorite players is evidenced in the returns from one interview in a popular publication—The American Magazine. That interview brought more than fifteen thousand letters to me from all parts of the country—each one requiring a response. This sort of thing entails a personal secretarial expense to me and also a secretarial expense to my employers. One item: an average of twelve hundred photographs a week, autographed, are sent out from my office in our Long Island studio, and a smaller number from the Hollywood studio to fans in all the civilized and semi-civilized countries in the world.

"Dirt Doesn't Pay"

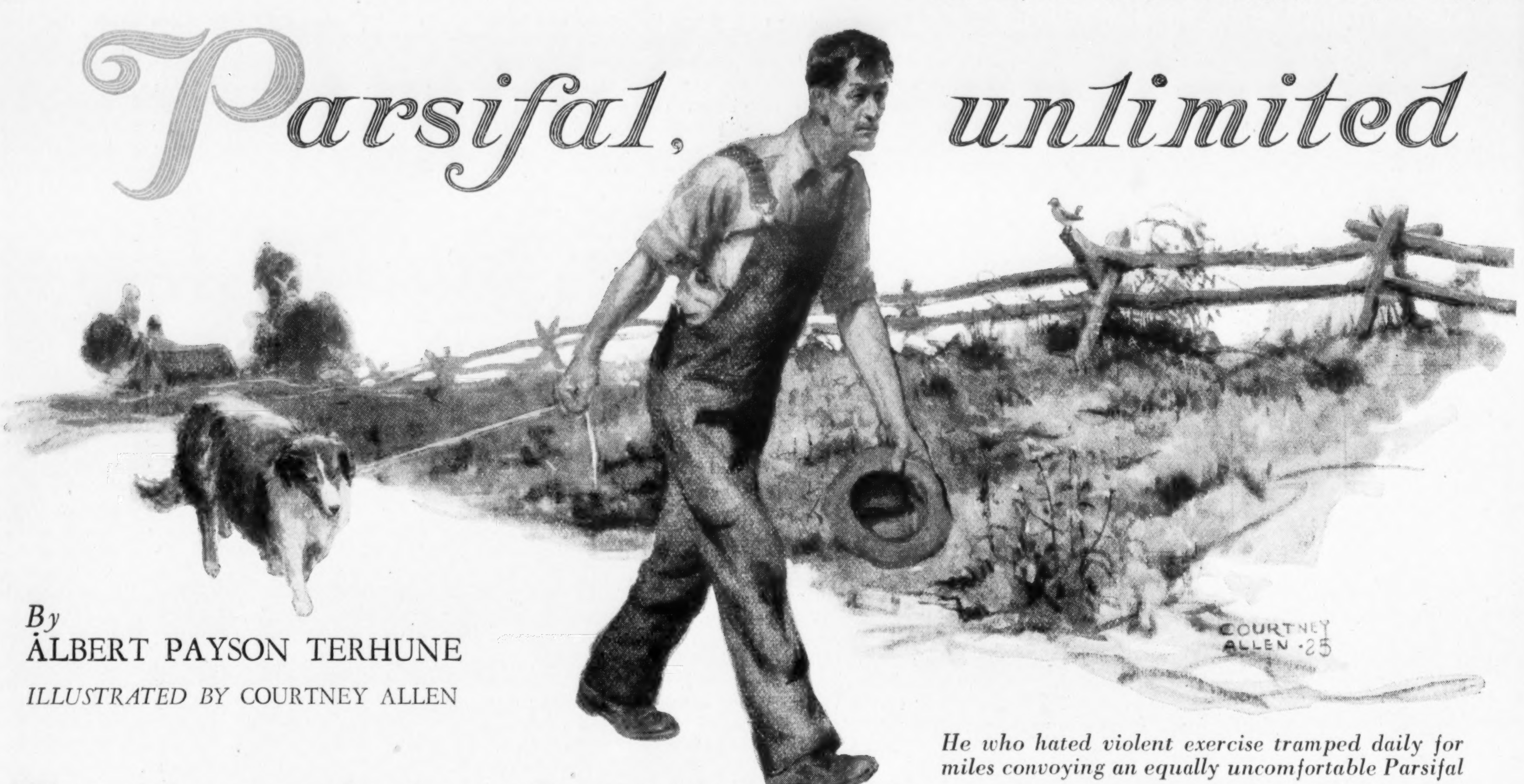
IN THESE days of natural public curiosity regarding the private lives of screen favorites, the star who has any idea of his moral responsibility must guard his conduct even more than any other man in the public eye.

I don't think any picture I ever made contained the slightest suggestiveness. The rewards of the movie star are high, but not high enough for me to do anything on the screen that I wouldn't soil myself with doing in real life. Besides—dirt doesn't pay. About the most profitable picture ever made on return for investment was "Manslaughter," and it was clean clear through.

That picture netted more than $1,000,000—and if you make the comparison through to the finish you'll find that the clean picture, like the clean play, consistently wins in the race for earnings. There's enough interesting, clean sentiment in the world to provide material for pictures as long as pictures will be made.

I readily concede that it is highly improbable that I would have gone as far on the spoken stage as I hope to go in motion pictures. It's simply explained by the fact that some players have screen personalities, can project themselves more successfully than others. My observation of my profession leads me to conclude that a durable screen star, not an overnight, ephemeral, sporadic individual, is made only by consistent, unceasing hard work, supplemented by the good fortune of being born with what he's got.

Parsifal, unlimited



By
ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

He who hated violent exercise tramped daily for miles convoying an equally uncomfortable Parsifal

This tale wags the dog and also sets a young man on the road to fortune

"I'M—I'M kind of giving up my job with you, Mr. Bates," announced Maskell, a tinge of awe in his drawling voice. "As soon as you can break somebody in to do my work I'll—I'll be glad if—if you can break somebody in to do my work. Because I'm giving up my job with you."

He stopped there. Pretty much everything seemed to have been said; and even resaid. The declaration of independence was uttered.

Now that the words were out, Horatio—otherwise Rashe—Maskell was disappointed. He had not meant to couch his resignation in such lame terms. Fifty times—like every wage earner on earth—he had visualized such a scene as this. He had rehearsed from a score of angles what he would say if ever the golden hour should come when no longer he needed the uncongenial job which fed him.

At such times as Bates had scathed him for laziness or for incompetence, it had been balm to Rashe's smashed self-esteem to conjure up a vision of himself swaggering into his employer's office and declaiming fiercely:

"You've bullied me for the last time, you big stiff. I'm *through!*"

Then to his stricken overlord he would announce the inheriting of a million dollars or the proffer of a dazzling job or his appointment as postmaster of Paignton—something, anything—that should lift him forever above the purely hypothetical slave whip of Thaddeus C. Bates (Hay, Feed & Lumber, Light Trucking, etc.) Yet, now that the moment had come, he found himself as subservient to his paunchy boss as though he were asking for another afternoon off.

"Yes," repeated Maskell, fretted by the brief silence wherewith Bates greeted his announcement—a silence Rashe sought hopefully to construe into thunderstruck horror at his prospective loss. "Yes, I'm—well, I'm leaving."

"So you said," answered Bates, any tinge of horror successfully wiped from his comfortably thick voice—"so you said. Well, good luck to you, Rashe. Don't bother about sticking around till someone else is broken in. This is the light season. Dugan can carry your job and his own. Go as soon as you like. I suppose you want a reference from me to your new boss?" he finished with a shade of uneasiness.

"I'm not going to any new boss," replied Maskell proudly. "I'm done with work. I'm going to take life easy after this."

"H'm!" mused Bates, wholly unimpressed. "You've picked out a bad time of year to start in on it, haven't you? The snow is all gone, and the grass hasn't started. What'll you find to eat?"

"I'll have you know, Mr. Bates, that I don't need to eat either snow nor yet grass!" flared Rashe with a rare spurt of annoyance. "The fact is, I've come into a legacy."

"Good for you!" approved Bates, looking at Rashe almost as at a fellow mortal. "Who's it from? How much is it?"

"It's from Aaron Coyle," said Maskell, "and it's $900 a year. That's $75 a month. It's an annuity. I get paid it by the month. Saul Boden's got to pay it to me. Mr. Coyle's nephew. He's the executor of the will and the administrator of the estate, and all that. Yes, he's got to pay me $75 a month. I'm figuring he enjoys doing it pretty near as much as if it was those sparse teeth of his."

RASHE smiled peacefully at the thought. "Along with my little house Dad left me," he pursued, "that ought to keep me pretty snug. And I can raise garden truck, if I'm a mind to. Then—"

Bates' breathless amaze found belated vent in words. He broke in:

"Hold on! Sit down, Rashe. Have a smoke? Now, then, what's the main idea? Spill it. Take one of these cigars without the red bands on. They're the best. Got a match? Now, then, spill it."

Rashe launched upon his tale. As the recital began somewhere in the middle of its own action and worked alternately to one end and then to another, with endless repetitions of the less vital details, it was pesteringly long in the telling. Stripped to the bare facts, the gist was as follows:

Aaron Coyle had been reputed the richest and stingiest man in the six-thousand-population townlet of Paignton. His sole weakness was for an obese and doubtful-ancestried and straw-colored collie, which in a flight of imagery he had misnamed Parsifal. This cur he had accepted, along with other and more practical chattels, in part payment for an uncollectible debt. Coyle had planned to sell the dog for two or three dollars if possible. In the meantime he had harbored him. In less than a week the collie had wriggled a tortuous path into the very core of the lonely old man's heart. He was the one mushy spot in Aaron's granite.

But Parsifal tended to sag, in his own rôle as party of the second part, in this mutual-adoration league. He was addicted to straying from home and neglecting to return until found and haled back. He was one of those miserable rarities—a born runaway collie, with no homing instinct. It was Parsifal's one besetting sin. In any joyously strikingly doglike characteristics he seemed wholly lacking. He was a bleakly colorless specimen of the most colorful breed on earth. The oftener he ran away the deeper grew Coyle's grieving affection. The old man was miserable during his chum's frequent absences, and he scoured the region agonizedly for him.

At last he hit on the plan of keeping Parsifal tied up when he himself must be away from home. On the first afternoon of this new régime, Aaron came back to a desolate dwelling, to find the collie had gnawed his long clothesline tether in two and decamped, with something like twelve feet of line still dangling from his collar.

For three entire days there was no sign of the absentee. Coyle gave up every waking minute to the search. On the fourth morning Rashe Maskell was passing through a strip of bramble-choked woodland, on the way to a Sunday's fishing in the river, when he stumbled and fell heavily over some invisible obstruction beneath an upheaval of briers.

Parsifal, in clumsy pursuit of rabbits, had entangled the flapping end of his length of clothesline around a cedar stump in the center of the brier patch. His mad efforts to get free had wound him tight to the stump and had cast over him a superficial pall of uprooted brambles. There for three days the hapless dog had lain helpless to move or even to howl, by reason of two loops of the line which had passed respectively over his back and around his jaws. The suffering brute was well-nigh dead from thirst and famine and fright.

RASHE MASKELL knew little about dogs and cared less. But he was a kindly chap. He recognized Parsifal, having seen him parading the streets of Paignton at Aaron's heels. He realized the dog was at the last gasp. Wherefore, abandoning his fishing plans, he picked up the fat sufferer and carried him to his own inherited shack at the edge of town. There he heated milk for Parsifal to drink and fed him in small and slow portions the chuck steak which was to have formed his own Sunday dinner, after which he left the replete and still feeble collie to sleep off his fatigue, and went to tell Aaron Coyle of his find.

Coyle was enraptured. He hurried to the shack with Rashe. There he beheld his lost treasure slumbering sweetly on a blanket flanked by the empty milk pail and the steak dish. So overjoyed and grateful was Aaron that he all but gave Rashe a dollar by way of reward. Overwhelming the embarrassed rescuer with thanks, Coyle departed with his recovered pet.

"That'll have been pretty near a year back," continued Rashe, nearing the end of his recital to Bates. "I didn't ever think anything more about it. Then Mr. Coyle up and dies. And what do you suppose one of the codicils of his will says? Says there never was anybody but me who showed kindness to his dear dog Parsifal and that there isn't anybody but me that he'd be willing to trust him to, in case Mr. Coyle should die first. So he's fixed it that I'm to have Parsifal and that I'm to have $75 a month for taking the best of care of him so long as he lives. That's right, boss. If you don't believe me, you can ask Saul Boden. I've been to Lawyer Ebbet too. Him and my Dad were chums. He says it's all legal."

"The old cut-up!" chuckled Bates. "I mean Aaron Coyle. He must have split his sides a-laughing when he made that codicil. He had to leave his cash to somebody, and he always hated charities. So he left it to Saul Boden, as his next of kin. He knew Boden would hang onto it as tight as Aaron himself ever did. It wouldn't be squandered. But he fixed it so as Saul will have to sweat $75 a month of it. Saul loves to pay out money pretty near as much as Coyle loved to. He's still got the first dollar he ever earned and pretty near all the dollars his clients ever earned too. It'll be a gosh-awful torture to Saul to keep on paying you that money all the time; maybe for years and years. Yep, Aaron played one grand joke on him, and he arranged an easy life for his dog too. He knew you'd cosset that cur along like he was diamonds so as to keep earning your $75. He knew Saul Boden would ride you too to see the dog was alive and well treated. Aaron played it both ways. By the way, suppose the dog up and dies on you? What then?"

A shadow marred the vacuously happy smile on Rashe's mouth.

"Why—why, the will says the annuity stops when the dog dies," he confessed, adding hopefully: "But dogs live to a terrible old age, sometimes. Ma's uncle had a coon dog down near Paterson that lived to be—"

"Well, take it from me that no dog ever had time to pipe up all the fat that's on Aaron Coyle's yellow collie in less than ten or eleven years. Maybe you've thrown over your job a wee peckle too quick."

"I guess I'll take the chance, Mr. Bates."

"By the way," continued Bates, "just keep one eye on Saul Boden. I've known Saul since a couple of years before he was born. I know all about him and I don't know much of it that's good. There's this you can tie to, though: As far as the letter of the law goes, he's honest. He won't kill the dog and he won't steal him. He's too near square for that. But he'll do anything legal or halfway legal to keep you from going on drawing that monthly cash. Watch out for him."

PARSIFAL the corpulent was duly installed in his new abode—a converted packing box, clean and large and well bedded, in the center of a high chicken-wire inclosure some twelve feet square. A sprawly oak tree, just outside the yard's edge, supplied adequate if fitful shade from the sun's hottest rays.

The more Rashe studied the dog the deeper into his memory and nervous system sank Bates' warning that Parsifal was well stricken in years and that he might at any time deprive Maskell of a career of untoiling luxury by dying from some senile malady. At last, driven to desperation by the fear, Rashe spent two dollars on a visit from the local veterinary, begging him to examine the dog with a view to finding out his approximate age and general prospects of health. The vet made the examination with a thoroughness which nearly reconciled Rashe to the loss of his two dollars. Then he gave his verdict.

"I thought this was an old dog when I saw him around the streets with Coyle," he said. "But he isn't old. His teeth aren't even beginning to yellow or to wear down. The gums haven't started to spread. I can't say for sure, but I don't believe he's a day over three."

"Then he's only a young dog yet!" exclaimed Rashe, in joy. "And he's liable to live ten or twelve years more. Maybe longer. Ma had an uncle down near Paterson who had a coon dog that lived to be—"

"Well, this dog isn't going to live another ten years," interrupted the vet. "No, nor another two years. Not unless you stop stuffing him with all kinds of food and keeping him penned up like that all the time. He's due for heart trouble or asthma, or any of a dozen diseases, as soon as his youth stops counteracting his fat. Why, even now he's beginning to wheeze. If you want him to go on living, you've got to switch the way you're treating him and the way Aaron Coyle treated him. How often does he get fed?"

"Four times a day."

"No grown dog needs more than one meal a day," declared the vet. "Give him one good big meal along about sundown and nothing else to eat. Do that till he gets in shape again. Till you've trained him down, just give him a couple of dry dog biscuits every evening. Nothing else, except all the drinking water he wants. After the way he's been pampered, most likely he won't touch the biscuits, just at first. But when he gets good and hungry he'll eat them fast enough. Till then he can live on his fat. Keep that diet up till I tell you to switch to a regular meal of table scraps, without potato in them, once a day. And give him five miles a day of steady road work. Do it in the cool of the day, of course; not in the hot sunshine. That's all. It'll cure him."

WITH dire visions of a vanishing legacy to spur him on, Rashe threw himself into the new course of training. He who hated violent physical exercise tramped at top speed daily for five miles, convoying an equally uncomfortable Parsifal on a forward-yanked leash. He who hated to see anyone or anything go hungry had to look on while Parsifal sniffed disdainfully at his two non-luscious dog biscuits, at eventide, and then while the empty-stomached collie stared up in pathetic appeal for more edible food. But the wise training course began to take effect.

Once, as Rashe and Parsifal were returning homeward through Paignton's Main Street, from a breathtakingly fast hike, they met Saul Boden. The lawyer had been waiting for them. At a peremptory move of his skinny hand Maskell and the dog came to a panting halt.

For a moment the lawyer did not speak. In morbid appraisal he was eying Parsifal. Now, stooping, he passed a speculative hand over the uninterested dog.

"By the terms of my uncle's will," he said oracularly, "you are to provide his dog with a good home and kind treatment. Two months ago he was a plump and healthy-looking dog, much as he had been in my late uncle's time. Today I see a half-starved skeleton with every rib sticking out like a barrel hoop. The poor brute is being starved to death! You have deliberately broken your share of the—"

"I have not!" shouted Rashe, with the courage of a cornered guinea pig. "I'm saving his life. That's what I'm doing. Go back into your office and phone Doc Finper! He'll tell you. You try to cut off my annuity and I'll have Doc get up in court and swear I'm following his orders, to make the dog live years longer than ever he could have kept on living if I'd kept on stuffing him with all that food and letting him lay around and sleep all day. You ask Doc Finper. I guess there isn't a vet in the state that's any higher thought of than Doc is. You go ask him."

Saul Boden did not go ask him. He had no need to. A dog man himself, he had rejoiced in the unwieldy fat which had encompassed Parsifal and in the waddling gait and the incipient wheeze. With genuine alarm, of late, he had noted the striking change for the better in the dog's aspect. And now he had failed to bluff Rashe Maskell into letting the collie lapse back to fat and to a prospect of ultra-brief life.

Saul began taking daily walks on his own account. Every day he strolled past the Maskell shack, checking his pace to a crawl as he scanned the kennel yard and its occupant. Watching from window or from porch, Rashe grew vaguely and increasingly uneasy. He found himself harking back to another warning of Thaddeus C. Bates.

"Keep one eye on Saul Boden. He won't kill the dog and he won't steal him. But he'll do anything legal, or halfway legal, to keep you from going on drawing that monthly cash."

One morning Bates was startled to see his employee emeritus come determinedly into the office of that local king of the Hay, Feed & Lumber and Light Trucking industry. By the leash Maskell led Parsifal. Facing the magnate, he said:

"I hear you fired the man who took my old job. Get anybody in his place yet?"

"Nope. Why? Want the job?"

Bates laughed at his own exquisite wit. But Maskell did not laugh.

"Yes," he said defiantly, "I do. I want it bad. I won't tell you why. You'd only laugh at me some more or maybe think I was crazy. It's enough for you to know I'm not broke. I still get my $75 a month, and I'm due to keep right on getting it. But—well, I want my job back. Do I get it? Hold on a second before you answer. You've got that fenced back yard out yonder. You aren't using it for anything. If you take me back, you've got to let me put a little dog coop out there and keep Parsifal in it all day, while I'm working here. I'll take him home with me, nights, of course. How about it?"

"Well," said Bates, meditatively, "I might give you another try at it, Rashe. But I want to speak plain to you first, so you can't say later that I fired you unfair. You did a heap of loafing and mooning when you were here before. I put up with it because I figured you needed the work pretty bad. But you don't need it bad now. So if you come back here you've got to keep up on your toes, right from the sound of the gong. It's got to be a case of hustle every minute. You gotta work; not moon. Understand that?"

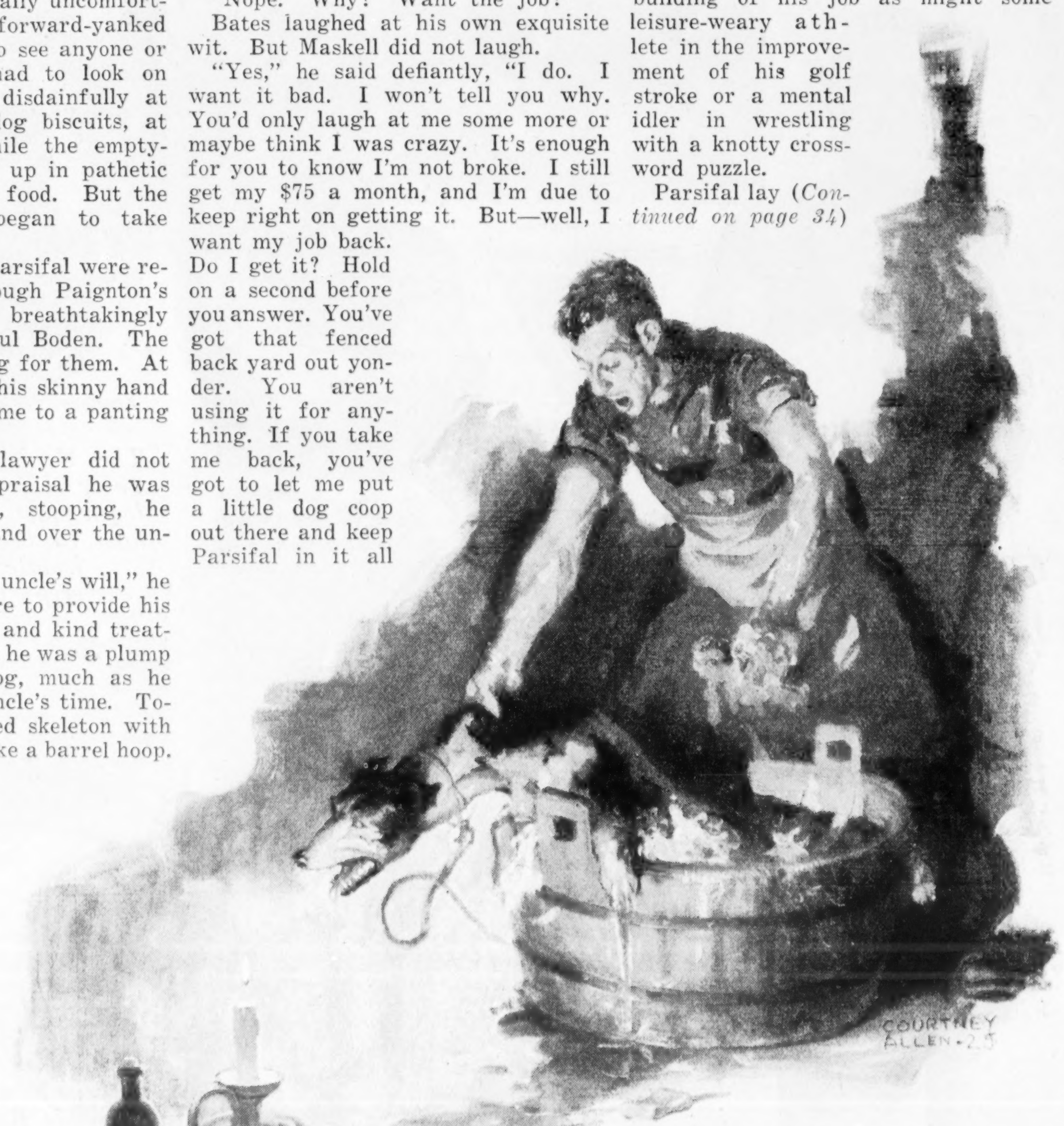
"Yes, sir," said Rashe in real gratitude.

Not for double his promised wage would Maskell have confessed to Bates that he sought the job as a one certain way of avoiding Saul Boden's daily snooping inspection and to fool the lawyer into a worry as acute as his own.

WITH himself busy at the office and with Parsifal safely ensconced in the high-bordered fence at its rear, where Maskell could cast a watchful eye on him every minute if need be, there was nothing to fear, during work hours, from Boden's espionage. The lawyer could work Parsifal no harm when the dog and the dog's master were guarded thus. To Rashe the plan seemed sublime in its security.

In other years his duties under Bates' rule had been abhorrent. Now, to his astonishment, they waxed almost pleasant. He began to take a real interest in his work. Rashe, after months of crass idleness, found himself taking the same sportsmanly interest in the upbuilding of his job as might some leisure-weary athlete in the improvement of his golf stroke or a mental idler in wrestling with a knotty crossword puzzle.

Parsifal lay (*Continued on page 34*)

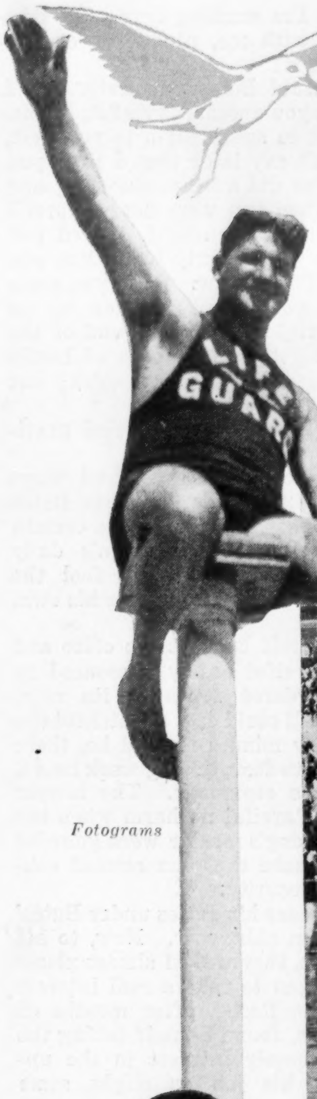


The dog kicked mightily after the manner of most dogs thus immersed. But the scrubbing was achieved with vigor

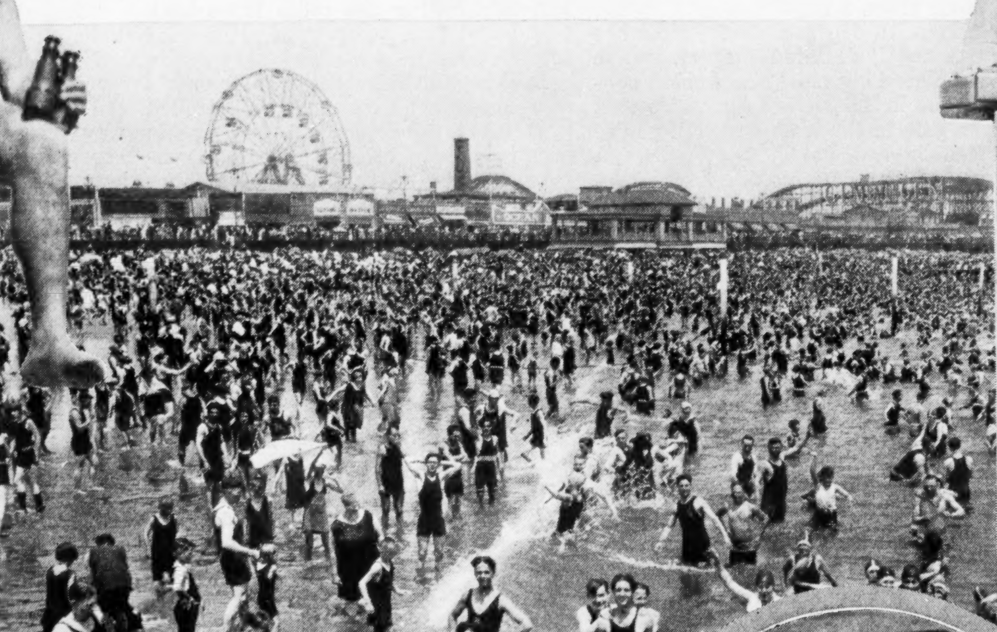
Our heroes of the

The man on the perch (left) is Frank D'Amico, the aërial life guard of Ormond Beach, Fla. Frank has saved the lives of ninety-eight incautious bathers

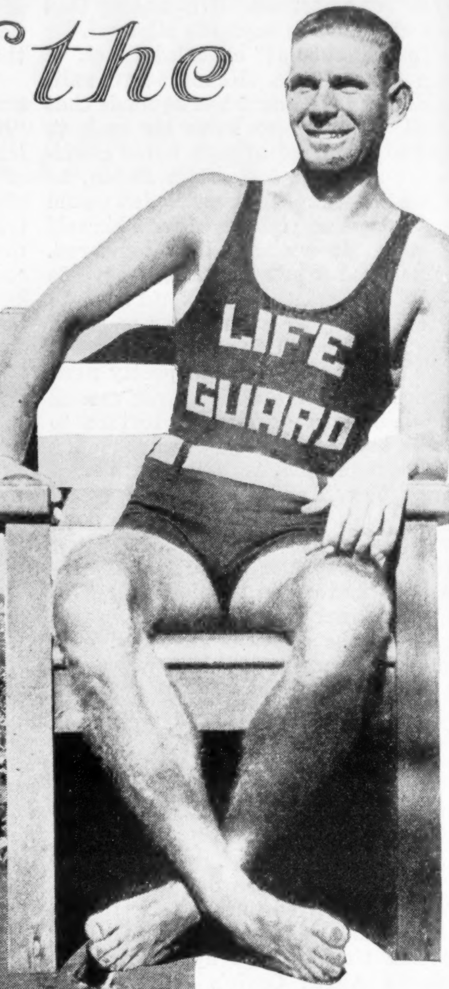
Not Rodin's Thinker resting from his pose, but Paul Hammond, the pride of the San Francisco Bay region. He's one of the life guards at Fleishacker Pool



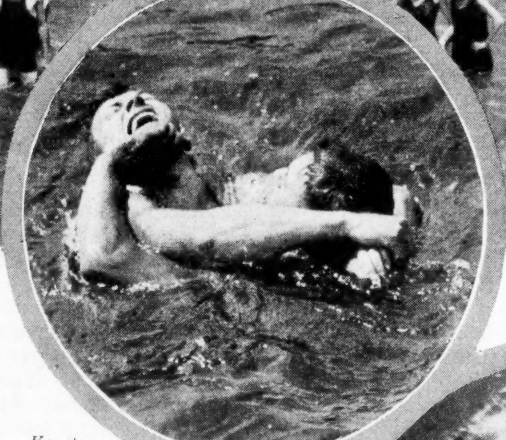
Fotograms



Ewing Galloway



You can't count 700,000 in the picture at the left, but if all the two miles of beach at Coney Island had been taken, that's the number you'd find. After the subway that doesn't seem crowded at all!



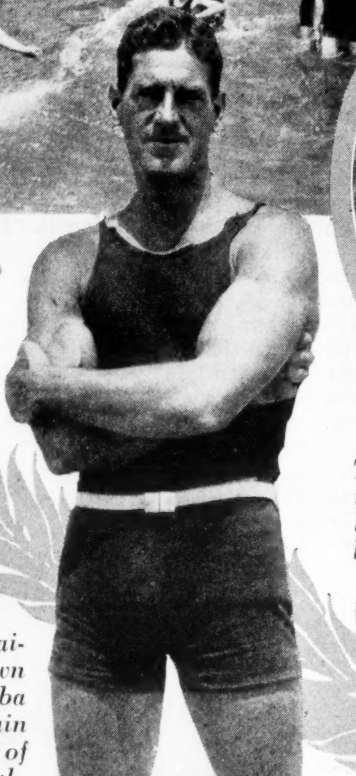
Keystone

The U. S. Volunteer Life Savers learn first of all how to break the frantic death grip (above)

INSTRUCTOR

Wide World

The beach at Waikiki has known him. So have Cuba and Florida. Captain Johns (left), now of Coronado Beach, Cal., has made over 500 rescues in the past fifteen summers



Eyes right! His love affair was built on sands. Eddie Zimmerman married a wealthy widow, but after two years they parted. Eddie is back again life saving at Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

International

Wide World

With a broken wrist as a handicap, Sylvia Rosenthal, a fifteen-year-old St. Paul Girl Scout, plunged into White Bear Lake and rescued a little boy

beaches

Wide World

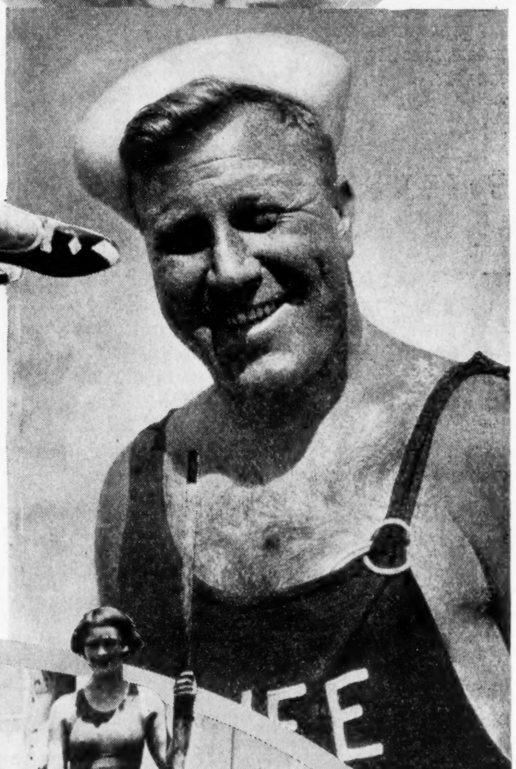
Half a mile from shore in Tampa Bay a barracuda attacked Mary Buhner and Dorothy McClatchie. The sea tiger almost severed Dorothy's leg, but Miss Buhner swam in with her unconscious friend, fighting sharks all the way. A Carnegie Institute medal and the American Red Cross "Bravest" honor were awarded her

National

Six years' service had Joe Perron at the Washington, D. C., Municipal Beach, and every year he saved a hundred lives

International

Edith Mason, a former partner of Valentino, was Rescue No. 397 for Eddie Nugent of Long Beach, N. Y.



Wide World

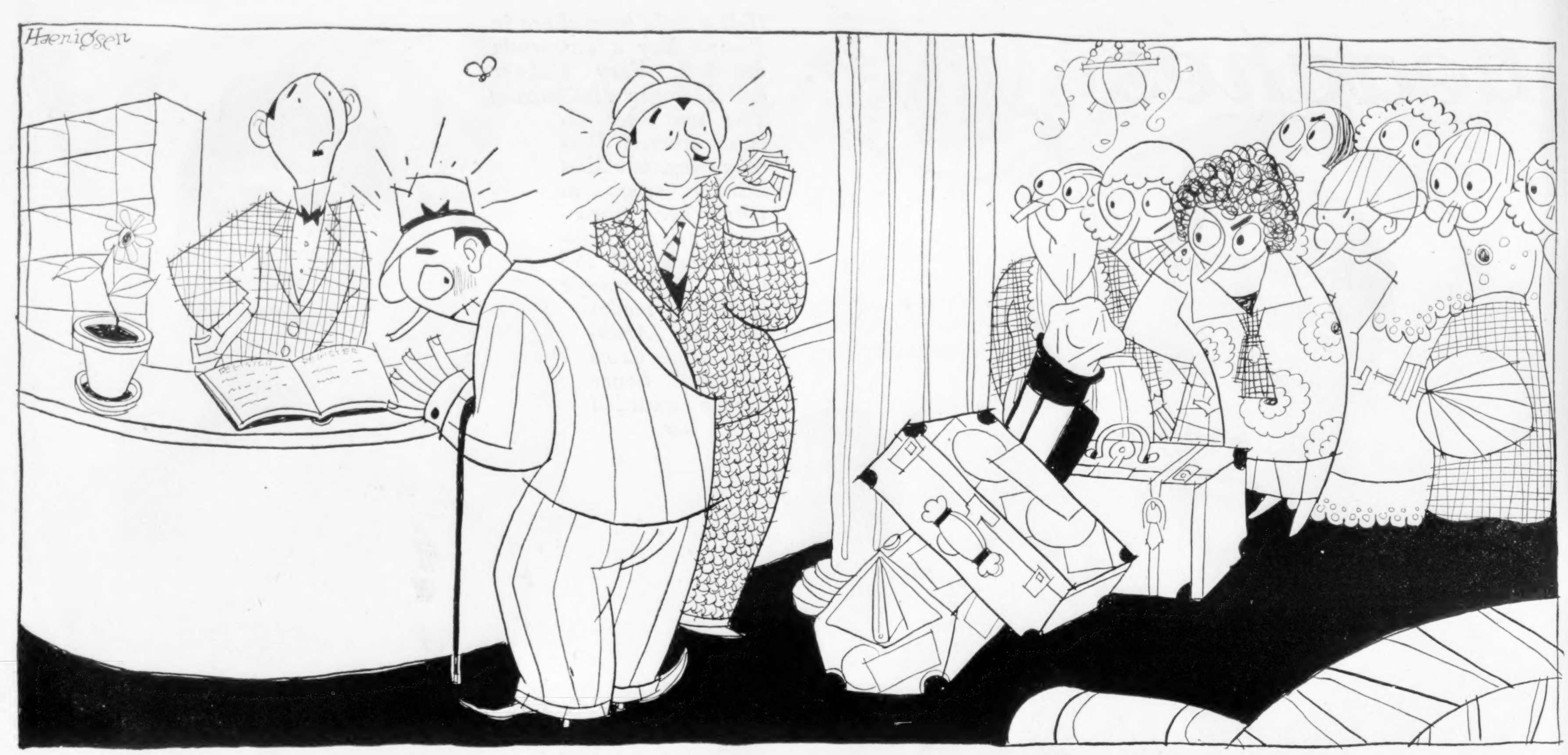
Martin Craffey (right), the water dog of Revere Beach, Mass., has made rescues running toward a thousand. That tan is fifteen seasons deep

Wide World

The young man shows his medal. Albert Rese of Long Beach, N.Y., has saved seven hundred from drowning, so Congress voted him a Medal of Honor

International

You're right, it's Los Angeles. Jack Robinson's life savers staging a water drill



It is very poor form to turn in the doorway, face the anvil chorus and shout, "Izzat so? Well, what of it?"

The book of vacation etiquette

By H. I. PHILLIPS

MR. PHILLIPS is rapidly becoming indispensable to millions. No one knows so well as he just the right time to do the wrong thing, and he is generously cramming his knowledge into this series of "Books of Etiquette"— canned culture for the ambitious or the tired—just as you happen to feel. The only requirements for entering the "course" are an open mind and a ready laugh. Another lesson September 5th.

VACATION manners, contrary to an impression held by some people whose names will not be mentioned here, are of the utmost importance wherever two or three hundred people gather together at summer resorts at the boss' expense. The code of conduct is well known among the better class vacationers, and no deviation is tolerated by the Right People.

From early in March or April, when the vacation is first thought of, until the autumn, or whenever the vacation is assigned by Our Mister Wiggins, department superintendent, the person involved in the said vacation should scrupulously regard the niceties of thought and action required by the conventions of polite society.

In all consideration of the vacation, the first thing in order is the discussion with the boss whether you get one or not and if so when. The matter should be taken up lightly from time to time on the first warm days of early spring.

Tradition requires that the boss offer you a vacation and, not later than June 15, set a time for it.

Many bosses ignore the tradition, however, and in such cases it is the employee's duty to call his attention to the need of it by a marked falling off of interest, general lassitude, circles under the eyes, halitosis, etc.

If the employer has the instincts of a gentleman he will presently inquire, "Is there anything the matter with you, Miss Witherspoon?"

The proper reply, verbally delivered, is, "Oh, I feel terrible. I have an all-gone feeling."

"All gone?" the employer should inquire.

"Well," the reply should be, "nearly all gone. My two sisters have gone, my oldest brother went yesterday and Father and Mother are all set to go the minute I can get away too."

The employer should rise, remove his hat and say:

"I take it you need a vacation."

To this your reply should be:

"That's just the trouble: you take it, but I need it."

By this time it should dawn on him that you will be no use around the works until you get your two weeks. Then is the time for him to name the dates and for you to ask, keeping on his left, "Do I get both weeks with pay or not?"

When all these little details are settled the next step is to read the resort advertisements and decide upon a place to go and get exhausted. There are many customs governing the selection of a proper vacation place, but the chief requirements to qualify are that it be fifteen degrees hotter than in the city and that the drinking water have a brackish taste.

Propriety demands a set form of correspondence between the boarding house or hotel proprietor and the person seeking to suffer in same. The generally accepted form inquiring about rates, etc., follows:

The Spar Buoy View Hotel,
Herringside, N. J.

Messrs: The undersigned requests the pleasure of stopping at your place from —— to ——, but has no data on the cost. Will you kindly R. S. V. P., giving rates (American and European plans) and stating the distance from hotel to the water, whether the piano has been tuned and whether those holes are still in the porch screens.

Miss Anastasia Welles.
356 Gladiola Manor,
Canarsie, N. Y.

P. S.—Can a guest go to her room in a wet suit?

REPLY TO ABOVE

Miss Anastasia Welles,
356 Gladiola Manor,
Canarsie, N. Y.

Dear Miss Welles: The proprietors of the Spar Buoy View Hotel are charmed at the prospect of having you as their paying guest over the season mentioned. Your application, unfortunately, comes at a date when we are filled up, and all we can offer is a small room on the top floor where we store awnings. We can let you have this for $25 a day if you will not complain of the leak in the roof.

Wishing you many happy returns of the day, we are

Schwartz & McGinness, Props.

After the negotiations have been completed, there remain only the packing, the worry and the trip. Some people still make the trips to vacation resorts by train, but most people do it by motor car, as this tires them out so thoroughly that, no matter what they have to go through at the resort, it will seem restful in comparison.

Custom specifies that the newcomer try to enter the hotel with the air of one who has devoted a lifetime to entering hotels, but that he or she shall really seem as flustered as a white mouse in a laboratory of the Rockefeller Institute.

For fifteen minutes before the omnibus bearing the new arrivals arrives most of the women guests should be lined up on the porch like occupants of a reviewing stand, determined to let no newcomer pass without a rigid inspection, a speedy character analysis and an immediate verdict.

Middle-aged and elderly ladies are entitled, through a custom of long usage throughout the civilized world, to voice the opinion that the young woman carrying the suit case with the "Geneva," "Hotel Eden, Rome" and "Quissisana, Capri" labels on it is a bold little minx and that the good-looking fellow with the flannel trousers who came on the noon train can't be trusted either.

Each new arrival is, of course, conscious of some such remarks, but should not show it. It is very poor form to turn in the doorway, face the anvil chorus and shout, "Izzat so? Well, what of it?" or "Wrong again, you old buzzards!" or "What would you give to know?"

60-Year-Old Scenery

AFTER arriving, the vacationist should go directly to his or her room and read the printed card over the telephone notifying everybody that the use of an electric iron is prohibited, that two rings will bring ice water, that the management is not responsible for valuables not left at the office and that an extra charge will be made for meals served in rooms.

This done, tradition requires that the guest rush to the cigar counter for souvenir postals.

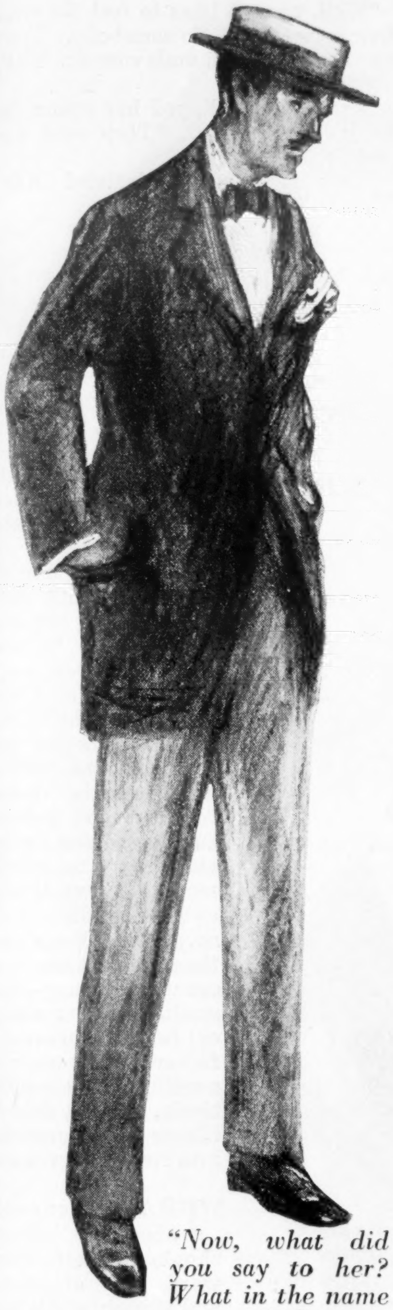
Rules Governing Souvenir Postcards. These cards should be oblong in shape, about 4 x 3 with a picture on one side. This picture should show the beach, the main street, the Lucius Z. Buckthorne

(*Continued on page 38*)

SUMMER STORMS

Which is the more dangerous, to be in love or to be caught in a thunderstorm? The first, of course, because then you're struck by lightning

By HELEN R. HULL



"Now, what did you say to her? What in the name of—"

THE little book shop on the south side of the street had pocketed the odors cooked up all day by the sun of late July: prickly dust worn off the pavements, sweetish floating gasoline from the garage on the corner, an undertone of ripe fruit from the stand across the street, even whiffs of rubber from heated automobile tires. Promptly at six Ruth McMurry had drawn the shades across the two windows; she left the door ajar, and in the blade of sunlight whirled countless flecks, as if the odors had tangible form. She sent Miss Potter, her clerk, home, with orders to sleep off her gray-faced headache. Tommy, the errand boy, pushed a broom languidly down the aisle until Ruth whisked it out of his hands.

"Too hot for more dust. You put that box of books here by the window and run along. Come early in the morning and clear up after I have the windows done."

Her words had upon Tommy the effect of a cooling shower. He leaped into alacrity, dragged the box into place, dashed down the aisle to the rear of the store, and with a slam of the alley door was gone.

Ruth pulled aside the burlap screen which backed the window, and, sitting on the edge of the platform, began to remove the display of travel books. Gritty with dust, odorous of warmed ink and bindings, some of these would have to go on her table of seconds. She piled them on the floor, unhooked the gaudy maps from the screen, and went back to the rear of the store for cloths to wipe down the book racks. Her slim, vigorous body had a triumphant swing. Her store! It was still, after almost a year, tinged with the light of a miracle. From the dull green ceiling, past the white shelves, over the small tables, down to the very boards of the floor! She stopped a moment as she came back, touching her cloth to the painted surface of a table. Her store, and she loved it! Furthermore, it was going! No more doubts.

The late sunlight, caught in her fair, shingled hair, touched the graceful line of her neck as she bent over the new books. She'd make a special display of this new adventure story by one of the "red-blooded" authors of the state. Good picture he'd sent her for the screen: author very stalwart in rubber boots, casting for brook trout. And that legend she had printed: "Michigan is Proud of Her Own Authors." She'd stick a few of the new radio books in the little corner rack. That would do for this week. How smoothly the fresh jackets slipped under her fingers!

She had pushed the screen back into place and was bending to pick up a pile of the travel books when the door swung open.

"Hello there!" Ruth looked up, her face flushed with the heat, her hair fluffed into curly disorder. "Here, let me take those."

"Hello, Allen! No, don't bother." Ruth clung to the pile. "I'll put them where I want them."

"All right, Independence." Allen peered into the window. "Home talent, what?"

"Nice, light reading for summer evenings." Ruth let the books slide onto a table. "Whe-ew! Fine weather your town has. You look comfortable, though. Almost elegant."

"Don't sniff at my white trousers." Allen settled his long legs into the easy-chair. "Are your labors about over?"

"Yes."

"Let's drive out to the club for dinner—what?"

"I'm too grimy." Ruth pulled off the long apron and frowned at her crumpled green linen.

"Aw, come on, Ruthy. I haven't seen you for ages. Want to talk. I'll stop at the house while you powder your nose, if you like."

RUTH looked at him briefly, her blue eyes discreetly mocking. He wanted to talk about that girl. But his friendly grin entreated her, and she nodded.

She locked the rear door, tried the knob of the tiny office safe, and strolled to the front of the store, her panama balanced on a finger.

"So no burglar has put that safe in his pocket yet?" Allen rose.

"Nobody burgles a bookstore." Ruth snapped the lock of the front door. "The bandits don't know what a good thing I'm making of it."

She settled herself in the little coupé, sighing faintly.

"Tired?" Allen glanced at her as he swung the car away from the curb. "Beastly day, all right." He rounded the corner into Main Street with its whir and buzz of home-going traffic.

"I feel like a warmed-over soufflé, that's all."

"Cheese soufflé!" Allen's grin included her soft, ruffled hair. "I always wondered what that crop reminded me of."

Ruth ran her fingers through it, brushing the curls away from her white forehead. "Don't make me feel any stickier!"

"No, it's not that." Allen jammed on the brakes as the street car ahead of them slowed to disgorge a fragment of its load. "I know. It's one of those feathery chrysanthemums."

"Bunk!" Ruth's pointed chin thrust out firmly.

"Not that you're a flower face, you know." Allen cut sharply past the car and a lumbering delivery truck.

"It's too hot to be personal." The sultry air, drawn through the windows of the car, seemed almost cool. Ruth turned to feel it against tired eyelids. Allen, edging through traffic with quick skill, said nothing more until he swung round a corner into a maple-shaded street, and stopped in front of the building which spread along half the block.

"Every time I see that apartment house, I think it's a good job." He pushed the door open. "First one in town, and I planned it, and you live in it."

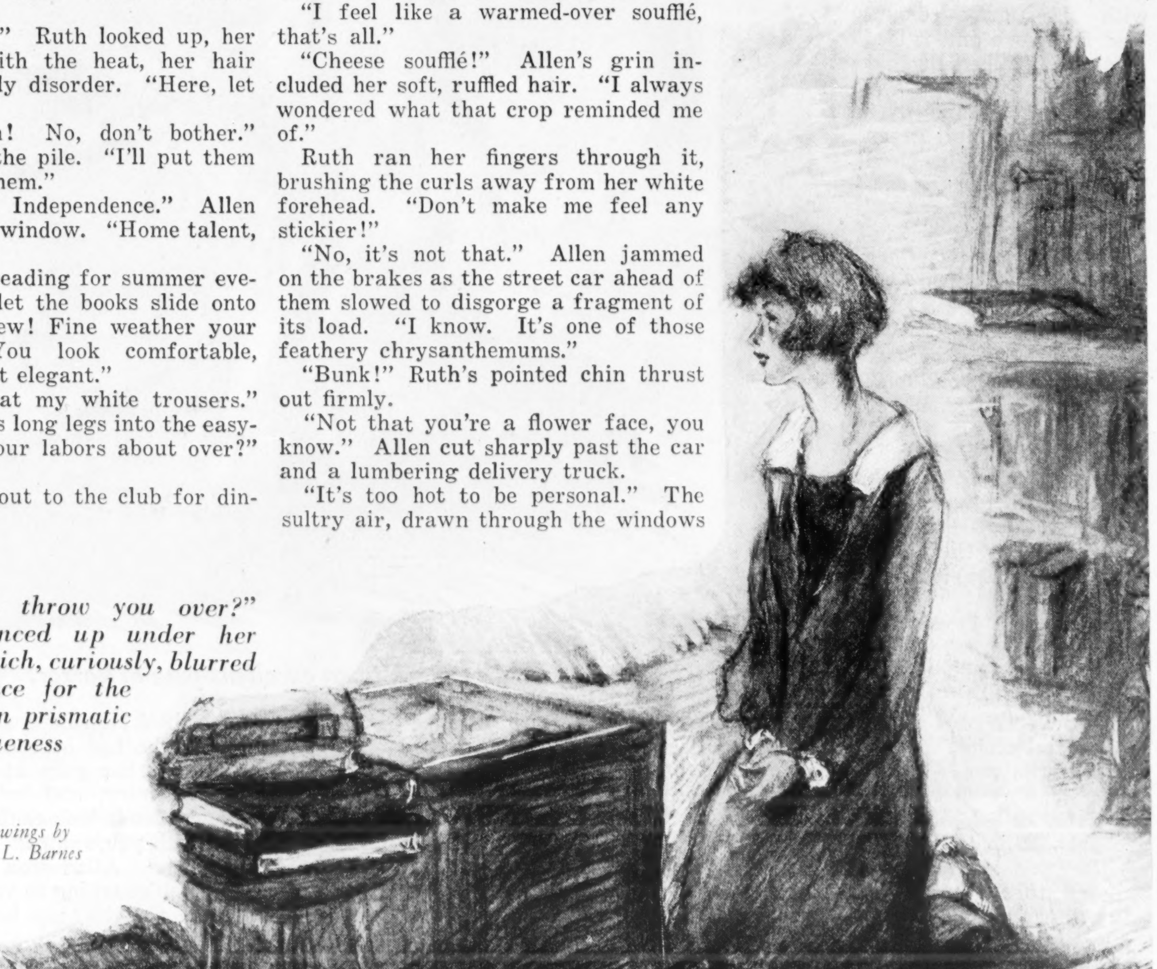
"Not bad." Ruth stepped out. "Do you want to come up?" She glanced at the casement windows opening into the thick green of the trees. "Cora may be in."

"I'll wait here. Read the paper." He propped it against the wheel.

The electric elevator whisked Ruth up to the fourth floor. She poked her key into the lock and pushed open her door.

"'Lo, Ruth." Cora Simmons lifted her sleek, dark head from the pillows of the chaise longue under the window.

"Have you waited for me, Cora? I'm going out to the club for dinner." Ruth dropped to the foot of the couch.



"Did she throw you over?" Ruth glanced up under her lashes, which, curiously, blurred Allen's face for the moment in prismatic vagueness

Drawings by W. L. Barnes

"I have to go back to the library to-night, so I had dinner early. Allen's returned, has he?" The dark eyes in the round, worn face were kindly.

"He has. He wants to tell me all about the wonderful she."

"I saw her aunt to-day." Cora hesitated. "She says Georgette is at Muskegon this week."

"Um." Ruth shrugged. "I guessed she must be out of town. Well—" She stretched to her feet. "Got to have a shower, to wash the grime out of my disposition. Sorry you have to work to-night, old thing."

Ruth slid out of her clothes, yanked on a rubber cap, and revolved gratefully under the shining needles of water. "Golly, I hate to come out!" she cried. The heat pallor had gone from her face as she slipped into fresh silk undergarments, rolled her stockings deftly below firm, round knees, brushed her hair until it lay in a decorous silken mass about her small, finely shaped head.

"I hear Allen Walker is likely to be given the contract for the new high school," called Cora.

RUTH'S head appeared, turtle-like, out of the folds of the pale green silk. She stood in the doorway, shaking the dress into place.

"Instead of that Detroit firm?" She bent to button her pumps. "That would be a feather in his cap, wouldn't it?" She plunged back into the bedroom, cool and pleasant with its gray enameled furniture and ruffled curtains. "Where is that cape? Oh, here." She emerged, the cape over her arm—soft dull green folds. "There. The tired business woman transformed. Do I need rouge?"

"Her face had an interesting pallor." Cora smiled at her. "You look grand. Don't be too hard on the young man. You've got an awful glint in your right eye. If you don't want him, you shouldn't mind his falling for a baby face. They all do."

"Me want him!" Ruth sniffed. "All I want is a drive and a good dinner out there over the river. Next year let's get a flivver, Cora."

"Next year I may be in Pittsburgh. Or Fort Wayne." Cora hoisted her cumbersome body up on one elbow. "Wish I was as thin as you. Bet I'd feel cooler."

"If I was padded some, maybe my bones wouldn't stew so." Ruth patted the dark, coiled hair. "'By, dear, I'll probably be home as soon as you are."

Allen was standing in front of the building, talking with the janitor, who laid a finger to his cap as Ruth came out.

"Even Mike approves of my handiwork," Allen said, grinning back at the man as he held the door ajar for Ruth. "I was telling him about my scheme for a larger building." He climbed in behind the wheel. "All the latest wrinkles: electric kitchens, refrigeration, Murphy beds. There are so many of you independent females now, and a few stray couples. It would pay, even in this town. I've got Rice sort of nibbling at the idea."

"I'd rather have a house and a yard and a dog," said Ruth comfortably. They were running smoothly along the river road, with the heat mist from the river blowing past their faces. "Apartments are better than boarding houses, of course."

Allen plunged briskly into a discussion—the advantages of community living which apartments offered even in a small city. Ruth listened lazily; the growing twilight, the fresh smell of the water, the steady whir of the engine, Allen's voice, all mixed in a general sense of well-being.

"I hear you may get the school contract," she said presently.

"It isn't settled." Allen spoke with a controlled jubilance. "But things look as if it would come my way."

"Fine business."

The car swung off the drive to a graveled road, up a slight rise, and with a little chewing and backing was parked beside the low, rambling buildings of the country club.

"I phoned while you were dressing, so we'd have a table on the veranda." Allen led the way down the hall, out to the broad, screened porch which overhung the river. He knew most of the people in the hall and at the tables they passed: affluent townsfolk, men in linen golf knickers, wives in light dresses, a few of the younger people. Ruth nodded at some of them. When they reached the corner table her cheeks were flushed. She had detected, in the scrutiny as she passed, amusement, curiosity. It had been weeks since she had dined here with Allen, and in the meantime of course he'd been here with his new girl.

When he had ordered she lifted her eyes from her gaze at the darkening, smooth water, and said, deliberately, "Your friends look confused, seeing me here with you again."

"Yeuh." Allen was grave. "They think you're trying to vamp me. 'These modern females, my boy, are dangerous.'"

Ruth giggled at his thin mimicry. "That sounds like old Stafford, Cora's boss," she said. "Well, aren't we?"

"Not the way Stafford means. Lord, you need so little from a man that he feels like a fifth wheel."

"Instead of feeling like the whole show?"

"Well, anyone likes to feel the whole show sometimes. To somebody. That's not what you label male conceit. That's human."

"Um." Ruth dipped her spoon into the jellied bouillon. "They sure have good food out here."

"Isn't it human?" insisted Allen. "Wouldn't you like it?"

"Not me." Ruth bit into a crisp radish. "The only whole show I want to be is bookseller to this town." A curious stubbornness hardened her eyes and the sensitive line of her mouth. "I've no time for devotion, coming in or going out."

"Oh, well, you aren't human." Allen rolled a radish across the table toward her. "Crunch it. Symbol of the world."

"I am human enough." Ruth held the radish between her fingers. "I just had my eyes open early. And so I bite into the world." She settled back in her chair as the waiter arranged the dishes for the next course, submerged for an instant in the bitter mood her own words evoked. She had never told Allen about those early days in a country village—her meek, drudging mother; her lazy, arrogant father. Allen was regarding her speculatively, his eyebrows lifting his forehead into two long creases.

"THAT'S enough about me." Ruth shook herself forward, out of mood and thoughts. "What did you want to talk about to-night, anyway?"

"Me." Allen served the steak, his lean brown hands dexterous. (Nice hands, thought Ruth.) "Here, you inhuman, hard-boiled egg. Little dish gravy? An' a bean or two. Now we're set. You know that girl I told you about, last time we were out here? Georgette Barnes, visiting her aunt?"

"I've heard of her."

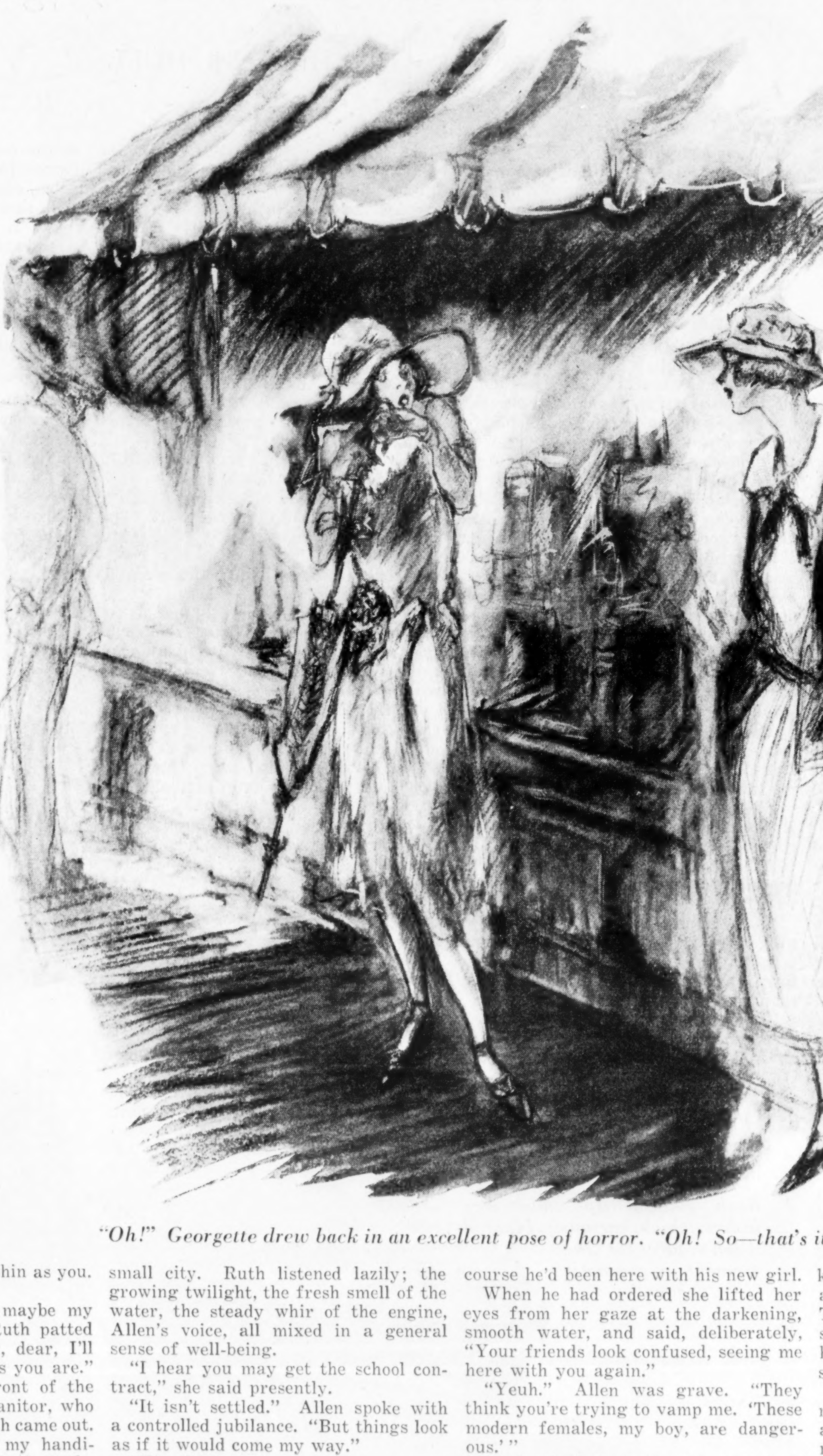
"I guess she's it, Ruth. Think she'll make a good wife for a rising not-so-young architect?"

"Of course I don't know her." Ruth looked squarely across at Allen. "What's she like?" Then she regretted her question, at the sudden change in Allen's face. ("Why, he looks goggle-eyed," she thought resentfully. "He's in love!")

"She's not your kind, exactly. I mean, she's got none of these ideas about careers and independent economics and all that. She's the kind—well, you know—makes a man feel she ought to be taken care of. I didn't know there were any more like her nowadays."

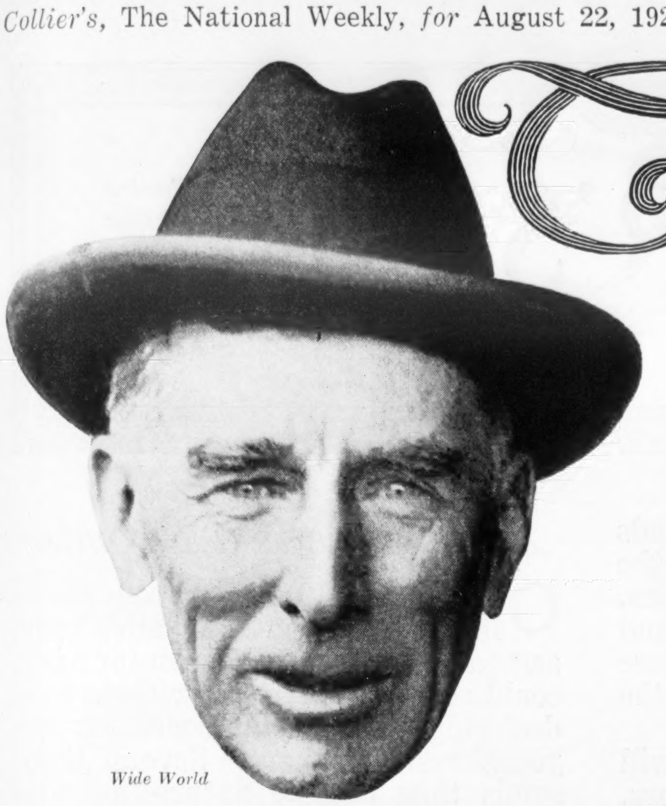
"Just the kind you planned for a wife?"

"That's it. Interested in me, in my career, in her (Continued on page 30)



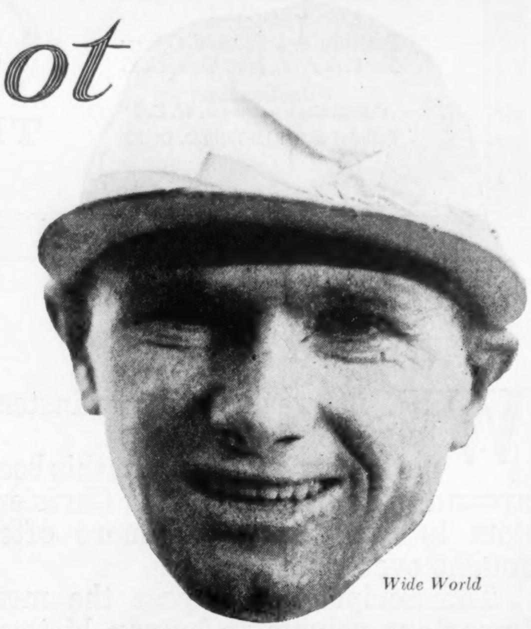
"Oh!" Georgette drew back in an excellent pose of horror. "Oh! So—that's it!"

Tough luck has a tender spot



Wide World

Connie Mack is out of eclipse



Wide World

Earl Sande, not through yet

The winner of an uphill fight is twice blest: he draws strength from his bouts with Fate and he inspires the biggest thrill

By GRANTLAND RICE

IT IS always a pleasing idea to know that Fate, however horny-handed and harsh, is never invincible. If this statement were offered merely as a theory, it would not be important. But fortunately the present season has already given us enough leading examples to prove the point of the following verses:

Fate called a Quitter from the crowd
And barred his pathway to success;
At each new blow he wailed aloud
Or faltered in the crushing stress;
And step by step Fate dragged him low
The easier each passing day,
And yet he struck no counter blow
Or upward tried to fight his way.
And at the end he cursed the fate
That swept him to such wretched state.

Fate called a Fighter from the throng
And barred his pathway to the goal;
At each new blow, with purpose strong,
He fought back with a stouter soul;
And step by step he drove Fate back
The easier each passing day,
And soon before the last attack
Fate fled in terror from his way.
And at the end he blessed Fate's whim
That helped to make a man of him.

It ought to be an inspiring moment for the struggling human race, too often snagged in Fate's coils, to find how many star examples there are of the ability to break away from an undesirable destiny month after month.

Readers can recall numerous headlines announcing the news that "Earl Sande Will Never Ride Again." At that time Sande was a broken and battered cripple. It was taken for granted that, even if he were to regain part of his shattered health, the spirit within had been crushed out by a fall that came as close as a half breath to taking his life. Yet at his first chance to fight back there was Sande on Sarazen, once more coming from behind to win a bitter battle down the stretch with a fairly rough Fate in full retreat.

This waning summer season has been close to a record breaker for the hardy Fate fighters. Six years ago Long Jim Barnes started his invasion of British golf. He had set this achievement as his main goal. In those six years he traveled 36,000 miles and spent over $12,000 in pursuit of his dream. He had won almost every other title, but Fate had barred the way to the British open championship.

One year he had the crown in his grip when a low-flying spoon shot, well hit, caught an unplayable lie and cost him six strokes for a par three hole. That year was 1922, when Hagen beat him by a stroke. Only one stroke away, and three strokes lost at one hole on the toughest of breaks.

When 1925 came Barnes had drawn rather tough sledding for over a year. His putting touch had vanished completely. Fate seemed to have him whipped. He had taken an eighty-five on his last round at Worcester in the United States open championship, but when the boat sailed for England a few days later the tall and lanky one was once more on board.

When he came to the final round at Prestwick he was five strokes back of the brilliant MacDonald Smith, but against this hopeless handicap he continued to give all he had and his six years of wandering were over. He had broken through at last where not one in a thousand would have kept up the fight.

Shade Took a Chance

AND it happens that Barnes broke through just at the time when the skies above seemed thicker than ever with gathering storms. It often happens just that way. It is remarkable how often that last desperate charge, when the odds seem heaviest, carries one through. It is rarely the first charge or the second.

When Stanley Coveleskie came to Washington this spring he had been turned out by Cleveland as a fading has-been near the end of the road. He had served sixteen years in professional baseball and for two years had been unable to break even on the season's count. A smart manager had decided the ancient arm was about to fall off, no longer fit for big-league service. In his last two Cleveland years the veteran Pole had lost thirty games for Cleveland, where he had served nine years.

Here was a wonderful moment for the inferiority complex to take a grip upon his spirit. He was thirty-four years old, no longer leaning upon the staff of youth. He was facing his eighteenth professional campaign. He had drawn two losing years in succession. This seemed to be an ideal spot to abdicate to Fate and call it a career.

But in place of this Coveleskie began to prove that not only can they "come back," but return with more than they ever had. When he passed the season's halfway mark around the middle of July with Washington, the Cleveland cast-off was leading both leagues with eleven victories against one defeat.

By the middle of the season he had pitched Washington back into the lead. He had outpitched Walter Johnson and Dazzy Vance, the two leading pitchers of the year before. He was out in front of young and old and medium with a series of low-hit games in a year where volleys and fusillades were flying far and fast and even the best were finding it hard to keep the tally tidal wave from running high. Walter Johnson the year before had outfought Fate in four closing innings. But Coveleskie had outfought Fate the greater part of a big season with his new club struggling to win another flag.

Then there was Dave Shade, a California welterweight, who for three years had been struggling to gain championship recognition. He had been in the game for seven years without making any deep impression on public or promoters, except as a challenger on the champion's spoor. Shade had been trying for many months to get a match with Mickey Walker, the welterweight champion, with no success at all. Then he was told that in the big Italian Hospital Fund show he could have a chance to show his social standing in the realm of slug by meeting Jimmy Slattery.

Now, Jimmy Slattery was not a welterweight. He was a light heavyweight weighing 163 pounds, 10 pounds heavier than Shade at his top weight. Slattery had outpointed the dangerous Delaney twice and Delaney had knocked out Tiger Flowers, the black cyclone, twice in turn. Slattery had outpointed the versatile Stribling and had run about even with Harry Greb, one of the marvels of Rosin City. He had just knocked out Jack Burke, the roughest of Jack Dempsey's sparring partners, in less than two rounds. He had been picked far and wide as another Jim Corbett who could hit, a coming heavyweight champion with a few more pounds packed on to more experience.

Shade might have wilted at this chance, deciding that a knockout by Slattery would kill his final shot at Walker's welterweight throne. In place of this he jumped at the chance and when the big moment came he also jumped at Slattery.

Shade has a low, baffling crouch that has high merit in a defensive war. The general idea was that his plan of battle would be to remain on the defensive, go the route, and take no chance of running into Slattery's artillery.

But to the astonishment of 50,000 people it was Shade who took the aggressive in the second round after stalking his man for the first three minutes. And early in the third round it was Shade who whipped in an overhand right to Slattery's temple and dropped his man with an old-fashioned thud.

For the first time in his career Slattery was on his back, and it was a welterweight who stood above him. Twenty seconds later the pugilistic pride of Buffalo was out, with his second's towel draped across his drooping shoulders, still writhing along the lower ropes.

Mack's Lean Years

IN EACH case—especially in the examples of Barnes, Coveleskie and Shade—there was a set, desperate purpose to fight it out. It was much the same purpose which inspired Connie Mack after eleven years of failure to keep building until he had a pennant winner or a pennant contender.

Few know that in those years of failure Mack had tried out close to six hundred ball players, only to find that promising stars were merely weak and wind-blown candles with the flame soon gone. When the present season opened all pennant gossip was built around Washington, Detroit and New York, with St. Louis on the outer edge.

After Mack's first spurt there was still the old chatter that the detonation would come by June. But when midsummer had passed Connie Mack's club was still the sole entry left holding on to Washington's pace.

Few managers in baseball history had ever taken the wallops from Fate which the angular Mack took for over a decade. They were enough to crack the heart of an iron ox. He was merely another who proved that you can still battle your way back to the main goal if you don't permit a rough-riding Destiny to obtain your goat and lead it bleating far from home.

Fate, fortune, destiny, the break of luck, whatever you care to label it, is the greatest of all goat getters. But each season there are still a few select souls who prove again that even a tough Fate, running amuck, can be whipped by the party of the second part who decides to hang on and fight it out.

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Read Your Bible

WHY not read the Bible instead of quarreling over it?

It is a curious fact that this book around which the religion of Christendom is built has been more often fought over than read.

The Scriptures compose the most important volume in human history. Without knowing them it is impossible to understand the world we live in. Regardless of denomination and faction and sect, the Bible is the source of most that is important in our civilization.

It inspires the passionate pursuit of truth, whose fruit is science. It supplies the criterion of morality for all and the tenets of belief for the faithful.

The ancient records of the history and of the traditions of the Jews are the very citadel of the spirit of modern men regardless of whether or not we profess any formal religion.

Even the agnostic Socialist who regards religion as the sedative of the masses unconsciously derives from the Bible his own creed of human progress.

The revolutionary cry of the last century and a third—liberty, equality, brotherhood—is a gift of the Bible. Where else is to be found sanction for recognition of the sacred rights of every man and of the reality of human brotherhood?

Every ethical principle which to-day is revered—if not observed—comes from this same spring. The Bible, moreover, rightly approached affords fascinating reading for all kinds of minds. It is a complete literature and as varied as the life of a race which has endured thousands of years.

We may differ as to how we interpret such details as Jonah and the whale or Joshua and the sun but no one who is capable of getting pleasure or comfort from reading can fail to profit by an acquaintance with the Bible.

From the standpoint of the learned, nothing offers more splendid adventures. Just now a scientific expedition is being sent to explore Armageddon, the battleground of the Lord.

Through such inquiries, essentially Biblical studies, is being retrieved the picture of how men lived thousands of years ago. The Bible serves the scholar not less than the average man.

So forget the silly legislators and congressmen who want to punish those suspected of teaching disrespect to the Bible and read the book itself.

It has lived a long time and it will survive even the folly of its defenders.

Family Nonsense

MRS. LA FOLLETTE is being boomed to succeed her deceased husband as senator from Wisconsin.

Mrs. Curley of Boston thinks she may run for mayor when Jim's term expires. Mrs. John Jacob Rogers of the same state has been elected to the congressional seat which her husband occupied until his death.

There have already been three similar cases in Congress; in one of them the congresswoman took the place of her father.

The governor of Wyoming, Mrs. Ross, is the widow of the previous governor. The governor of Texas was elected to vindicate her husband, who had been impeached while in the governor's chair.

These women may be worthy officeholders. But they are damaging the dignity of woman as a citizen. The hardly attainable ideal of democracy is that no one should be elected to office except on the basis of personal ability. To elect a woman just because she is a woman is bad enough. To elect her because she is the wife or daughter of a previous incumbent is far worse.

Women will never make real progress in political life until they forget family stuff and sex warfare, and enter open competition, in a fair field.

The Instinct of a Hero

WHEN John McLaughlin of Marlboro, N. Y., was bitten by a mad dog he did not become panic-stricken and yell for help. What he did was to grapple with the dog until he got a firm hold on it. He held on until some children near by could get away to safety. No grandstand stuff. He just saw a crowd of children in imminent danger and did his duty.

A Promise is a Promise

ON MAY 9, 1918, Congress promised, by law, that "any alien" who served in the war, in our army or navy, could ask for citizenship without first declaring intention and without five years' residence here. Several thousands thus became naturalized and among them were several hundred Japanese.

Seven years later the Supreme Court decided that that "any alien" meant only "free white persons" *and* those of "African nativity or African descent." The Chinese and Japanese can enlist and serve and fight and all that, but they can't vote.

Is that a square deal? Congress can pass another law and keep its promise any time it wants to.

Where the West Ends

ONE of the great troubles the West has is trying to please everyone. A Colorado hotel keeper did his bit for Western hospitality this summer by caging a coyote to howl for the guests as in the days of the old Wild West.

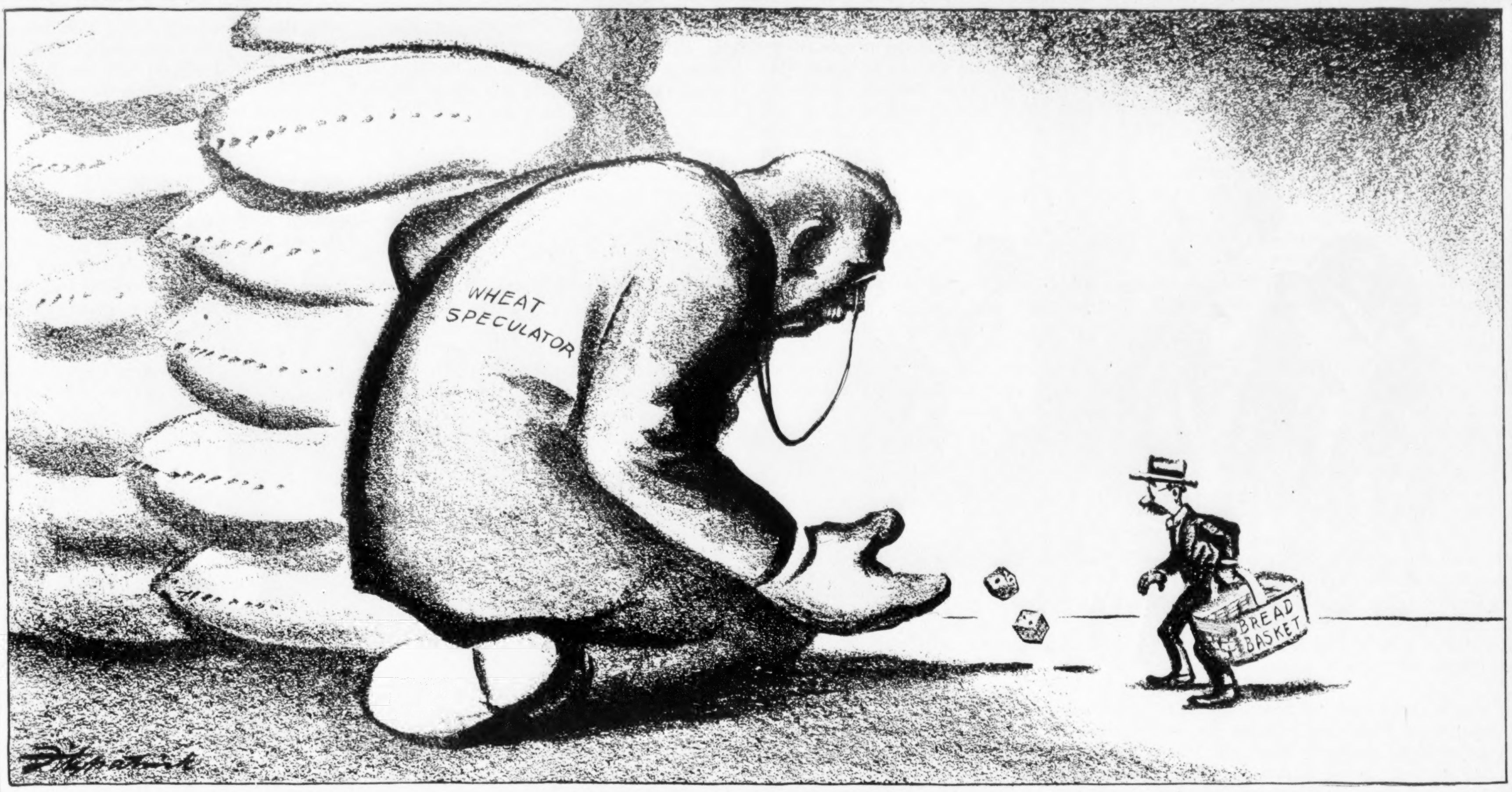
But a howl is a howl, so the coyote, a troop of native huntsmen and a pack of dogs repaired to the mountains and held a real Wild West coyote chase which ended ingloriously when the perplexed animal ran back to the hotel and wanted his regular room again!

The Fountain of Youth

JOHN FRANKLIN BROWNE was graduated from Salem College in West Virginia a few weeks ago. No, he isn't a great football player; he can't throw the discus, nor make a great high jump. He doesn't even pitch for the baseball team. And, in fact, we doubt whether he even belonged to a fraternity. But he's interesting, nevertheless.

He happens to be 75 years old—the "most mature" college graduate in the whole country. He has set a fine example for all of us.

It's when we quit learning that we get old. We imagine that Mr. John Franklin Browne is really a young chap after all.



The Innocent Bystander

Bigger Dividends—
No More Labor Troubles

BY ARTHUR NASH

(*Golden Rule Nash of Cincinnati, Ohio*)

IT IS my firm conviction, born of a great experience, that the great problems of labor and capital are merely problems of right human relationships. During the periods of the simpler civilizations mankind never solved this problem of how to live together as brethren. And unsolved it has, so far, remained. We are now rushing headlong into more and more complex associations, and the prayer for the solution of our human problems is more urgent than ever before in the world's history.

It is my firm conviction that if we will Christianize industry, making the golden rule of Jesus universal practice, we need not worry about anything any more. There would be no warfare between capital and labor, no conflict between races, no differences between science and religion; no animosities, no jealousies, no hatreds, no conflict between individuals or groups or nations anywhere on earth. What the world needs is not mere theories about Jesus but the philosophy of Jesus applied in human relations.

I say this is my firm conviction because I have found it astoundingly true in my own business. For years I was a preacher of the golden rule. I preached the golden rule but I did not practice it. The universal brotherhood of man was to me, as it is to so many others, a big, fine general expression that meant nothing real. The true significance of the fact that the man or woman working at the bench or at the machine in the factory was my brother or sister in a very real sense, children of the one great Father, had not seriously occurred to me.

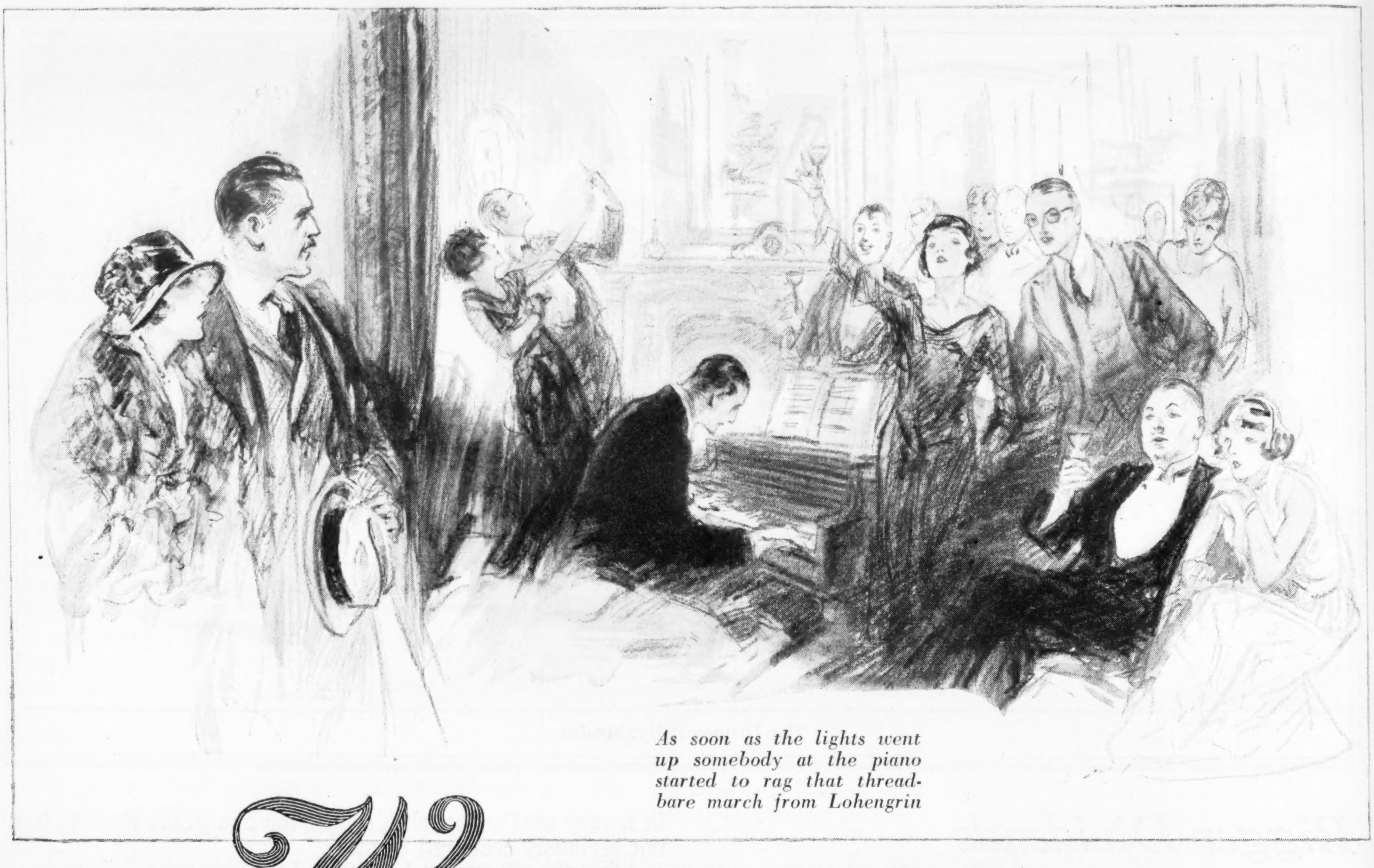
And then it came about that I was brought face to face with the alternative of putting the golden rule into practice in my own business or renouncing it squarely and unequivocally. I was led to purchase a sweatshop. I am talking about the clothing business.

In such a shop as the one that I purchased only the inefficient and helpless human beings, who could not hold a position in the more desirable industries, sought employment. If it had been left to human wisdom to pick out an industry where it might be thought possible literally to apply the teachings of our Lord and live the golden rule, the clothing business would have been the last one selected; and yet this is the one that I went into. This took place at the beginning of 1919. In 1918 our company had done a business of $132,190.20. Since then the record is as follows: 1919, $525,678.43; 1920, $1,580,700.46; 1921, $2,007,559.00; 1922, $3,751,181.52; 1923, $5,958,508.67; 1924, $9,245,429.70. So far this year we have done more business than we did in the same period of 1922 and 1924 added together.

The six thousand workers in the A. Nash Co. fix their own hours of labor, fix their own wages and fix even the salary of myself, their president. Every ounce of ability and energy I have devoted to the development of the men and women in my industry has been repaid manifold in the development of their ability to take care of the industry in every important detail. Money devoted to making men and women pays bigger dividends than men and women devoted to making money. There is no guesswork about that.

The appreciation and trust of the humblest of my employees is worth so much to me that it could not be bought for an amount equal to the largest dividend check ever laid on Rockefeller's desk.

It has been demonstrated in my own personal life and in our organization of about 6,000 garment workers that the philosophy of Jesus will work, and in every place that it has been made real it *has* worked just as it has done in ours. It is the only way.



As soon as the lights went up somebody at the piano started to rag that threadbare march from Lohengrin

WHITE FIRE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the lovely young wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks a quarrel with her husband over a string of black pearls which she claims are imitation. Next day Lance Fairless, a good-for-nothing young society man, asks Tabor to go to New York, as a lawyer and friend, to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying she has gone to New York with her sister. He follows but doesn't find her at her regular hotel.

Next day, after cashing a check large enough to buy real pearls which he has decided to give June, he calls on Jennifer, who proves to be unusual and attractive. She returns the letters but refuses the money. On leaving her room in the cheap hotel where she lives Tabor sees Lance Fairless and June entering the elevator with a bellboy carrying two bags. Tabor asks another boy to return the letters to Jennifer.

He walks for hours in a pouring rain and finally returns to the hotel to insist on Jennifer's taking the money. He is in time to see her leave with the packet of letters. He follows her almost to the river, loses her and decides the thing to do is to drown himself. But someone pulls him back.

Ten days later he rouses to find himself in a theatrical boarding house being taken care of by Jennifer Challis. She also had been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing Tabor had set aside her own trouble and saved him. The letters were destroyed. Finding Tabor ill, Jennifer had secured rooms at the boarding house, introducing him as her husband, Tabor Drew. She has nursed him back to health, learning his story through his delirium.

The detective agency, employed by June, announces that they have given up hope of finding Tabor, and, since both Jennifer and Tabor need each other, they finally decide, at least for the present, to go on living as Mr. and Mrs. Drew—on the money Tabor drew from the bank.

One day Mona Desmond, a friend of Jennifer's, announces that she met Lance Fairless on the street and told him about Jennifer's marriage to Tabor Drew.

IV

SEEING how dismay whitened Jennifer's face, flew its signals in her darkling eyes, Tabor was sensitive to a time that called for measures sharply counterirritant. True that this girl wasn't of any common hysterical type; the tensile strength of her nervous organization was none the less, he was sure, being too finely tried.

So now, when new alarms drove her to him with this tragic countenance and hands in a panic flutter, Tabor brought her up with one look, a half smile of deprecation at once whimsical and cynical—lifting his brows lightly and his shoulders at the same time, drawing down the corners of his mouth.

"Well?" she cried in a gust. "What are you going to do now?"

"'Do?'" Tabor made business with his watch. "Why, go to bed, I suppose. What else is there to do?"

"You know what I mean. It isn't too late to reconsider, Tabor. Nothing can stop us from giving up this crazy thing we're trying to get away with!"

"My dear girl! Whatever are you talking about?"

"Oh, Tabor!" She caught his arm imploringly. "You know you'd better cut all this out. . . . It's no good—I knew it wouldn't be." Her voice broke. . . . "*I'm* no good, Tabor—no good to you, no good to myself, no good to anybody! The best thing you can do is chuck me as quick as you can—I'm just a Jonah."

"But, Jenny"—Tabor put up a patient hand to pat those that clung to him—"you're letting go all at once for no reason at all I can fathom."

"I'm not!" Jennifer dropped heavily into a chair, hung a heavy head over arms that clutched the far edge of the marble table top. "It's just come home to me, that's all, what a wild, hopeless dream I've been doping myself with. I knew it all along, but I was half frantic and couldn't help trying to make it come true—I so wanted a little peace of mind. And you were so sweet and everything. . . . But we can't go on now—you know that perfectly well."

TABOR moved to her side before replying, "Why not?"

"But don't you understand?" She lifted a look all tremulous. "Now Lance knows—"

"Knows what, Jenny?"

"Where I'm living, and how—I mean, that I'm posing as married to you—"

"To a Mr. Drew, I believe. And he does not know you're merely posing. More than that, what conceivable concern is it of Mr. Fairless'?"

The girl seemed not to follow; misgivings like little flames worried by the wind played on in the background of her stare. "He'll think it funny—"

"What if he does? He will hardly make an excuse of that to trouble you again."

"I'm not worrying about myself; it's you I'm afraid for."

"Oddly enough—d'you know?—I thought as much." Appreciation spoke more openly in an understanding nod. "But why? What have I to fear from Fairless?"

"You don't suppose for a minute Mona told him what she said just now without telling him everything she knew, do you? You don't know that chatterbox. Lance isn't precisely a dumb-bell either. You can bet Mona told him she calls you 'Tabby' for short, and what you look and talk like, and how I brought you here, half dead and out of your head, about the time Tabor Wynne disappeared. It's no good kidding ourselves Lance won't think all that coincidence worth looking into."

"Suppose he does. . . ."

"Why, you don't want to be caught—like this—do you?"

"I don't much believe I shall be. Not by Mr. Fairless, in any event. I rather think that's the last thing he'd wish for, to dig me out of my decent grave with his own hands. As long as Tabor Wynne stays dead, he's comfortably out of the way, and the world wags well enough for Mr. Fairless. He will hardly, I think, set out deliberately to borrow trouble."

The girl blankly frowned. "You think he won't tell—her?"

"I do think just that, Jenny."

"But"—she had a bewildered falter—"but if they're so madly in—so mad about each other—surely they must want—!"

"I'm afraid, Jenny, it is what Fairless wants that will weigh most in the balance. He hasn't a great deal to gain by marrying June, presuming I might be got out of the way legally as well as physically. June hasn't got much of a private fortune, as fortunes go these days. And—perhaps you don't know; we have never spoken of this, and you may have failed to glean it from my ramblings in delirium—it's a matter of pretty general knowledge at home that Lance is engaged to a young woman of good family and an heiress into the bargain; if he should break that engagement, even though it's yet, I believe, to be officially announced, or if anything should come out to make the girl's family break off the match—Lance Fairless will have come to the end of his rope, as far as Philadelphia is concerned. No"—the judicial Tabor summed up—"I hardly think we need fear Lance will put a weapon in June's hands that she might use to kill his chance of marrying several millions."

"Oh!" Jennifer, more pale than ever, started up with a quaver in that husky voice which knelled the end of all that pride had made her cling to. "You can't believe—he couldn't be so cold-blooded, so calculating—!"

Tabor touched the girl's arm with a light, sympathetic hand. "I'm sorry to have to remind you, Jenny, but—Have you forgotten he commissioned me with a fool's errand—more a knave's—sent me to slap you in the face with money he knew you would never touch?"

The girl cringed away till he could no longer see to read her eyes, and for a breath stood taut and silent. "Thank you," she quietly said, at length—"I guess maybe I needed that. But you're too kind not to understand, no matter how badly the one you love has behaved, it's only human to hold on as long as you can to the belief that he wasn't all heartless."

"I know," the man replied; "I too have known. . . ."

"Oh, forgive me!" A contrite face turned back to him. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Tabor—when you've been so wonderful to me—"

A SIGN of a thin white hand put that aside. "Then I may hope your mind is now more at ease?"

"If I could only feel sure that you don't want to back out—"

"Then do be sure of that. And one thing more, Jenny: I am not, as you seem tempted to think, going it blind in this affair; I've not neglected to think things out in your interest as well as in my own. I am satisfied you have nothing to fear from either Fairless or my wife. Even if we should be, as you say, 'caught,' I feel safe in promising that your name won't ever be coupled with mine in any way to cause you regret—say, in a court of law."

The girl held her stare into eyes whose gravity a trace of wistfulness still tempered until she felt able to trust her voice; even then its timbre was huskier than before. "As if I'd care. . . . Oh, I don't mean that the way it sounds, only that I—I'd go through anything for you!"

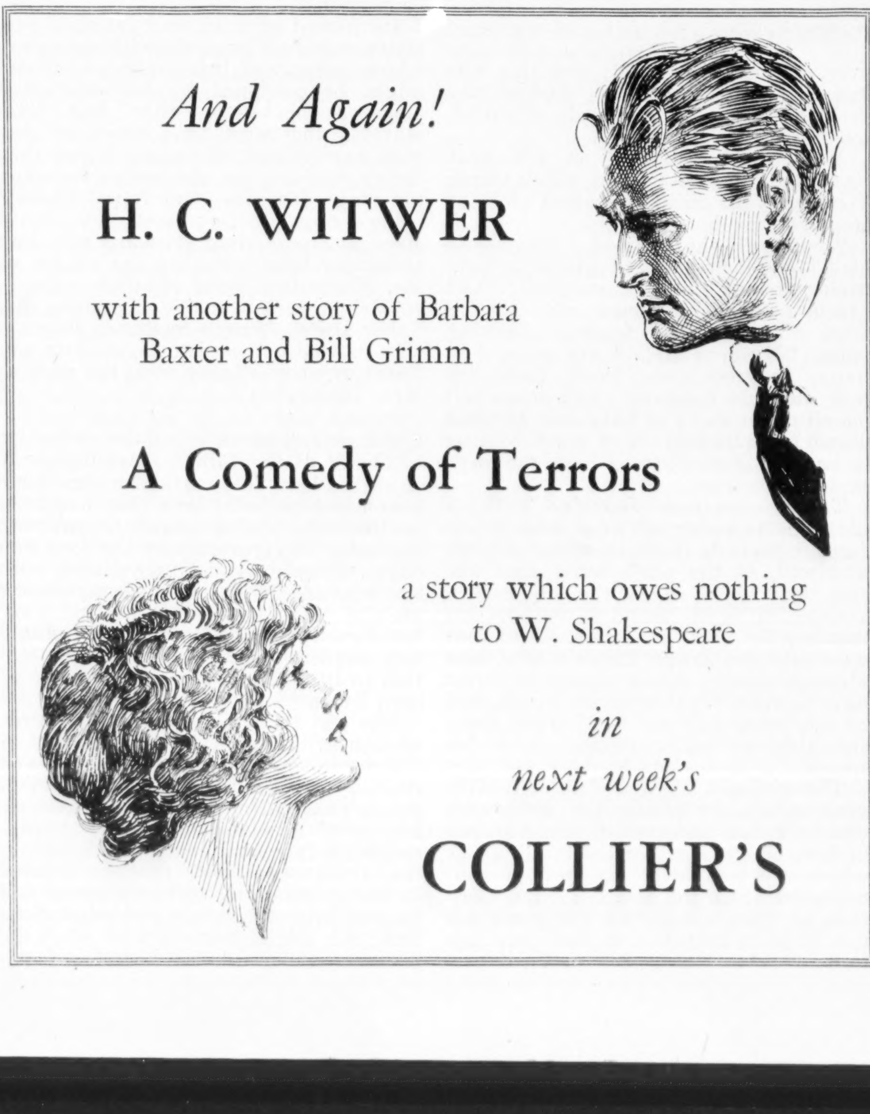
Tabor fancied, too, a sudden mist softened her eyes; and perhaps that was so, for Jennifer as suddenly spun round and in semi-stumbling haste sought her room.

It resulted that Tabor knew yet another night of many wakeful hours; and on the morrow, when the girl had gone out to make her daily round of theatrical agencies, profited by this liberty to try navigating city streets again under his own power and unconvoyed—making a voyage that brought him back to the home port with an adventurous gleam in his eyes if with no sign more legible to tell what he had been up to.

Jennifer, studying him closely but unobtrusively as she always did in those days, marked the newness of that light, tried to diagnose its source to no profit, and had her oblique inquiries rewarded with no clear account of Tabor's excursion—had to be content with the assurance that the weather had met with his approval and that he had enjoyed finding himself as spry—the adjective was Tabor's—as a man of his years could ask to be, everything considered.

Tabor was, in plain fact, rather more exhilarated by a discovery he had made but didn't mention, that Life was still his friend whom it permitted to indulge the supreme selfishness of forgetting self in the service of another. . . .

But Jennifer was out of tune to his humor. "I don't see why you keep on talking as if you were as old as Chauncey Depew," she objected. "You're not, Tabby."


And Again!

H. C. WITWER

with another story of Barbara Baxter and Bill Grimm

A Comedy of Terrors

a story which owes nothing to W. Shakespeare

in next week's

COLLIER'S

"Don't you think so?" he replied in make-believe concern.

"Of course not. You're just in the prime of life. The trouble with you is you've got a funny notion a man's middle-aged the minute he's more than forty, 'way past getting any fun out of life. The truth is, if you want to know it, a man your age is just beginning to know how to live."

"You may be right, I shouldn't wonder. But how should you know, who are so young?"

"I'm not. Age hasn't got a great deal to do with how old a woman is. I'm old enough to be your mother, Tabby." Tabor shyly said he had rather suspected the influence of some such hallucination on Jennifer's temper; but she wouldn't heed him. "Besides, that's something every woman knows," she indulgently enlarged: "we're born old enough to know that most men have got to be about your age before they're worth wasting time on. All the same, we forget that, sometimes . . . to our sorrow."

Tabor reckoned it a cynical comment on human nature that he should take so much comfort in the assurance that he wasn't, in the sight of a younger person so strangely sage and unsophisticated, entirely a venerable relic. Vanity, he surmised, takes scant account of man's years. He found it, in the humility of the spirit so lately chastened by the scorn of the woman who had married him, curiously grateful to be assured that Jennifer wasn't ashamed of a "husband" so far her senior.

Now that she made him think of it, indeed, and he more attentively remarked her awareness of him when they went out or entertained her friends, he suspected the growth in the girl of a certain pride of ownership; as if it flattered her a bit to be seen with him, publicly to acknowledge the claims and obligations their fictitious relationship imposed. He guessed that she was secretly making a study of him and his ways, subtly making herself over to fit her mental pattern of a woman whom he might be not reluctant to call his wife. Certain small crudities of speech and gesture were day by day being experimented with, amended or abolished; he could hardly fail to notice how she was listening with patient attention nowadays when he was moved to discourse of things foreign to the only world she knew, the theatre's. The suspicion seemed warranted that he was never to be mortified by any shortcomings which their association had made her conscious of.

HE WAS touched by these signs, and made more than a little thoughtful. At least, he told himself, this adventure, harebrained though it might appear, was doing Jennifer no harm.

It followed naturally that the wonder grew in him concerning the girl's antecedents. She seemed never to care to talk about herself, and it was, of course, not possible to question her. Tabor had to make the most he could, which wasn't much, of such vague allusions as from time to time cheated her guard, added to what from the beginning he had known of the chapter Lance Fairless had written in her life. He recalled, too, the mention she had once made of a course in nursing that had been broken off when she took to the stage, but heard no more to tell why she had ever entertained the ambition to become a trained nurse or been willing to forego it.

In the hours of shop gossip that passed whenever Mona and Tormay or other fellow inmates dropped into their rooms at the Maison Benelli, ostensibly to ask after the welfare of the convalescent, Jennifer was accustomed to talk freely enough of old times in the theatre, indicating a broken thread of ventures, most of them financially sad, which had initiated the girl into an amazing diversity of professional activities. She had been at one time or another, it seemed, a Hippodrome chorus girl; assistant (for decorative purposes alone) to a stage magician; apprenticed to a "ten-twenty-thirty" stock company (fine training, that, with its two shows daily, a change of rôle every week, and incessant rehearsals going on when she wasn't before the public or asleep); extra woman in a heavy melodrama which had run for several months in New York; leading lady in a dramatic playlet whose bookings in the "two-a-day" had carried her across the continent and back; a sorry "flop in pictures," because it was her misfortune to photograph not too well, and cast for minor parts in a dozen productions or so which had been "tried out in the sticks" but had never managed to "make Broadway."

But of her life before that first hazard of fortunes in the theatre, of her parentage and environment of youthful years, she never spoke.

Neither did the casual talk of acquaintances ever cast much light into the darkness with which this reticence clothed her background; a circumstance the more singular in view of the fact that their everyday communications were as a rule compact of the most intimate personalities; everything any one of them happened to be doing or had ever done was apparently knowledge in the public domain; nothing of their most private concerns was ever held sacred. It was almost as though a friendly conspiracy of silence were shielding what was past and ended from the ken of Jennifer's "husband"—or else that what had been was considered so well known it called for no more bruiting.

They dined in public together for the first time on the day, it was just a week before Christmas, when they moved into the Munds flat. Though they had little to move aside from Jennifer's trunk and the kit bags Tabor had purchased to hold his still modest wardrobe, he thought it might be as well to put off testing the kitchen competence of the maid in the confusion of getting settled. More privately he was of the opinion that Jennifer needed to be taken out of herself a bit.

The scare she had taken of the meeting between Mona and Fairless should by that time have subsided for want of nourishment, and her failure to hark back to it might otherwise have satisfied Tabor that Jennifer was content with his assurances; he had none the less for several days been aware of an aggravated shyness and (he could hit on no other name for it) wariness in her bearing. She seemed to be ever alertly on guard against something: what, he couldn't imagine—some latent threat to her anticipations which she didn't care to discuss—and, because he was incapable of suspecting the true cause of this uneasiness, Tabor laid it to fears unallayed, and could hardly blame the girl for harboring them. And while he did everything he could think of to make her see that he didn't in the least share her misgivings, the effect of his dogged insouciance seemed to be precisely, and mysteriously and lamentably, the reverse of its intention. A man less naïve of heart might have found the clue he needed in the eagerness with which Jennifer caught up his suggestion, but Tabor saw in this only a quite pardonable hunger for amusement, and on inspiration of second thought added that this happy divorce from the wall papers of the Maison Benelli, its noisiness in other ways, and its somewhat cloying aroma of Italian cookery, provided all the excuse any reasonable people needed for a mild celebration. He proposed a play as a proper sequel to dinner—and was rewarded by a flashing smile of pleasure.

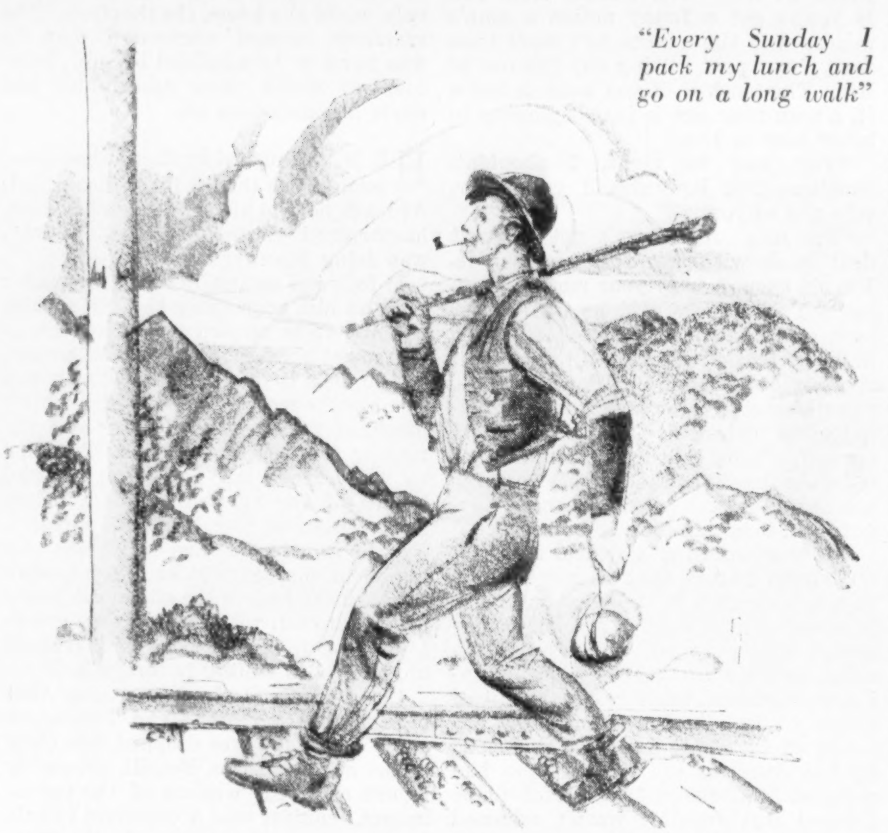
THEY settled on the Lafayette as one restaurant where the cooking wasn't too bad and he who had been Tabor Wynne might feel tolerably safe in being seen—since Rittenhouse Square doesn't visit New York to dine in University Place. And while they had no cause to regret their choice on that account, it turned out to have been an unhappy one.

They were smoking over their coffee when Tabor saw the girl lose of a sudden all the ease (*Continued on page 26*)

The Most Successful Man I Know

And the man himself is quite sure he's the happiest

By O. O. McINTYRE



"Every Sunday I pack my lunch and go on a long walk"

I SAY he is the most successful man I know, but I do not know his name. My chance meeting with him was in this fashion: I was returning from California, and near Gallup, N. M., engine trouble developed. My dog, Junior, was in the baggage car, and I took advantage of the delay to give him a little freedom.

I unleashed him, and we started on a walk up to the brow of a hill. This dog of mine was a city dog and had never before seen a rabbit. One hopped out of the brush. Junior was after him like a shot. At that same moment the engine whistled, and I looked back to see the train making ready to move.

It was the train or the dog. I chose the dog. And when I captured him fifteen minutes later the train had thundered away. I was marooned in a desolate country without a house in sight.

I walked for many miles and drew up at a little house near the railroad track at dusk. A coal-oil lamp was burning in the window. Inside sat a man in work clothes having his evening meal.

He admitted me, and I told him my dilemma. He was a railroad trackman and agreed to flag a train that would arrive four hours later. Relieved of my worry, I became interested in this man whose life was pitched in what seemed to me such dreadful isolation.

His salary was $40 a month. The only city he had ever visited was Albuquerque. Born in poverty, he had started out in life without knowing how to read or write. His age, as I remember it, was forty-six. His entire family—a wife and three children—had been wiped out in an influenza epidemic, and, so far as he knew, he hadn't a relative in the world, and naturally he had few friends.

I could not imagine a life being more colorless. How, then, did I find this man the most successful man I know? Success to me has never meant wealth. The most restless, unhappy people I know are those with great riches.

As a writer who has studied humanity from varying angles, I can honestly say I have never known a contented rich man or woman. There may be some, but I have never found them.

Success, to my way of thinking, means finding happiness. Here was a man who in his drab world had found happiness where most of us would find despair.

He learned to read and write at twenty, after he had married. Not only that, he had, through the extension course of a Western university, become a civil engineer. Surely, one would say, he lacked ambition in having prepared for a higher post and remained in one so lowly.

Again I wonder if ambition for material gain and power is one of the essentials of what we call success. This man sought learning because it brought him contentment. He liked the rough, hard labor because it kept him in perfect physical trim. He ate three hearty meals a day with gusto.

Along the walls of his shack was one of the best small libraries I ever beheld. He knew the classics and had won a prize from a farm paper for the best essay on Shakespeare. He told me that outside of the death of his family he had known no grief or disappointment.

"I can honestly say," he said, "that I hold no resentment for any human being. I find myself awakening every morning singing with happiness. All day long I am out in the open. I love the sun and the skies and all the beautiful things nature has provided for me. Men who live as I live are generally religious. I love to pray. It brings me great peace.

"I know of no man who is so sure of his God. I believe life continues on and on and death is just a change. No man who has studied nature as I have studied could help being convinced that there is a Greater Intelligence that guides us.

"How many men of your cities are willing to face death unflinchingly? It is to me like the gentle opening and closing of a door. And I believe there are wonders beyond of which we have never dreamed.

"When I lay down my tools I will have enough to care for my modest wants. Old age does not terrify me. I welcome it as a tired traveler welcomes his lodging at night.

"I can look back over my life without regret. I have never harmed a living thing. Every Sunday I pack my lunch and go on a long walk, and I return in the evening and read aloud from my Bible. This is my church in the wilderness."

The train arrived, and I shook his hand. "I believe," I told him, "that you have really found happiness."

"I am," he said with enthusiasm, "the happiest man you have ever known."

And I believe he is the most successful.

White Fire

Continued from page 25

and gayety which she had for a while recovered. In a twinkling the lazily wandering survey the gray eyes had been making of the busy room changed to a stare of shock, Jennifer's features tightened, her color ebbed and came back in a flood.

Tabor's instinctive first apprehension, that had to do with Fairless, was almost immediately denied. He had barely opened his lips to ask what the matter was when a shadow fell between them like an omen, the shadow of what he felt, even before looking up, was unmistakably a Presence.

"My darling girl!" an unctuous, musical voice hailed Jennifer—"to think that I should find you here, after all these years—!"

"I know," Jennifer returned in a tone of resignation that went oddly with arid candor—"sickening, isn't it?"

FOR all that she surrendered one of her hands to the demand of a fleshy white paw and a cheek to be touched by the wide mouth of bleached but mobile lips, and duly sketched the indicated introduction.

"Tabor; I suppose you may as well know my father, Franklyn Blaine. Father, this is Tabor Drew"—and with another display of that self-command in moments of emergency which Tabor marveled at, the girl contrived to add "my husband" without a quiver.

Tabor wasn't surprised, who had already remarked the likeness; but instinctively shared, with a sense of strong repulsion added, the emotion with which Jennifer had welcomed this rencontre. He couldn't very well, however, withhold his hand; and this was something he regretted, finding the flesh that clasped it curiously offensive, too warm, too dry.

Mr. Franklyn Blaine on his part managed a dramatic start which young Tormay in his most irreverent moment couldn't have bettered.

"Jennifer!" he boomed. "My little girl!"—with business of gladness tincturing astonishment—"married!" And every neighboring head was swung their way by that famous carrying voice. "My dear sir! I am more than happy to meet you. Well, well! but how did this happen? You must tell me all about it. You have just finished dinner? Splendid! You must join us in another demi-tasse—I have the larger table."

Tabor consulted Jennifer with a glance; she returned what was in effect a composite if slight shrug of body and soul, in the plain sense that she saw no way to reject the suggestion, distasteful as she found it, without attracting too much attention. And that was only too true; Tabor's arm was already captive by a grasp he must have found it troublesome to break, and he was being half led, half urged down the aisle of tables to one in a far corner.

The girl got up and followed, with good success in hiding the annoyance which, Tabor understood, was burning in her, thanks to the disadvantage at which this maneuver put her—an annoyance which he shared, who knew that he must tell neither too much nor too little in response to the questions that were storming his poor, unprepared wits, and desperately wanted the support and guidance of Jennifer's countenance.

He fobbed off that fond paternal persistence as best he could with stammers whose poverty of information he hoped might be condoned by his unaffected embarrassment—yes, they had been married for some time now; he was very happy, and, of course, hoped that Jenny was too; no, she hadn't forsaken the stage for him—and found himself being presented, almost by main strength, to a vivid creature who had seemingly been awaiting the return of Mr. Blaine in a mood of sultry calm.

"Helen, permit me to introduce Mr. Tabor Drew, Jenny's husband. Tabor—may as well get used to my calling you Tabor, my boy—Tabor, meet the present Mrs. Blaine."

SHE was apparently a quite authentic blonde of the Lillian Russell type if of rather late vintage; the fine-figure-of-a-woman-begad-sir! type that had been so liberally photographed to promote the sales of cigarettes in the long-ago days. They were patently dining with the bravado of condemned murderers making their last meal, without care for digestive consequences. Seemingly this sudden father, whatever his station in life, hadn't to count the cost of high living.

The girl had taken her seat sedately enough, with only a faint suggestion of fatigue to betray her feelings—this and studied avoidance of Tabor's eyes. Blaine's catechism she quietly answered, but with considerable cunning; preserving a fair countenance while telling him little or nothing that he wanted to know; declining to be cornered and coerced into statements and admissions that she might regret; and when he persevered beyond the bounds of patience, found a way to bring him up with the traditional round turn.

"Where did you marry her?" she bluntly countered, a nod singling out the bovine Helen. "How long ago?"

The mask of an old-school actor crinkled all over with tolerant amusement. "My little girl!" Franklyn Blaine chuckled to Tabor, and dropped a hand over one that rested on the table and fondled it—"she hasn't changed a mite since she was a tiny tot. She has always been like this, my boy, jealous of her innocent little secrets. Ah, well, have it your own way, Jenny, I shan't press you to tell me till you're ready."

To which Jennifer dryly said, "Thanks!" and Blaine chuckled again.

Only, Tabor saw, his muscles laughed, the pale eyes continued hard and mirthless, the mind behind them was otherwise engaged. Jennifer's reception of this reunion began to be understandable. Tabor had had to do with men of this stamp before, whose thoughts seldom if ever marched with their tongues, who thought themselves masters of craft.

"Hurry, Tabor." Jennifer called attention to a waiter hovering at his elbow with their bill. "We don't want to be late for this show."

"But, my darling!" Blaine sonorously remonstrated—"you're not running away so soon? And this the first time we've met in—how many years?"

"Never mind; I've forgotten too. And Tabor's been ill and this is our first night out, and we can't stop, really."

"But at least tell me where you are living; give me your phone number and I'll give you a ring to-morrow and come around and have a good old-fashioned talk. Why, we've got to get acquainted all over again, you and I, Jenny—think of that. . . ."

"I'm thinking of it," Jennifer sharply

cut in, and jumped up. "Do come along. We're late as it is."

There was a flurry of farewells mingled with assurances, volunteered by Blaine, of speedy reunion; and Tabor and Jennifer escaped.

He contained himself in some amusement, but had to bide the girl's time. In their taxicab, for more than half the way uptown to the Garrick, she nursed a savage taciturnity. And Tabor forebore to disturb it.

"I'm sorry, Tabby," Jennifer said at last in accents surprisingly controlled. "Please forgive me."

"For what, Jenny?"

"Making an exhibition of myself."

"But I have been thinking how well you bore up."

"Anyway," the girl sighed, relaxing, "it's nice of you to pretend to understand. Nobody can, of course, who doesn't know him."

"This Mr. Blaine is really your father, then?"

Jennifer suddenly swung in her seat to face Tabor. "What makes you ask that?"

"You had never mentioned any family ties."

"He's the only one, thank God! Though God knows, he's enough. I hoped I wouldn't ever lay eyes on him again. It's been five years now, or nearly. . . ."

"You," Tabor groped—"you ran away from home, perhaps?"

The girl gave a curt laugh. "The other way round; he ran away from Mother and me—to adopt that blonde. He showed up at Mother's funeral—trust him not to miss a chance to hog the spotlight—but only stopped long enough after it was over to talk big about an allowance he was going to send me, whether I wanted it or not. I haven't seen or heard from him since."

"He wouldn't answer letters?"

"I hope you don't think I'd write to him if I was starving, after the way he treated Mother."

"Perhaps he wasn't in a position to make his promise good—"

"He never meant to—he knew I wouldn't take a cent from him. As far as that goes, he's always managed to make money to spend on his women. He's a tenor." The stress on the noun lumped tenors in a class of which everything was said when it was named. "There was a time when, if he'd behaved, he might have made the Metropolitan. He did sing part of one season with Oscar Hammerstein at the old Manhattan. But he got into some squeeze or other, on account of a woman, I suppose, that made New York too hot for him, and took to touring with snide grand-opera troupes. You know the kind that sneak into town overnight and do 'Faust' in the Odd Fellows' Hall? Well, he got down almost that low. After a while that petered out for him too—I don't know why; it couldn't have been because his voice had soured on him, because he's been singing the Chautauquas these last two summers, and they're fussier than you'd think. They pay pretty good too."

TABOR, in the shock which Quakerish prejudices suffered of such unfilial plain speaking, found nothing more helpful to say than "Too bad!"—and heard that sympathetic noise of his requited by an unfeeling laugh.

"Oh, don't worry! he won't get a chance to make a nuisance of himself to you, Tabby—I'll tend to that."

"I was not so apprehensive. But do you mind telling how you propose to—"

"He's got to find us first. You don't suppose for a minute I gave him the right address, I hope. I should say not!"

But her bravado hardly deceived. The misadventure had too evidently so unsettled the girl as to spoil her enjoyment of a Theatre Guild production which she had professed anxiety to see, one of that broad-minded enterprise's most ambitious and outré gestures. Tabor was not unaware that, while they sat in the darkened theatre, Jennifer's attention was less for the traffic of the stage than for himself—could not well have been insensible of the covert study she gave his profile, ever and again, for minutes on end. During the entr'actes, too, the efforts he made to be diverting, with reasonably informed comment on the merits of the play and the manner of its presentation, were spent to poor purpose on the wholeness of her preoccupation; though the girl made shift to seem responsive, it was much as her father had laughed, with the lips alone.

In a house which a single educated glance counted up as "mostly paper," an audience the like of which the Garrick Theatre often holds when Guild productions are on their last legs—of subintelligentsia brave in the borrowed shaggy plumage of Bohemia in exile—these two passed unrecognized though not by any means unmarked. No more than of her thoughtfulness that had so much to do with him might Tabor remain blind to the interest of which his companion, though she didn't seem to know it, was being made the focus. Men, he saw, whose roving looks dwelt in passing on her face, turned back to gaze again and hungrily again. And he was quickened to perceive a change that had without his heeding come over the physical woman no less than the spiritual; as if the ordeal by fire which this last had known had refined the flesh as well, eating away all dross of prettiness that before had cried its kindred with the herd. The vision that so long had accepted the girl in much the guise she had first worn to it—when it was still bound by the glamour of a young person comely with the comeliness of youth and little more—saw now that Jennifer had with strange swiftness outgrown that phase and assumed in its stead one of peculiar and disconcerting loveliness.

IN THE upshot of this sharp awakening Tabor unhappily imagined that he was both envied and despised by those younger men, reckoned what he in his quiet humility quite felt himself to be: a worn, mean thing, greedy of riches the years had made forfeit to him.

He felt as not before self-conscious with Jennifer, as never since his illness heartsick with uncertainty.

That was a silent drive from the Garrick to their new lodgings. Jennifer's abstraction was stubborn, and inevitably was read as constraint. Newly conscious of her as a woman, and consequently of himself as a man, Tabor read in that constraint implications of which his very flesh crawled in loathing. Yet the time had gone by when honorable extrication might have been managed with good grace. Impossible at this late hour to affront the girl by any hint that might give a clue to the doubts and scruples that were preying on his mind. . . .

The Munds flat occupied part of the top story of an apartment whose design and construction dated from the eighteen-nineties. A gaunt "brownstone front" with an English basement, it boasted a rheumatic elevator, a heavy cage of rosewood set with vertical slivers of mirror. In one of these, while the aged contraption was making its laborious climb, Tabor caught a glimpse of what supersensitiveness saw as a sophisticated leer on the face of the attendant, a West Indian darky with all the ill-veiled insolence of his ilk.

And he dared not risk self-betrayal by even lifting a hand to ease the savage violence surging in his breast.

They were let off at their landing; the cage with its grinning imp sank out of sight; Tabor at their door hung his head over hands that fumbled with strange keys. The grinding moan that dwindled in the shaft lent a wicked accent to the intimacy of that moment, one of the most intimate a man's life knows, when he first opens to a woman the home he has provided for her to live in with him alone. Idle to argue that they had inhabited communicating rooms for weeks in the Maison Benelli; there they had been but birds of passage that chance with its inclement winds had driven to shelter for a time on the branch; here they were man and woman on the threshold of the first home in their life together. . . .

There were two locks to be dealt with, of different manufacture, requiring manipulation by keys that were, for all Tabor could see to the contrary, twins. He bungled, of course, jammed one of the keys in the wrong lock, and had just succeeded in working it free when, involuntarily, stirred by an impulse nameless to him yet stronger than his will, he lifted his back out of its bend and looked at Jennifer.

A poor hall light was possibly responsible in part for his seeing in the smile she returned a wan and nervous one. And the darkness that gathered in the gray eyes at times of emotional strain rendered them inscrutable altogether, and altogether troubling. He knew something like awe of them, as if the message of their mystery were that she knew and shared his distress, shared the newly won knowledge that had bred it in him, the knowledge that they, who were at once nothing to each other and everything, were committing themselves with their next steps to one whose potentialities mocked mortal calculation, might make their two broken lives over and make them whole again and beautiful or wreck them utterly, this time beyond all redeeming.

A Wynne of Philadelphia and a woman that another man had used and thrown away, headlong to join their lives, and pretending to believe what they so lightly did as lightly might any day be undone again! . . .

A man not old, a woman young still, and beautiful, both starved for love, dedicating themselves to a life in partnership from which all thoughts of love were proscript! . . .

Insanity!

How had he ever been so imbecile? . . .

"You're trembling, Tabby." Not a quaver in that tone to tell that Jennifer was moved by anything more than the kindness with which, all at once, her eyes were lambent. . . . "You've been overdoing it; I was afraid you were. Here, let me . . ."

There was something calming even in the fugitive cool contact of the fingers that took the keys from Tabor's. . . .

But Jennifer was not to use them. In the same moment the door, moved by no agency that could be seen, swung slowly wide to disclose the cramped foyer of the flat, with the open arch of the living-room beyond, all empty, dark, and still; and with a slight exclamation the girl started back a pace instinctively swinging to consult Tabor's eyes for the explanation which his equally dumfounded look assured her he had not to give.

Immediately, however, she made a shrewd snatch at the truth, and—because of the relief it promised from a situation unpleasantly tense—a thrill of real mirth sounded in her chuckle.

"Those imps!" she cried, and strode laughing into the flat. "Mona? Nigel? what do you mean by it?"

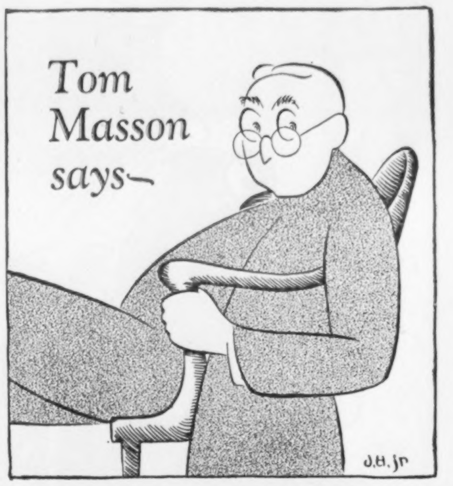
SOMEBODY with the authentic accent of a stage manager shouted "Lights!" and the living-room was instantly ablaze. Tabor, following the girl, was caught back in the foyer by an arm that whipped from behind the door to crook round his neck, while an amiable voice of British extraction said in his ear: "Well! old boy—flattered yourselves you'd given us the go-by, did you? Thought your loving playmates would dream of letting you two start light housekeeping without a proper housewarming, eh? Fat chance!"

He submitted, no more disposed than Jennifer had been to resent the liberty. "You, Tormay? Confound your impudence!" The thought crossed his mind that this pleasantly accounted for that smile he had been so annoyed to espy in the mirror. "But this is pleasant—though I suppose I might have thought of it myself—"

"You meant Jenny should have put you wise to the quaint tribal customs we play actors observe." Tormay released Tabor and shut the door. "Dare say she thought you ought to wait till you were stronger to stage a wild party; but in this world you've simply got to do a pukka celebration every time you move, if you die of it."

Tabor hardly heard. The view from the foyer commanded a living-room none too large at best, and tolerably crowded. His first impression encouraged the belief that the guests of the Maison Benelli had trooped over in a body to dress the picture, led by Ma-

(*Continued on page 28*)



THERE are eight billion coconuts gathered each year. This may ultimately encourage the railroads to put some in their station coconut cakes.

* * *

A seat in the New York Stock Exchange has just been sold for $116,000—the highest price on record. Probably the man who bought it thought it was for some theatrical show.

* * *

Sir Arthur Shipley, Master of Christ College, Cambridge, recently referred to the average American of the West and South as a "naïve mammal." He might have added: "European war winning species."

* * *

The only people in this country now out of work are the ones to whom we pay double wages to keep our houses in disorder.

* * *

In one area in Texas alone there are 4,000,000,000 prairie dogs. They are forming a Rotary Club to keep them from being lonesome.

* * *

A paper in Billings, Mont., has discontinued its editorial page to make room for better material. New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia papers, please copy.

* * *

This poison gas stuff is all very well, but, if it works the way they say, who is going to be left to start another war?

* * *

An American sculptor was recently offered over a million for some of his work. Now is the time to start a contest for the one who can turn out the best statue in ten days.

* * *

In this country there are 125,000 tramps. This does not include the men who spend late Sunday afternoon looking for their wives' lost golf balls.

* * *

A skeleton in British Honduras has been discovered with five teeth filled. The dentist who did it has not been found, but it is believed he declared it was painless.

* * *

The only trouble with keeping your hands on the steering wheel when proposing to some of these modern girls is that they might accept you.

* * *

It must be a great relief to papa Charlie Chaplin to know that he can keep baby amused while walking the floor.

* * *

For the first time a New England woman is a member of Congress. Boys, better not get any crumbs on the floor.

* * *

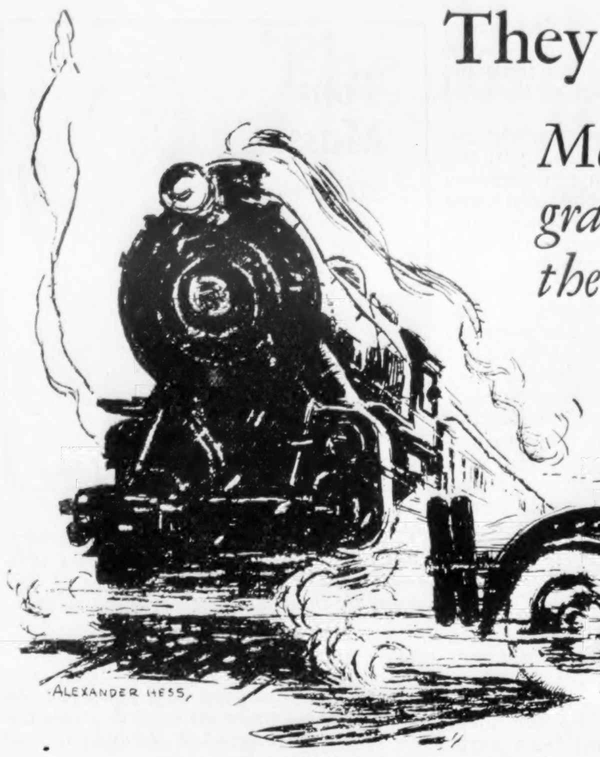
A school for jazz bands has been started in Pittsburgh. Most of the applicants hail from the iron foundries.

They Dare Me to Kill Them

Motorists who take chances at grade crossings can read here how the engine driver feels about it

By MILLS CLARK LEONARD

Locomotive Engineer, Pennsylvania Railroad



CERVONE'S BAND strikes up a snappy little piece over back of the Legion Home. Our city is all decked out with flags for Centennial Week.

The crowd in the street is now pressing around a tank of water. Beside it stands a ladder 110 feet high.

Captain Jack Payne is about to make his hundred-foot dive into six feet of water. I'm sitting right here at the window where I can see him dive and get the big thrill.

To-morrow my thrill will be different.

It's a sight to watch this big, strong, thirty-two-year-old man take the hundred-foot dive. Thousands see him drop and get the thrill.

To-morrow I take my run out. I am just wondering how many of the crowd down there will be out in their automobiles to-morrow, diving—horizontally—in front of railroad trains.

There will be hardly a crossing over which I pull my train to-morrow at which someone won't be diving across in front of me, just clearing the tip of my locomotive—and maybe just not clearing it.

Some difference between Captain Jack Payne and his crowds! He gets paid for diving; they don't. He has trained himself for diving. They never had any training for their stunt other than seeing some other fellow get away with it.

I look from the window and wonder how many of them would go up the ladder and dive into the tank just because Captain Jack Payne gets away with it. Not many, I suppose. But anyone will grab a more desperate chance at a railroad crossing.

Payne gets money for his dive. The horizontal divers get paid with from one to five minutes or maybe from one to five months in a hospital, or maybe all the time there is underground.

They don't mind risking other lives along with their own. They do this in two ways. In the first place, a part of the automobile is always liable to jam the pilot underneath the locomotive and wreck the train. And again, they quite frequently have a woman or a child in the automobile.

The other day I was pulling a fast, heavy Pullman train at a little over sixty miles an hour. I had to cross an improved road in open country. It is a beautiful road, smooth, level and straight on both sides of the crossing. The motorist's view is unobstructed. I have learned to dread this crossing more than any of the "blind" ones.

I sounded the usual whistle blasts.

A large, high-powered coupé shot across the track at a speed just about equal to my train's.

It was so close as to give an illusion of the coupé being shot out of the side of my train, as both train and car sped off at right angles to each other.

Above the roar of my locomotive, the hissing of the pops, the clanging of the bell and the grinding of wheels I believe I could hear my heart beat.

On her knees, looking out of the rear window of the coupé, was a little girl of five or six years. At the wheel was a woman, perhaps the child's mother.

That's a stunt Captain Jack Payne hasn't tried yet. Just as he's about to go up the ladder he ought to grab somebody's little boy or girl to take up for the dive with him.

When the train misses the horizontal diver, as it sometimes does, he turns to his companion and exclaims:

"Jim"—or Joe, or Fred, or Jessie—"say, ain't she got a wonderful pick-up!"

White Fire

Continued from page 27

dame herself and her oily husband. The clash of tongues was already a din, and somebody at the Munds piano had started as soon as the lights went up to rag that threadbare march from Lohengrin to tatters. The acrid fumes of the Benelli brand of cocktail were cutting an atmosphere thick with cigarette smoke. And in the middle of the room, apparently ignored by his daughter but none the worse in spirits for all that, Mr. Franklyn Blaine was doing the heavy paternal gallant to Mona Desmond's best impersonation of an ingénue—and Mona's best was almost too good to be true.

"What the devil!" Tabor muttered—"how did he find his way here?"

"Jenny's doting papa? Oh, he turned up at Benelli's with that able-bodied sweetie of his, looking for a long-lost daughter, just as we were getting set to flock over here. I gathered that somebody who knew Jenny had told him she was stopping there. Why? Or do you mind my diagnosing your tone to mean that you would be happier with homeopathic doses of dear old Dad taken at long intervals?"

Tabor wouldn't say no to that. "I'm only sorry on Jenny's account. . . ."

"Oh?" Tormay, it appeared, had known nothing concerning Jennifer's pedigree before this Blaine person had put in his claim. Jenny wasn't the sort that told everybody the family secrets. Neither had he had prior acquaintance with what, he said, he would agree with Tabor was a crying scandal in a young girl's life; but the woods were full of that sort—"stuffy old birds who, if you'll listen to them, are the victims of a conspiracy of managers and fellow actors. You mustn't let Jenny take him so much to heart. He'll be a pest if you pet him, of course; but you'll find him at heart just a harmless old fluff."

"He isn't an actor"—Tabor felt called upon to correct an evident misapprehension—"he's a tenor."

This time Tormay's "Oh?" carried a less optimistic note. "That's different. All the same, I'll back you to keep him in his place."

If Tabor refrained from saying so, he could not share Tormay's confidence. Observing Mr. Blaine in action as a social animal, he found no cause to revise a first impression which had been, even before hearing Jennifer's confidences, less than favorable. On the face of his pretensions, trying as they were, the man was much as Tormay had appraised him, a figure not without pathetic appeal: by no means lacking in ability—he sang several times in the course of the evening, managing a full, true voice with considerable skill—but with all his future behind him and restlessly aware of it; disappointed and worried by his circumstances, struggling his hardest to bolster up an estate of fictitious importance, entirely self-fabricated, lest he be made to see the hollow, sounding shell he was, and go down to damnation under the ruins of its collapse.

BUT that trick of the skin-deep smile denied him sympathy in his failing, shabby fortunes. Tabor could not put away the feeling that, all the while, back of the cold eyes in that too urbane mask, a mind of cheap cunning was furiously at work. And the more Blaine drank—and no one drank more freely—the thinner his smirk seemed to grow. Toward the end it was hardly skin-deep, more like something thinly painted on his features. Tabor saw it so, at least, when the slow milling of the party left him alone for a few minutes, long after midnight, with Blaine in a corner of the dining-room.

The larder of the Maison Benelli and its cellar had been liberally drawn on to furnish forth the impromptu supper table. A good deal of free and easy drinking had ripened the collective temper to a fairly mellow stage. There had been much noisy laughter over jokes not in analysis too witty; a pretty constant thumping of the piano not only during but between songs; a few abortive attempts to dance on the too small and crowded floor of the living-room; and the tenants downstairs had thrice rapped prayers for a little peace on the steam pipes. Somebody had even been heard to suggest that it was getting along about time to be thinking of going home. But that motion had been tabled while the company clustered in the living-room to witness Mona Desmond's imitation of Elsie Janis imitating Jack Barrymore. The dining-room, with plates of every size, all soiled by broken food, huddling its table, and glasses and empty bottles scattered everywhere, was deserted but for Tabor, much too sober not to know how tired he was, and Blaine in a state of cold, machinating drunkenness.

The pale gray eyes, moving stiffly in their orbits, held a curious, half-mad glitter. His courtliness, always overdone, was verging hard on burlesque. His speech was passably coherent still, but his hands were shaking and his knees none too steady. For some time he had succeeded; he was visibly warmed by self-congratulation—a devilishly cunning fellow in his own conceit, a hard man to defeat once he had made up his mind what he wanted.

"Tabor, m'lad"—Blaine was enunciating with much care if with an appearance of open-hearted fellowship—" 's too bad we couldn't've gotten together in a quieter party, if you know what I mean, to get 'quainted with one 'nother, this first time. It's too damn' bad, if you know what I mean. We've got a lot in common, you and I, Tabor, me boy, an awful lot; we got to get to know each other *well*, very well indeed, just like father and son, because we both got this dear li'l girl to look out for and take care of and all like that, if you know what I mean."

"I'm afraid," fatigue obliged Tabor to confess, "I don't quite, Mr. Blaine. If Jennifer needs any taking care of that she isn't competent to manage for herself, why, I fancy, that's my duty now, more than yours."

"You don't get me," Blaine insisted with a trace of testiness. "What I mean. . . . I think a lot more of Jenny'n anybody understands, a lot more'n she knows. She's always been the—apple of my eye, if you know what I mean; only, she don't understand how I feel about her. 'Sunfortunate, but my li'l girl's always misjudged me; she's never understood me, if you know what I mean. That isn't her fault, it's all her mother's doing; that woman regularly poisoned my li'l girl's mind against me. But I've never stopped loving her just because of that, Mr. Drew—Tabor, me boy—never stopped loving her one li'l minute. See?"

"Well?" Tabor patiently said.

The glitter in the pale eyes had become more pronounced, the smile less a disguise than a menace. "What I mean," Blaine pursued, advancing his face toward Tabor's and holding him in a fixed alcoholic stare: "It's up to you and me to get together right away, maybe to-morrow or next day, and have a good long talk about my li'l girl's happiness. Because there isn't any man alive, don't care who he is, that can do anything to make my li'l Jenny unhappy and not have to answer to me . . . if you know what I mean."

"A very proper sentiment, I'm sure," Tabor steadily replied . . . "*if* I know what you mean."

"Oh, I guess you do," Blaine asserted in an evil chuckle—"I guess you do, all right, Mr. Wynne—I mean to say, Tabor, m'lad. 'Sfunny how hard it is for me to remember you're my son-in-law, so to speak—I will keep on mistering you instead of calling you Tabor." He paused briefly while the repellent eyes searched Tabor's face. "Well, how about our getting together for a little talk, just you and me, some time to-morrow or maybe next day?"

"I dare say," Tabor said, "day after to-morrow will suit us both better, after this late night. Suppose you call me on the telephone in the morning."

"Tha's fine!" A moist and tremulous paw clapped Tabor's shoulder. "I knew you'd un'erstand me, Tabor."

AND then something, perhaps something he saw in Tabor's eyes, told him he had better go. And he turned and went on weaving feet to the living-room, from which simultaneously came a great break of laughter and clapping.

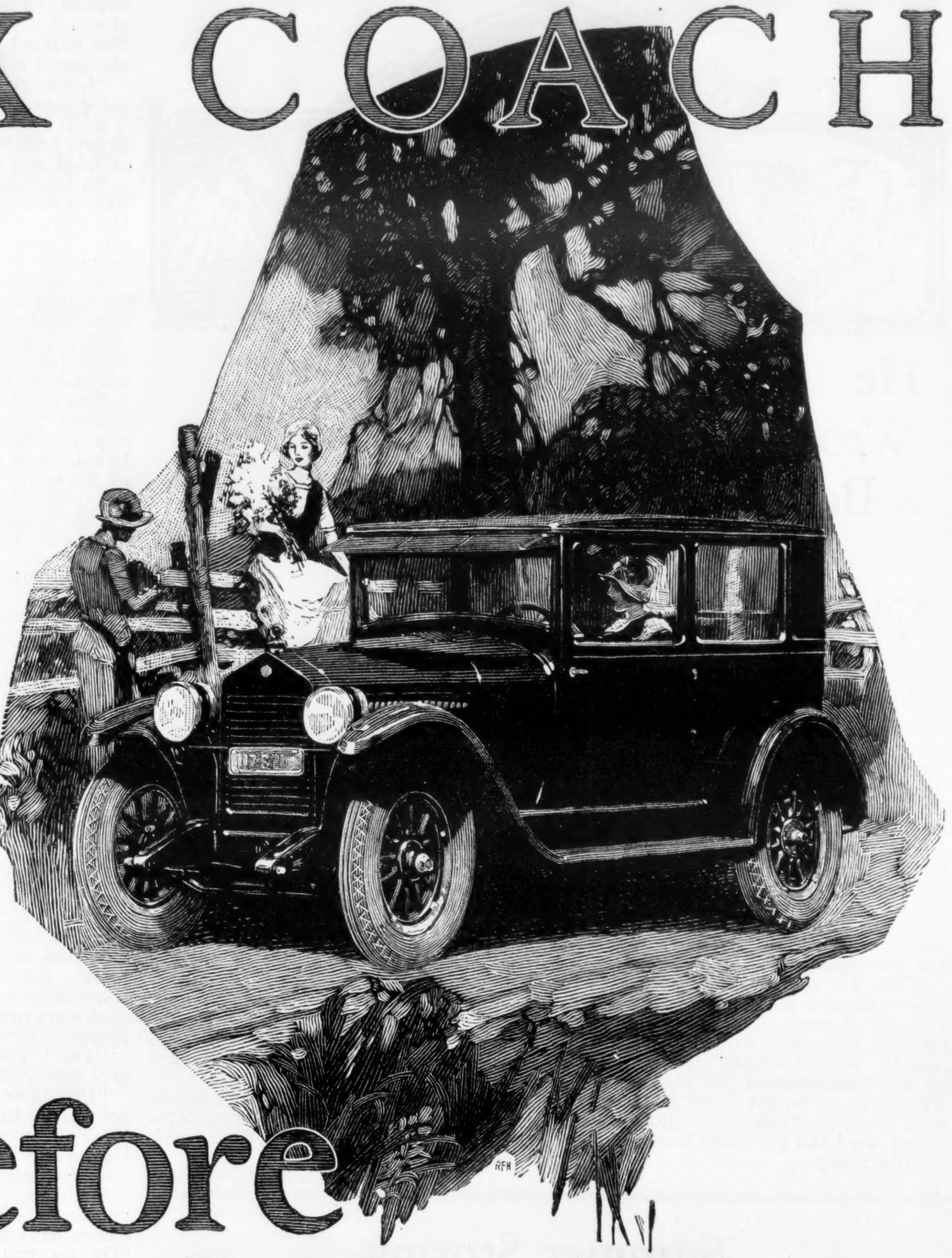
The steam pipes telegraphed more frantic expostulations, and the clatter in the adjoining room began to carry an indescribable note which meant that the party was now breaking up.

But it was some time before Tabor could throw off the bondage of dismayed reverie.

Unmistakably Jennifer's father, with his clumsily managed slip of the tongue, had called him "Mr. Wynne."

(*To be continued next week*)

ESSEX COACH



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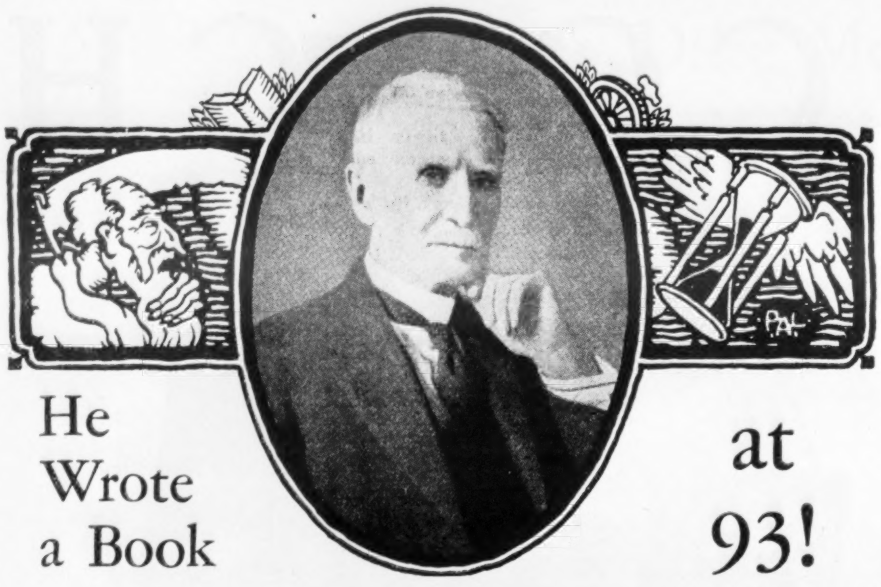


He Wrote a Book at 93!

By L. L. LEE

"NO ONE is old until his work is done—and *my* stunt is not finished."

There you have the philosophy of a man. of ninety-four and his answer when people ask him why he doesn't retire. When Frank M. Mills was a youngster of seventy-six he built a street railway system in Sioux Falls, S. D., thereby successfully accomplishing a task that had baffled younger men twice before.

When Frank M. Mills was ninety-three years old he wrote a book. Building a railroad at seventy-six and writing a book at ninety-three were merely incidents in his life, for he was of the pioneering, creative type which neither age nor disaster could down.

When his college—Wabash, in Indiana—appealed to old grads for funds a couple of years ago, Mr. Mills readily pledged himself. And then his bank failed! But he couldn't bear the idea of not making good his pledge to the old school, so he sat down and wrote a book about it—"Life in a College Town"—and used the proceeds from the sale for his pledge.

When the average man would feel that he had done his life's work Mr. Mills was casting about for new business ventures, new thrills in the great game of pioneering. After spending nearly fifty years in the newspaper, publishing and printing business, mainly in Springfield, Ill., and Des Moines, Iowa, he helped build a railroad in Michigan.

In addition to that, he was tackling real estate and farming ventures on a gigantic scale in Illinois and Texas. He lost a fortune in land when most men would have felt themselves too old to go on; but he just smiled, went on recouping his losses—and enjoying the game.

A year ago Mr. Mills said: "Ninety-three years may seem old to a boy, but it is not so much. I was a boy only the other day myself, and I don't count myself old. No one is old until his work is done—and *my* stunt is not finished."

And to-day Mr. Mills is still president of the Sioux Falls Traction System; and he still gets down to work a-mornings.

Summer Storms

Continued from page 20

home. Charming, well-bred, not too wise."

"Here I spend months educating you in feminism"—Ruth smiled at him, a brilliant little smile which flashed and was gone—"and you pick the old model after all."

"I believe in feminism, all right. You're a wiz. But not in the home, Ruthy."

"No, your specifications were all for model 1880 or thereabouts." She shook her head. "I wish you luck, my boy. Let me see her some day."

"She wants to meet you."

"She does?"

"She has never known a business woman."

"Does she want to go to the zoo too?"

"Wow! Was that thunder?" Ruth turned. The corner of the veranda shut off the western sky, but along the horizon behind the trees, across the river, mounted with amazing swiftness great dark thunder heads. About them on the veranda chairs scraped back, people moved hastily toward the doors, sped by a sudden flash of white light.

"Want to finish coffee inside?" Allen stood behind Ruth's chair, peering through the screen. "Looks like mischief."

"No. Let's watch it." The rain was coming; bombardment on distant trees, leaves showing pale undersides in the rapid flashes of lightning, and then great gusts on the roof, on the river below them.

"Scared?" Allen's voice sounded at her ear.

"Excited." Ruth shivered at a flash which pierced the night and the terrific crash which followed.

"That must have hit near here." Allen's arm was firmly about her waist. "Sure you want to stay outside?"

"Oh, yes!" Ruth's face lifted to his, her eyes dark and wide. "I adore it!" Was the lightning in her blood—or some other madness, stirring into hidden, pulsing nerves which never lived before?

The cold wet wind touched her face, her throat; her fingers, drawing together her cloak, met Allen's, quivered, rested under his light pressure. A wild, a beautiful moment; she was caught into an ecstatic rhythm, deeper than the mere running of her quickened blood, something under thought, more profound and fundamental than anything she had ever felt. The storm—the night—or something unsuspected. She felt Allen stir, drawing her more closely into his arms. The hand at her throat brushed upward, lifting her face, and his lips were on hers, cold with the rain, hard.

THEN, quite suddenly, as if a current were turned off, Ruth was numb and apathetic under his kisses. His arm dropped, and she stood away from him, bending her head while she found the button which held her cape.

"The storm—seems to be dying out," she said. Her face looked rain-drenched to whiteness, and her pupils were dilated as if with fear.

"I say— Good Lord! I didn't intend—"

Fear was on Ruth's lowered eyelids, in the tremor of her mouth. Then, with a little wrenching of shoulders, of clenched fists, as if she forced obdurate gears into mesh, she flung up her head, bravado in her gayety. "My fault too," she said. "Storms—are exciting. See—" She pointed out where the lights from the porch misted off in threads of rain.

"Let's go," she added, "you don't mind this much rain, driving, do you?"

He drove cautiously, splashing through great puddles, muttering as the car skidded at a curve.

"Allen," said Ruth resolutely, "I'd like to meet your lady. Bring her in to the store, will you? Next week I'll be off. There's a meeting in Detroit I'm going to. But after that—"

There was relief, she knew, in that backward fling of his head, silhouetted so squarely against the glass.

"Next week I'm away too. There's a store job in Port Huron I'm to look at. Later I'll be glad to. I—I'd like you to be friends."

Ruth pressed her lips firmly against any retort. Allen didn't mean to be banal. And then they drew up in front of the apartment house. He wanted to say something more. "I hope you—"

"Oh, forget it, Allen." Ruth stepped out, assured, bright again. "Good night." But she did not offer her hand, and she hurried into the house.

NEXT morning Tommy was sweeping the store; the window curtains were up; the new display looked alluring. A salesman from an Eastern firm came in for a fall order, and Ruth spent the morning in the office with him, studying his advance notices. Miss Potter and Tommy had gone for luncheon, and the salesman had packed his dummies and advertising sheets, leaving Ruth alone. She wandered slowly about the store, inspecting the shelves, her eyes intent; ordering always exhilarated her with the shrewd kind of gambling it demanded.

"Miss McMurry, isn't it?" She wheeled, rubbing dust from her finger tips, and faced an elegant, small silken figure, hands clasped on the carved ivory handle of a creamy parasol, large dark eyes and softly rounded cheek half obscured by a drooping hat.

"Yes." Ruth was noncommittal. The girl needn't think Ruth knew her!

"I'm Georgette Barnes. Allen has begged me to come in." Her dark glance moved along the rows of books; her light voice hung like the note of a thin metallic bell.

"Oh, yes. Won't you sit down?" Ruth motioned to her reading corner, wicker chairs drawn up to a low, round table. "Or do you want to look around?" ("Useless fluff," she thought. "And her eyes are too close together.")

"You really run it yourself?" Georgette sank into the chair, slim ankles crossing with a swish of chiffon stockings. "How extraordinary! I knew a woman once who sold baked goods. But she was awfully old. Books! Do you have to read them all?" Her light laugh tinkled.

"I don't mind that." Ruth stood beside the table. ("You must be civil," an inner voice urged.)

"You and Allen—" began the curved, half-pouting lips, when Ruth moved forward, relief in her eyes.

"Pardon me, please, a customer." It was only a small boy after a package of tags for his mother, but Ruth wanted to hug him. He gave her a moment to set her heel on her desire to answer boldly the insolence under that light voice. ("She dresses with an air," Ruth's thoughts spun along as she rang up the nickel sale. "Her voice sounds just like that cash-register bell, and her nose is too thin—suspicious.")

"Allen has said so much about you." Was there hostility in that remark? "I said I just must see you. And your little store. It's too quaint! So odd for a girl to think of running a store. I've known of girls who were secretaries or teachers."

"I like this better," said Ruth calmly.

"I must seem awf'ly old-fashioned, not doing anything." Ruth caught the subtle change in tone before she heard the sound of rubber soles. Allen! Georgette had tipped her chin until her hat hid her face from Ruth. Just the long, graceful curve of her bare arm as she lifted it toward Allen. "Naughty boy! I told Aunt to tell you I'd be here at twelve."

"Sorry." Allen bent over the extended hand. His quick glance at Ruth had question in it and a fleeting hint of something arrested. He hadn't expected Georgette there, thought Ruth.

"I was just saying"—Georgette's eyes came coyly back to Ruth—"how awf'ly old-fashioned I must seem, but I can't seem to be any different." Her long lashes curved up at Allen.

"You needn't be." He met her challenge gallantly. "If you all ran bookstores, there'd be too much competition—eh, Ruth?"

"Certainly would." A little devil gleamed in Ruth's eyes. "I ordered a book for you this morning, Allen. Fall publication. You'll have to take it. Twenty-five solid dollars. All full of plates—doorways and windows. Some of those late Gothic details you were looking for."

"Fine! Whose is it?"

"I'll get you the circular. It has a reproduction."

But Georgette rose, shaking out her ruffled parasol.

"Since you're late, Allen, we'll have to roll along. I'm sure Miss McMurry will keep the circular. So nice to meet you." She brushed the long velvet ends drooping from her hat across her white shoulder and strolled toward the door, one glance drawing Allen after her.

Ruth stood quietly until she saw the coupé swing away.

"She's worse than I thought," she said. "Jealous little brat. She'll make Allen wretched. I don't believe she's even good-natured." She rumpled her hair into a distracted fluff. "Well, it's not my funeral."

That evening, when Cora came in, Ruth told her about the call. She mimicked the light voice, with its Eastern-school finish; she brandished a shoe tree as parasol. Cora laughed and then shook her head soberly.

"You sure this is disinterested judgment, Ruth?"

Ruth stopped halfway to the door, in a burlesque of the exit.

"Allen's a nice sort. I thought maybe you'd pick him up."

"Cora!" Ruth's chin was high. "I don't want him! Nor any man!"

"You're so afraid you'll fall in love that you holler every time you say anything about it," said Cora calmly. "Anybody'd think you'd had a drunken husband once."

"I've seen husbands enough." Ruth sank down on the footstool, looking up at Cora's placid bulk. "I didn't mean to holler." Her eyes shadowed. "Don't you think I know what I want?"

Cora patted the small resolute head. "You've bottled yourself up awfully tight—you, or whatever has happened to you. And you won't let the cork out. So you don't know what's inside."

"Oh, don't I?" muttered Ruth. "If you'd seen that Jane, you'd know this wasn't a thing but a fair picture of her."

"All right." Cora reached for her magazine. "Only, why do you care?"

"I care what happens to my friends."

"Uh-huh."

THAT was Friday, and Sunday, when Ruth left for the booksellers' meeting at Detroit, she had not seen Allen again. But she was sure she had answered Cora's question adequately.

Wednesday evening Ruth was home again. Cora had sandwiches and lemonade laid for her on the little table, and the two sat in the twilight.

"You remember that Mr. Rath who hung around the store a day or two?" Ruth clinked the ice against the glass. "Well"—she was elated—"he's offered me the special agency for his firm in this state. That means I have the advantage of all their concessions; push their books. It's something! He said quite flattering things too. Cora, I'm winning out."

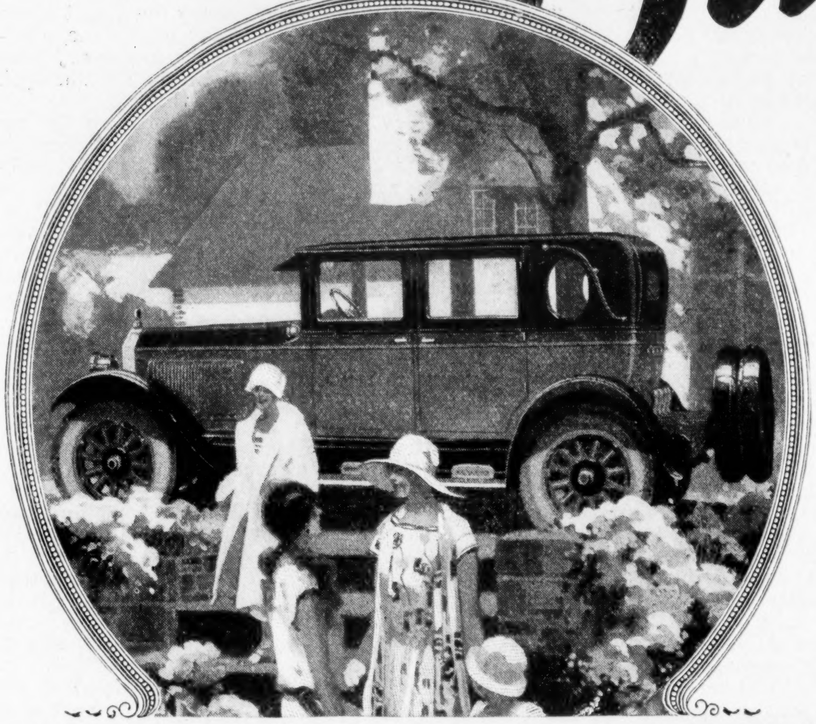
"Sure," Cora assented. Then she listened to Ruth's tales of the meetings, of the shops. Presently she said, "I heard from Pittsburgh."

"Yes?" Ruth glanced about at the shadowy, quiet room. "They want you?" She saw Cora's slow nod. "Congrats." Her fingers closed warmly over Cora's. "It's a grand step up—and how I'll miss you!"

"I hate to go. But I can't afford not

(*Continued on page 32*)

Now! Duotone in Duco



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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Summer Storms

Continued from page 30

to." Cora sighed. "You can find someone else to share the place."

"No other Cora." Ruth was silent. No use being sentimental. She'd have to swing things alone. She snapped on the reading lamp.

"You look tired." Cora eyed her shrewdly. "Better crawl in." The reading light showed smears under Ruth's eyelids, a faint hint of line at the corner of her mouth.

"Yes, busy days. It's good to be back." Ruth poked herself lazily to her feet.

"Allen telephoned. He seemed anxious to see you. I told him you'd get in late to-night."

"He did, huh?" Ruth was casual.

Later, as she listened to Cora's quiet breathing, she thought resentfully that it was ridiculous to dread going to sleep for fear of dreams. Like Hamlet. Vague, perilous, disturbing dreams, from which she woke with her heart beating madly, as if in sleep her body played her traitor and went hankering after strange joys. That was why she looked tired. She pulled resolutely at thoughts of the shop, of the meetings.

THE morning was busy, with everything to hear from Miss Potter and Tommy; with mail to answer. She was alone again at noon, sitting in her small office, when Allen came striding through the store toward her.

"'Smatter, Pop?" Ruth cocked her head at him.

"A good deal." He leaned against the low railing, one finger brushing at his tiny mustache, his forehead crinkled anxiously.

"Why, you look really worried." Ruth swung around in her chair. "Did Port Huron treat you rough?"

"It's no joke." He banged at his knee with his straw hat. "Absurd enough."

"Well, what?"

"Damn it all—it's Georgette." (Ruth's mockery deepened.) "She's got a notion—you know how gossip runs in a town like this. She says she thinks"—he turned away, his eyes fixed somberly on the rows of school texts behind the office—"that we were together. This last week-end. Put-up job, you know. She heard you were out of town, and I was."

Ruth's feet came down on the floor with a plump of square heels.

"What impudence!"

"I don't know what it is." Allen rubbed at the back of his head. "I might as well tell you all of it."

"Oh, is there more?"

"Mrs. Rice is a friend of her aunt's. She was out there at the club last week, standing in the doorway, watching the storm, she says. And she saw us."

"Suppose she did." Ruth pushed back in her chair; the pulses in her wrists quivered with rage.

"You see, I swore there was nothing between us, and Georgette flung that in my face. She thought it proved she was right."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"She's furious, you see. I—I thought you could show her how mistaken she is."

"Me show her!" Ruth got to her feet, and stood, braced against her desk. "Me?"

"She won't listen to me." Allen ground one fist into the palm of his hand. "I don't know what to do. I can't have her spreading a story like that. It isn't fair to you." He stared helplessly at Ruth. "She's terrifically upset."

"So I'm to smooth her down!" Ruth blazed at him. "She won't believe you. Why should she believe me?"

"If you tell her where you'd been—"

"And explain you never kissed me but once, and then the thunder went to my head!" Ruth's laugh was a brief snort.

"These women are such confounded gossip hounds, and you're just starting here."

"Exactly. I'll explain nothing. To anybody." Ruth's chin was high.

"What'll I do?"

"If you crawl enough, your Georgette will come around. Especially if she can hurt me."

"Ruth, that's not fair. She doesn't understand."

"Go on and grovel! She'll take you back. She wants you enough. And you'll have a sweet life, when she won't trust you even before she has you tied." Ruth turned suddenly away to bend over papers on the desk. Tommy's astonished round eyes had peered in at the alley door. After a moment she heard Allen thumping away. At least she'd made him angry too. She sat down until her rage should drain out of her taut, quivering muscles.

She didn't want luncheon, but she had to go out, to forestall Miss Potter's fussing inquiries. Then, because she wanted to slink out of sight somewhere, she decided to lunch in the tearoom at the town's largest department store, the most public spot she could think of. She scrutinized herself fiercely in the little office mirror, pulling down the silk hat until her hair curled back like petals about its brim, tightening the green tie at the throat of her silk blouse. "Heaven knows, I look respectable enough!" she muttered as she walked briskly along the street.

The balcony tearoom was, as Ruth expected, crowded; there was a babble of voices, the clink of ice in tall glasses of tea. She wedged herself into a corner, at a small table just deserted.

LATER, as she slowly descended the stairs, she saw Georgette, standing at the lace counter, a study in clinging grays, except for a huge scarlet poppy spread over one hip. The girl looked up, and the dark eyes, too large, too closely set for the narrow face, met Ruth's blue stare.

"Going back to work, Miss McMurry?" Her light tinkle continued the insolence of her eyes. "I'm going that way." She strolled beside Ruth, the steel buckles of her pumps flashing.

"I know all about you and Allen."

"Really?" Ruth waited at the curb for several flivvers to pass. Funny, she didn't feel angry now; just amused.

"If you don't let him alone, I'll—"

"Yes, what?" The necessary plunge across the street through traffic spoiled the drama of that threat.

"The town may not have the same idea of being modern and independent that you have." Georgette's nostrils had white dents, and her light voice was pitched into shrillness. "A good many of your customers might hesitate—if they knew. You must think me awf'ly stupid, gouging him for money right before me? Who ever heard of a book costing twenty-five dollars?"

Ruth walked more slowly. Just a block further to her store.

"You are threatening to ruin my business by spreading a story—"

"If you agree to let him alone, I won't. Plenty of people suspect already. Why, everybody tells me all the time about you two. Even moving out of your boarding house into his building!"

"Is everyone as pure-minded as you are?"

"People do put two and two together."

"They can't all add straight." Ruth's glance was clear and steady. "And you're willing to marry a man who was off last week—"

Georgette's shrug was implicit with feminine resignation. "You have to expect that of a man. But it's got to stop. Of course, it's always the woman. That's why I knew I ought to speak frankly to you, no matter how unpleasant it was."

Ruth had a sickening vision of life with her, years of it; suspicion, that eating kind of possessiveness—it would ruin Allen.

"That's all," said Georgette decisively. "You just let him alone. I can manage. But you've got to promise."

"How do you know I'd keep my word?"

"I'll see to that."

"I'll certainly make you no promises of anything," she said.

Georgette's brows arched incredulously.

"Perhaps you think Allen ought to marry you. Men don't!" The scarlet poppy fluttered its petals in her little swerve of anger.

"Perhaps—he should." Ruth laughed, a flush of excitement in her cheeks.

"Oh!" Georgette drew back in an excellent pose of horror. "Oh! So—that's it!"

"What?" Ruth laughed again. "My child, you've seen too many movies. Now run along." She walked into her shop, her ears strained for the click of Georgette's heels after her. There was only the pad of Miss Potter coming down from the office.

Occasionally through the afternoon Ruth's hands dropped from some task, and she found herself caught into the static center of a whirlpool. What had possessed her to end that curious, comic, amazing walk along Main Street with a touch of melodrama? "It might make her leave him alone," she thought. "I don't want him wretched all his life. That's the only reason I had." And later: "I don't care what she says about me. There are people who like me. They know what I am."

That evening Cora was on library duty. Ruth sat for a time in the apartment, trying to read. "Got to get used to being here alone," she told herself. But finally she went back to the store. She could check off a box of school supplies which had come in that day, and plan her next window display. She buttoned on her long apron and dug out the order sheets. The night patrolman stuck his head in at the door and nodded reassuringly.

"I saw the light, ma'am, and wanted to be sure all was right."

This was the first time she had handled much school stuff. Good money in it, although it was less interesting than making people want books. She'd have to move that case of cheap editions. Ah, it had been wise to come down here. She squatted back on her heels and looked about at the store, friendly and sedate, shaded lamps on the reading tables, dim rows of colored jackets along the shelves; she hadn't turned on the ceiling lights. And then her hands gripped the edge of the box and she grew into a rigid little statue as Allen bolted through the door and catapulted in, to stand above her, glowering, incoherent, his paint-brush mustache quivering, his eyes narrowed.

"Well, how'd you know I was here?" Ruth squirmed off her heels and sat flat on the floor.

"I found you. Now, what did you say to her?" He thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "What in the name of—"

"Don't yell, Allen. And who's *her?*"

"She says you told her"—he sat down abruptly on the corner of the box—"that I ought to marry you. That—"

"Did she throw you over?" Ruth glanced up under her lashes, which, curiously, blurred Allen's face for the moment in prismatic vagueness.

"I want to know what you said."

Was he furious—or excited? Ruth's hands crept together in her lap.

"She wanted me to promise to let you alone. So you'd be safe, you see. I said I wouldn't—insult you that way."

"But you made her think—"

"She had all her own thoughts. Did she throw you over?"

"We threw each other over." Allen was grim.

"That's what I did it for." Ruth sighed. "I thought she'd make a poor kind of wife for you. Too suspicious."

SILENCE in the little store, with the distant honk of an automobile horn.

"If she'd been a man, saying such things about you, I'd knocked her flat. Do you realize, you little fool, what you've done?" (Ruth stirred uneasily.) "Given her a slander to use against you. She—isn't very scrupulous, I'm afraid. Why, she says, you—you're going to—"

"Have a baby." Ruth scrambled to her feet. "Well, I'm not. So that's all right. She can't hurt me with what isn't true."

"Why did you do it?" Allen reached for her wrist, but Ruth pulled away from him.

"It wasn't nice, was it?" Ruth's quick breathing fluttered through her defiant words. "Interfering with your plans, when you had a sweet, womanly wife all picked. I—I won't do it again."

"No, you won't!" Allen slid down from the box and suddenly had her hands prisoned in his. "Listen to me! I don't want to marry you. You aren't the kind of wife I want—"

"I don't want to marry you or anybody!" Ruth strained away from him, her eyes wide, her hair catching in its soft disorder all the light from the lamp above her, while from his hard grasp swift pulses began to leap in her wrists, in her throat, in her heart. Dreams . . . the storm . . .

"You're irritating and disturbing and foolish and proud. You aren't anything I planned for a wife."

"You're stuck up and spoiled!" Ruth choked. "You bother me."

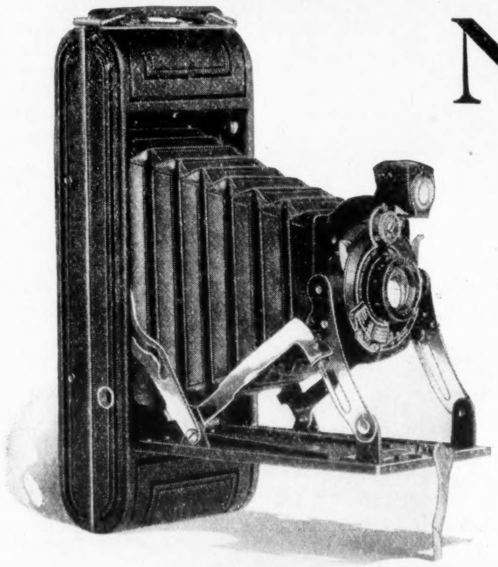
"You'll care more about your old bookstore than my breakfast! And I love you like fury. I never knew it till last week, and then I couldn't believe it."

"I didn't want to love you," cried Ruth. "I want to keep my store and be just me." But the flooding ecstasy carried her a step forward, into his arms. "I can't help it," she whispered. "I do love you—like fury!"

"That's all right, then." Allen's lips touched her hair. "We couldn't fool ourselves forever, could we?"

"Too bad yer ol' man's been pinched"
"Well, one thing, I'll know where he is nights"

Enlarged from a negative made with 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II. This camera makes such sharp pictures that when you want enlargements you can have them.



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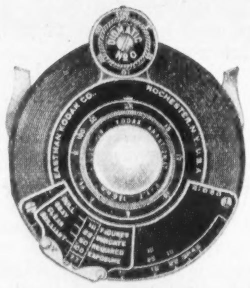

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Parsifal, Unlimited

Continued from page 15

moodily in the office back yard all day and every day. After work hours or early in the morning Rashe still gave him daily five miles of fast walking—sharp exercise which cleared the man's own brain and sharpened his appetite and set his blood atingle with energy.

Six times within six months Saul Boden found flimsy excuse to stray into Bates' office and to gaze through the window at Parsifal.

On one of these office visitations Saul turned from the window and crossed to Rashe's desk.

"Parsifal looks kind of peaked and poorly, to me," said he. "He doesn't look very well or very happy. Do you call that back-yard coop a 'happy home,' Maskell? Do you think it's treating him kindly to—"

"Yep," snapped Maskell, "I do. He's comf'table there. He gets a good square meal a day now, not just the two biscuits. He's in dandy shape. He gets his five-mile tramp every day or every night too. I can prove that by Doc Finper. I go past Doc's house every time Parsifal and I walk. I had him look the dog over again the other day. He says he's in 100 per cent condition."

"Looks poorly to me," insisted Boden. "Looks as if his digestion was bad. Ever try sprinkling a little powdered glass in his meat? Or giving him a good meal of chicken bones? They say that is good for—"

"For poisoning a dog?" finished Rashe, ablaze with indignation. "It is. Powdered glass is sure death. It's an awful death too. I know because Doc Finper told me last week about a dog he was sent to see, a dog that some blackguard had given powdered glass to. He says chicken bones are pretty dangerous for a dog to eat too. Mr. Bates, you heard that, didn't you? You heard Mr. Boden advise me to give Parsifal powdered glass? You can testify to it if the dog is ever poisoned."

Boden walked loftily from the office.

"Look out for him," counseled Bates. "He didn't happen to get you on that. But he'll floor you on something else. I know him."

RASHE did not answer. Hardly did he hear and not at all did he heed his employer's croakings. He had held his own against the man who so long had been making him shake in his shoes. He had seen through the great Saul Boden and answered him back fearlessly; had routed him. Maskell could scarcely understand this new self of his.

And, as ever, pride went before a smashing fall. That night was swirling rainy. He went to bed early, planning to take Parsifal for his daily five-mile walk at daybreak.

The dawn wind dispelled the clouds, and the day broke in fire-and-crimson. Out of bed jumped Rashe, eager for the five-mile top-speed hike which, with his new zest in work, was building up his ramshackle mind and body. He sloshed two pails of cold water over himself, rubbed down with a rough towel and then got into his clothes. After which he sallied forth, leash in hand, to Parsifal's kennel yard.

Yard and kennel were empty. Parsifal was gone.

Beneath a side of the loose-stretched wire gaped a shallow hole in the soft, wet earth. Parsifal's paws had been busy for a whole midnight hour, in hollowing out that simple means of escape from the yard, which was even more monotonous than the back yard behind Bates' office. Beyond lay the whole rain-washed world—a world of fascinating smells and clues and adventures and unsupervised exercise.

A half year and more of wise training had brought back Parsifal's sense of adventure as well as his shape and his interest in life. The old runaway spirit had flared up. Yes, Parsifal was gone.

Rashe spent two hours searching the neighborhood and surrounding country. He dared not ask questions. Someone might blab to Saul Boden that the dog's owner had been looking for him.

When Thaddeus Bates reached the office that morning Rashe hailed him loudly.

"I've been fixing up a—a—now, a kind of coop, down cellar," said he, "Fixing it up for Parsifal. After what Lawyer Boden said about powdered glass and chicken bones, I'm scared he'll sling something over the fence to make poor Parsy sick. So I've fixed up that old corner coal bin for him to rest in while I'm at work. That bin is empty, these days, you know."

"All right," agreed Bates. "Only it's so dark in that corner he can't see anything."

"No," agreed Rashe voicelessly, "and nobody can see him either, nor know for sure whether he's there."

To Maskell's newly awakened powers of thought and action this ruse had presented itself as the one possible way to keep secret the knowledge of Parsifal's flight.

In the early afternoon Boden drifted in. He looked into the yard, as usual, then turned to Rashe.

"Left Parsifal at home to-day?" he asked blandly.

"Look here, Lawyer Boden!" blazed Maskell. "I've put up with a whole lot from you. You been snooping past my house every day, and you've been coming in here just when I'm busiest. You're pestering me all the time about Parsifal. Now you got to quit it! See? You got to quit it! There's nothing in Mr. Coyle's will that lets you plague me like this. You've seen for yourself that Parsy is alive and you've seen he's treated good. That's all the law calls for. Now, suppose you leave me be for a while!"

"The purp is down cellar just now," chimed in Bates, as the lawyer strode past him toward the street. "Run on down and have a nice look at him if you like. I pretty near bust my own head on the beams, and I barked both shins on the boxes in the dark, down there, to-day. Maybe you'd like to—?"

But Boden was gone.

FOR three hours that night Rashe maintained a useless groping search of woodland and of streets. He did no sleeping. At dawn he was astir once more. Again he drew blank. An hour before he was due at the office he paid another perfunctory visit to the Paignton dog pound.

On his yesterday's visit that unlovely symbol of canine tragedy had been empty of prisoners. To-day there was one lone dog in the inclosure, a stray the dog catcher had come upon at dusk nosing the tops off a line of alley garbage cans. With high-beating heart, Maskell ran to the pen and peered over its high top.

Then he settled back on his heels, and his shoulders slumped along with his hope-stiffened spine.

The lone and morbid occupant of the pound was a nondescript black brute that bore not one trace of resemblance to the lost Parsifal. Rather did he seem a throwback in shape to some mongrel greyhound ancestor and in color to a blend of Newfoundland and Manchester terrier.

RASHE was in the grip of an inspiration so audacious, so breath-taking, that the Rashe Maskell of six months ago would have shrunk screeching from it. Slowly he exhumed from his trousers a ten-dollar bill, and handed it to the pound keeper.

"I'll buy that cur, and I'll take him along with me," said he, Napoleonically. "One dollar of this ten is his purchase price, by the laws of Paignton township and borough. The—the other nine dollars is yours, friend, on condition you keep your mouth shut about my buying him. I don't aim to get laughed at for spending money on a mutt, nor yet to be called an easy mark. But he looks—he looks so kind of desolate in there. Besides, he'll be comp'ny for my Parsifal. If anybody asks you, remember you haven't ever seen the cur. Nope, I don't aim to be laughed at."

Down the main street of Paignton, he led by a rope the apathetic and cowed nondescript. To the office he hastened. As usual, he was the first to arrive. Furtively he hunted for Bates' shears. With these he proceeded to clip, raggedly and with purposeful awkwardness, several swaths of the dog's already too-short hair. The marks of this shearing showed the dirty skin under the dirty black coat.

Next, faring to the cellar, Maskell gathered generous handfuls of soft-coal dust and rubbed them vehemently into the whitish portions of the animal's coat. His work done, he turned the dog into the back yard and washed his own filthily grimed hands.

Bates came in a few minutes later.

"Say, boss!" rasped Maskel, waving an indignant hand toward the yard. "Look what a day in your corner coal bin did to poor Parsy! Just look, will you? He must have spent the whole day rolling in what dust was left in the bottom of the bin. I couldn't get it out by washing. It seemed to itch him so and tease him so bad that I took pity on him this morning, and I sheared him. But the coal must have sifted clean through into the skin. He's pretty near as black as he was before he was sheared. Gee, but it's awful!"

Bates crossed to the window. Rashe breathed deep. He had made his fast-rehearsed speech without forgetting a word or a tone. The battle was on. Bates looked long. Then he laughed longer.

"Wait till Saul Boden sees him!" he guffawed.

Rashe thought and thought fast. Then he went out into the odds-and-ends shed. Ten minutes later Bates saw him binding about the gloomy dog a makeshift blanket, formed of a cast-off burlap bag and several lengths of twine. When this was girt in place, only the head and neck and tail and legs of its wearer remained in view. The rest of him might have been the size of a prize hog or of a fence rail, for all the blanket's voluminous folds revealed.

"He seemed kind of chilly," explained the red and breathlessly triumphant Rashe as he came back to his desk. "That burlap will keep him from catching cold. So Lawyer Boden can't accuse me of neglecting him, can he?"

Of old, Bates would have rebuked his employee roundly for wasting so much office time on a mere dog. But now he said nothing. He could not afford to scold or harass Maskell lest the man quit. And Bates could not spare him. Rashe was becoming more and more useful every week. He had inadvertently made himself almost indispensable.

Just before noon, a vexingly familiar step sounded in the little hallway that led from the street to the office. Rashe had been waiting for it. Unostentatiously he got up from his desk and went into the storeroom, leaving the door ajar. From that hiding place he heard Bates' amused greeting as Saul Boden sauntered in. He heard Boden go over to the window. Then he heard the exclamation of stark amaze he had been waiting for. Followed Bates' laugh-punctuated expounding of the situation. Boden strolled away—again without a word.

During the afternoon Rashe made excuse to go over to the corner drug store, there to make purchases which called for all his new assurance. He recalled a process described to him by his long-dead sister to account for the sudden change in the color of her hair.

Maskell took the unresisting dog home that night on the end of a rope. He led him indoors and moored him to the kitchen table. Then, filling the tub with warm water, he doused him into it. The dog kicked and struggled mightily, after the manner of most dogs thus immersed. But Rashe struggled with greater strength and infinitely more science. The scrubbing was achieved with vigor.

The water at last gloomed black as ink. From the tub was lifted a dog whose white portions shone lustrously in the faint candlelight, but whose black regions were, if anything, rustier and uglier than before. While the victim was still wet, Rashe fell to work on him with a stiff brush, which he dipped every moment or two in a shallow bowl filled with two parts of peroxide of hydrogen to one part of ammonia.

At last the task was finished. Maskell had been working by the dim light of one candle, set at some distance from the tub, lest a splash of water put it out. He had not wished his labors seen from the road, so he had avoided needless illumination. Now he lighted the kitchen lamp and set it on the table, alongside the tub. As he did so he noted that the dog's front teeth were busily scissoring the thin cord by which Maskell had moored him to the table leg. Rashe scarce heeded this move. His eyes were fixed in stark astonishment on the dog himself.

Then, with a jerk, the frayed cord was parted. In a single shambling rush the dog had gained the unlatched kitchen door and had hurled himself forth into the night. With a bellow of incredulous horror, Rashe Maskell snatched up his flashlight and tore after the fugitive. Ahead of him seemed to stretch an eternity of nightmare dog-chasing.

SAUL BODEN entered his law office, above the Imperial Motion Picture Theatre, at nine o'clock next morning, to find Rashe Maskell awaiting him.

"Next time you nobble a dog, Lawyer," began Rashe, his eyeteeth showing under an uptwisted lip, "there's a couple of things you want to remember. First, get a dye that won't come off when hot water and ammonia is rubbed hard into it. Second, don't get a blab-

(*Continued on page 36*)

KONRAD BERCOVICI

is the author of a story of the East, of young love and old wisdom, for which W. T. Benda has made some gorgeous pictures.

TINSEL

in next week's

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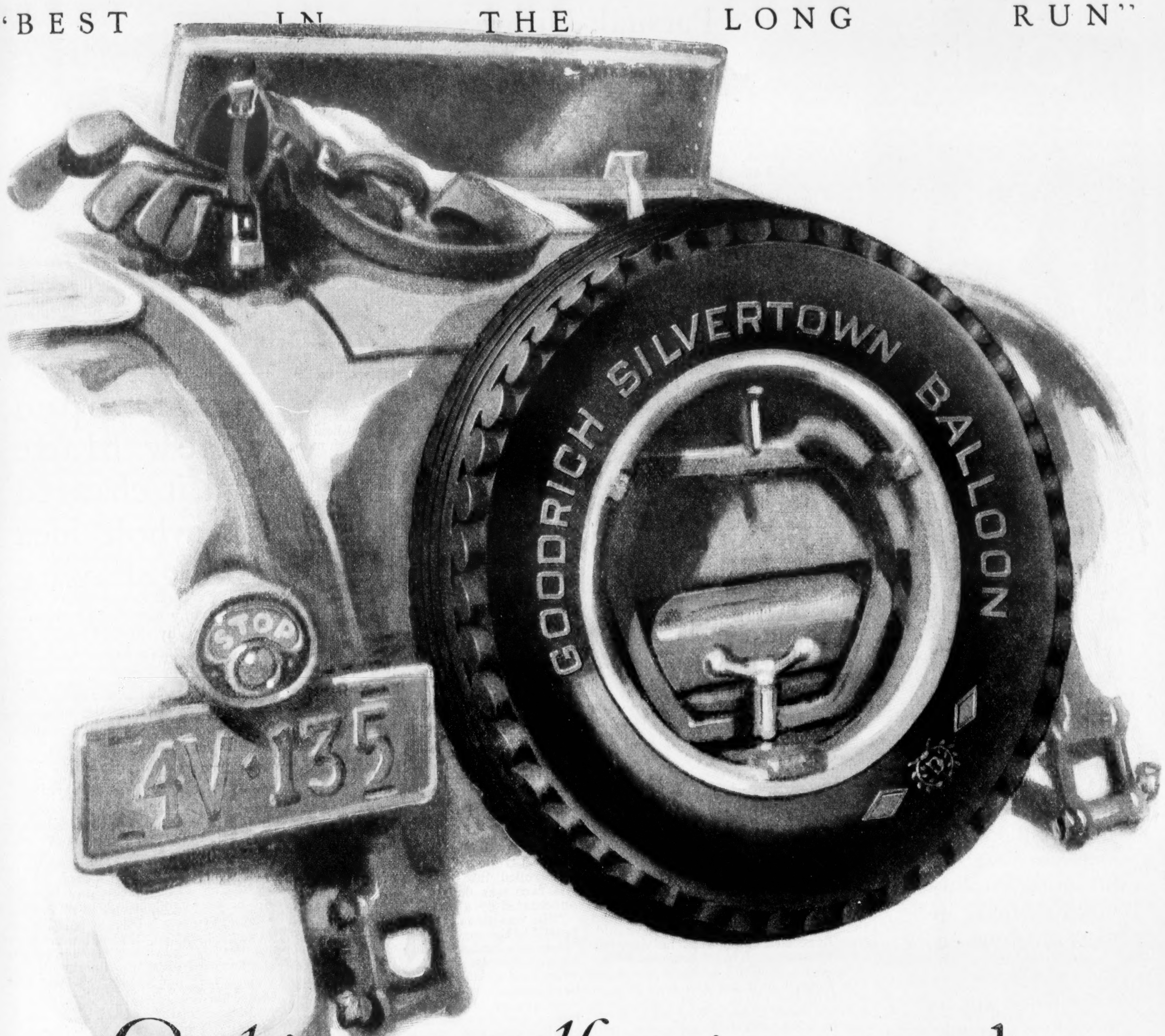
"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"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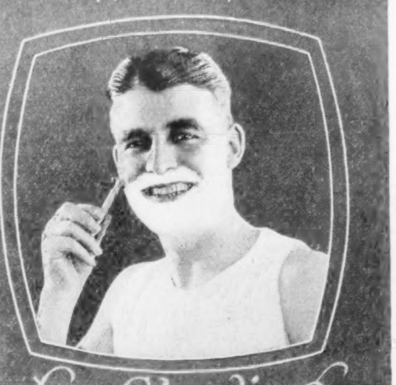

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Parsifal, Unlimited

Continued from page 34

ber to do the job for you while you hold the dog."

"Are you drunk," blustered Boden, "or only just crazier than usual?"

"Maybe both," answered Rashe. "Maybe neither. It's none of your business which I am. For the sake of argument, suppose we say I'm just a boob who had the wit—or the fool luck, or both—to put two and seventeen together and get the answer. Now, you'll cut out all that noble indignation and you'll listen to me. If you don't, I'll go back to Lawyer Ebbet and let him go ahead with what he said he'd do if you wasn't reasonable. I called at his house late last night, and he gave me the advice I'm going on. He says it isn't just legal, so he couldn't do it professionally. But he says he thinks you'll stand for it, and if you don't we can always go to court with it. Going to listen?"

WITH elaborate scorn, Boden nodded derisive assent. Rashe continued: "Ever since you began having to pay me that $75 a month you've been honing for Parsifal to die or get lost or be bad treated or anything so's you could keep the cash. Well, he didn't die, nor get bad treated. But he did get lost. You found him hunting for garbage in the street behind your office here. You grabbed him. You didn't have the nerve to kill him or maybe you weren't quite crooked enough. But you figgered out a way to get him lost for good and all.

"You phoned to Doc Finper's roustabout—the cock-eyed chap that takes care of Doc's stable and his boarding kennels—the one you paid $15 to last year to dye the white gobs on your two Boston terriers' faces so's they could get prizes at the Paterson show, and to fake the brindle of the rest of their coats. Doc heard about that terrier stunt, and he said he'd fire the roustabout if he ever did anything like it again. Remember? But you took chances on being able to bribe him to help you out once more. Likewise he did, he being a weak-kneed cuss at best. He came over here, and he worked on poor Parsy for a couple of hours, shearing him and rubbing that terrier dye into him. You gave him thirty-five bucks for the job.

"Then you turned Parsy loose. You figgered his own mother wouldn't ever recognize him looking like that and that *I* sure wouldn't. Nobody would. You figgered rightly that he wouldn't have sense enough to go home, and even if he did I wouldn't know it was him. You figured he'd get run over or get killed in the pound or go some place else, or, even if he stayed alive hereabouts, that nobody'd recognize him. I'd think he was a goner. You'd call on me to produce him. I wouldn't be able to. You'd stop paying me my annuity. Oh, it was all thought out grand! Only it didn't work.

"Then you saw that black dog in Bates' yard yesterday. That must have hit you hard—knowing I'd found him. You couldn't prove he wasn't Parsy.

"I TOOK the dog home last night, and I gave him a good wash. Well, that wash turned him pretty near back to his own color. Then he made a break to run away. I followed him. He ran straight into his kennel yard and inside his coop, and he turned to the right side of the coop, where I always put his food dish, so's the pigeons can't eat what's in it. Now, no dog in the world but Parsy could have known where that dish is always kept in the coop. He went to it straight. He didn't stop to sniff around for food. He knew where I always put it. I knew then it couldn't be any dog but Parsy, no matter how he looked. He was half starved. I tied him up there with a chain. Then I looked at the brush I had scrubbed him with. It was all black with a smelly stain that wasn't coal dust.

"I hopped over to Doc Finper's with that brush, and I told him all about it, and I asked him was it possible for a collie to look like a skeleton greyhound if all the hair was clipped off him. And Doc said that's how a new-clipped collie 'most always looks. So that settled that. Doc smelt the stuff on the brush. Then he sends for his roustabout. It seems it isn't a very common kind of dye, and Doc knew the roustabout had had bottles of it in his room in the barn. Well, Doc sure sweated that feller for a goal. By the time Doc had got him like a wet rag, him and I takes the roustabout over to Lawyer Ebbet's house. They drawed up a statement, and he signs it. Then we hunted up old Sim Zabriskie. The roustabout says Sim was passing your door here when you and him was turning Parsy out into the street after nobbling him. Sim remembered it. That's another witness, Lawyer. Now shall we talk terms?"

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" thundered Boden in his best police-court voice.

"I sure am," beamingly assented Rashe. "Here's the main idea: Doc Finper says a dog as strong and healthy as Parsy ought to have nine or ten more years of life in him if he's well took care of—which same he will be. Now, I'm sick of having you on my heels all the time and trying to pry Parsy loose from me and pry me loose from my annuity. It—it kind of pesters me. Here's what I'm asking you please to do: I'm asking you to sign some such a paper as this one that Lawyer Ebbet just gave me. It says that you'll compromise on that annuity business if I'm willing to. Likewise, I am. It says we'll both sign a writing, that you're to pay me my $75 a month for six years longer whether Parsy lives or not. At the end of six years, if Parsy is still alive, I'm to go on taking good care of him, for the rest of his life, for no cash at all. Hey, don't go tearing that paper up, Lawyer! I'd have to go all the way back to Lawyer Ebbet and tell him to start my suit against you for whatever kind of fraud and malfeasance he told me it was, and I'll have to let him write that letter to the Bar Association about you, that he said he wouldn't write unless you refused my terms. How about it?"

A FULL hour later Rashe Maskell strolled into his employer's office. His face was one huge peaceful grin, punctuated by a long and garish cigar.

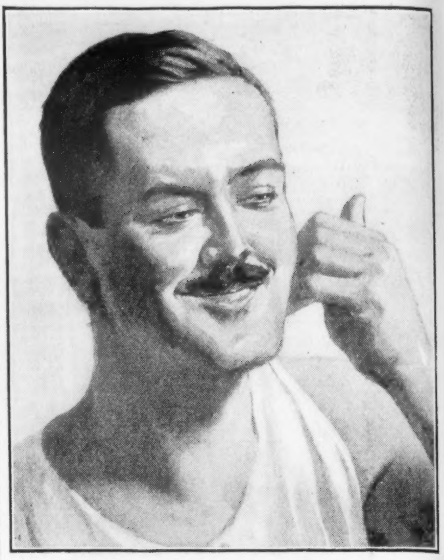
"He was fine about it," Maskell reported to the eagerly questioning Bates. "Didn't swear hardly at all. Not more'n twenty minutes or so, at most. Then when he'd got all those bad words and hard names out of his heart, him and I went around to Lawyer Ebbet, and the paper was drawed up in due and ancient form, and we both signed it. I'm to get my cash every month for six years, whether Parsy gets over that cold from running outdoors after his hot bath or whether he don't. I'm—"

"Say, Rashe!" cooed Bates, vaguely worried by the new air of independence his underling was exhaling along with his cigar smoke. "I been thinking it over this morning. How about a third interest in this dandy little business of mine? Pay in your $75 a month as you get it and draw your salary till it's all in plus a third interest percentage on the profits, of course, and"—as Rashe hesitated, wordless—"and a raise of $25 a month on your present pay? Think it over. Think it over mighty careful before you refuse."

Rashe thought it over for the best part of a second before closing with the offer. The delay was caused by his need to adjust the proposition to one he had been planning to make along similar lines. But Maskell had dreamed daringly of asking for a $15-a-month raise, and 20 per cent of the profits.

"Of course you can keep Parsifal in the back yard here as usual," added Bates by way of allurement.

"What'd I want of a measly dog here?" scoffed Rashe. "Let him stay home, where he belongs. It'd only waste our help's time, staring out of the window at him and petting him, and the like. I don't want any loafing around here. Let's understand that from the start, Thad."



He stropped a new blade and it changed his whole idea about shaving

LIKE many men he had always said "Why should I bother to strop my blades when new blades are so cheap?"

To him a new blade meant a good shave. To be sure the second, third and fourth shaves were not so good, but he got by.

One day on a Pullman he got out a new blade, and was unwrapping it when his friend Putney showed him his Twinplex and offered to strop the new blade.

That first shave with a new blade, Twinplexed, was an eye opener to him. He admitted to Putney that never before had he had such a wonderful shave with a new blade.

Of course he bought a Twinplex when he got home, and now every shave is like that first one—caressingly smooth.

To his surprise and delight he finds that a blade when stropped regularly on Twinplex holds its original keenness for weeks and weeks. He shaves in less time, has a cleaner shave and has more than saved the cost of his Twinplex.

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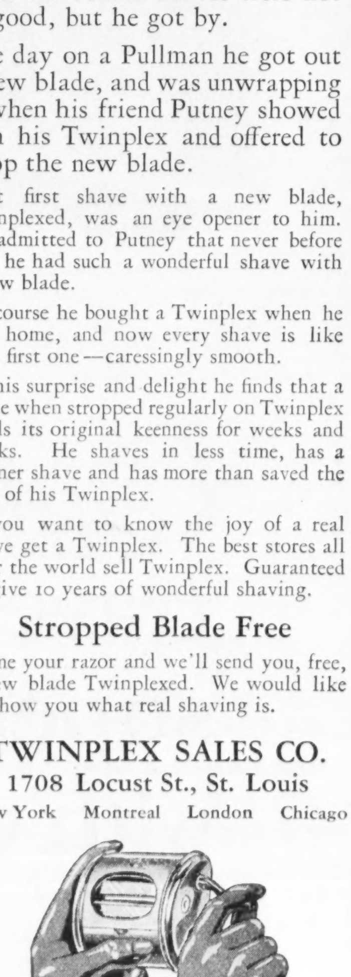


Twinplex Stropper

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Think This Over

THIS fall representatives of every organization directly or indirectly interested in radio will meet in Washington as delegates to the fourth annual Radio Conference. Secretary Hoover's department will be materially affected by the recommendations of this committee. Now is the time for all my readers to consider what they think are the most vital needs of radio as a service to them. Jot these items down as they occur to you, and then, later, include them in a letter to the committee or send them to me.

There are many vital problems, such as wave-length regulation; limitation of the number of broadcast stations, and their geographic location; nature of programs, including question of permitting advertising; reading of communications from fans; limits of power permitted, and a host of others.

Almost a DX Record

ALFRED M. FINK of Thistle, Utah, is an ambitious DX fan, judging by his letter, in which he says: "We turned on the radio last night just in time to hear someone say 'Hell.'

"'At last,' we thought, 'we have established communication with Hades.'

"Alas, upon further investigation, it was discovered that it was only the regular pastor broadcasting a sermon through KSL, Salt Lake City."

Buy One of These

SEND 25c in stamps for one of our radio maps, which is proving so popular. It shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and it also gives a distance finder. Send your order to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

If, after you have studied the map, you can think of any valuable suggestions that might improve it, send them in. We pay $10 for suggestions which prove valuable enough to use.

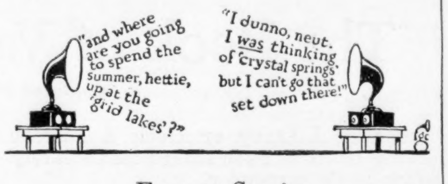
The Good Old Days

APREHISTORIC apartment house with accommodations for 800 families has been discovered in New Mexico. One thing the original tenants did not have to worry about was how to erect 800 aërials on the roof.

Why Do Signals Fade?

WHAT causes distant stations to fade out completely at regular periods? This question has been asked by everyone who has played with radio receiving apparatus ever since the first high-power transmitting station was erected twenty-three years ago. At present the answer is based on conjecture. Some observations carried on during the past two years tend to show a relationship between distance and the period of the "swing" from maximum signal strength to complete fadeout. The further away the station is the longer will be the cycle of time between the maximum and minimum signal strength.

These observations would seem to confirm the most plausible conjecture that has been put forward to explain the phenomenon. Under the Heaviside theory there is an opaque layer of ionized air surrounding the earth. This layer reflects waves. At certain times during transmission the reflected portion of the waves arrive at the receiving station simultaneously with those following the curvature of the earth, and reinforce them. The conjecture assumes that at regular intervals this coincidence of arrival fails with the consequent "fading" out of signals.


"and where are you going to spend the summer, hettie, up at the 'grid lakes'?"
"I dunno, neut. I was thinking of 'crystal springs' but I can't go that set down there!"

Exeunt Static

THE evil which static does will be greatly counteracted this year by the increased power permitted to broadcast stations. This summer reception will bring real joy, because the local stations will be able to ride over the static noise. The terrors which the term "summer radio" used to conjure up within our minds has gone forever. Now there is no need to wrap the old set up in camphor balls and put it away until the winter months.

Not a Total Loss

APPARENTLY Dr. H. Gilbor of Boulder, Col., is a utilitarian. Anyway he writes as follows: "Static has its uses. Friends of mine own a radio with a loop aërial. A street car line turns into their street a few blocks from the house. As an approaching car makes the turn, the static on the radio increases rapidly. By leaving the house at that time one can just conveniently catch the car at the corner."

Really! I Don't Know

E. A. WALKER of Harvey, Ill., asks a very interesting question. He tells me he recently went to a friend's house, and while there the radio set was turned on for a church service from Chicago. There came a pause, and the announcer gave the station, adding the usual formula: "The next number will be . . ." But there he stopped. Automatically Mr. Walker completed the announcement with "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

"To my great surprise," he adds, "my presentiment proved correct. I had no idea that such a song was to be sung. My experience opens up an interesting argument as to whether telepathy is operative over the air."

Never Mind. Try Again

ALARGE number of letters I receive describe telephone conversations heard by radio, while some detail the use of radio as a means of telephoning to others. Both these are somewhat common occurrences. What we really need is unusual experiences. Don't hesitate to send them in even though your conception of a radio editor is a dyspeptic individual forever accompanied with a voracious wastepaper basket. We pay $10 for stories of radio experiences and suggestions which we use.

They're Good With a Net

JUDGING from the tremendous number of letters I have received recently the lady bugs have became far more expert in the noble art of DX angling than the male species. Evidently the latter go fishing for distance, while the ladies land it.

Heavy..
Heavy..
what hangs
over?

YOUR three meals a day may be a warning of disaster—or a prophecy of success. Many a man has bitterly blamed his fate who should have blamed his food. Fate and Food. Food—and Fate! Sometimes it's hard to tell them apart. Wrong food can crash to disaster the best body and brain that ever grew. Right food will make you fit and keep you fit for life's struggle. *Heavy, heavy, what hangs over you?*

Delicious, easily digested, supplying varied nourishment

a food like this safeguards your body's future

WHEN all is said and done, you can't get away from this—your body's future is *your* future. If you want health and energy with which to enjoy life to the full, you *must* give your body daily the food elements Nature intended it to have. Yet the average modern diet seldom supplies *all* of these vital elements in sufficient quantities and in correct proportion.

For this reason, a food-expert originated Grape-Nuts. He designed it expressly to supply: 1. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. 2. Iron for the blood. 3. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. 4. Protein for muscle and body-building. 5. The essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Grape-Nuts, with milk or cream, is an almost perfectly balanced ration.

Wheat and malted barley are combined in this famous food. A special baking process brings out the nut-like flavor and prepares Grape-Nuts for easy digestion.

The *crispness* of Grape-Nuts, also, makes it an especially valuable food. You chew it—and teeth and gums get the exercise they need to make them healthy and beautiful.

Buy a package from your grocer today, or accept the following offer.

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

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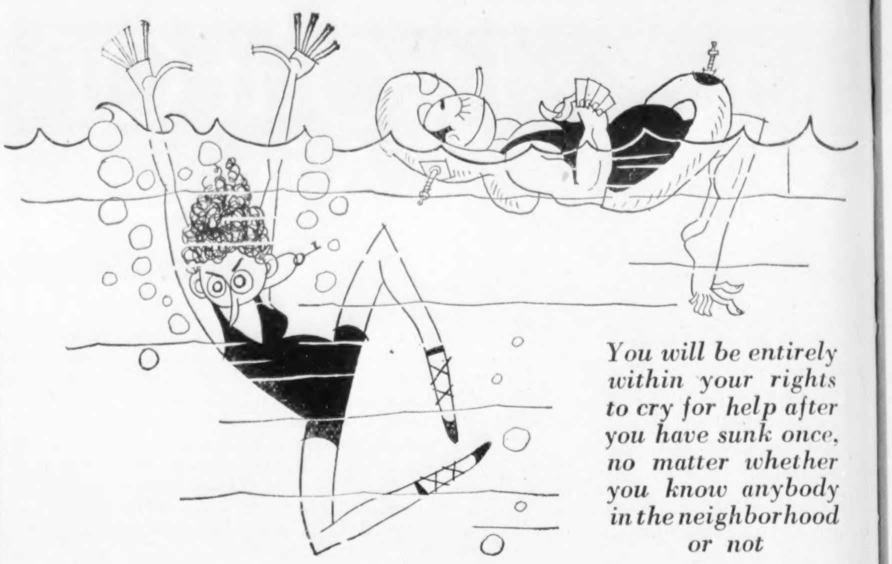


You will be entirely within your rights to cry for help after you have sunk once, no matter whether you know anybody in the neighborhood or not

The Book of Vacation Etiquette

Continued from page 18

Memorial Library or Hook & Ladder House No. 1 as each looked immediately after Lee's surrender.

The rules governing the salutation on souvenir postals are very rigid. The least infraction will bring down upon your head the scorn of all well-brought-up souvenir post card addressers. The regulations adopted by the Convention of Souvenir Post Card Lovers at Geneva, May 10, 1923, follow:

1. If the card is being sent to the President of the United States, Vice President, Secretary of War, Member of Congress or diplomatic attaché, the salutation should be "Esteemed Sir."
2. If to a justice of the Supreme Court, exalted ruler of the Elks, or organizer of the Woodmen of the World, it should take the form of "Your Honor."
3. If to the King of England, President of Liberia, Marquis of Queensberry or president of the Business Men's Association, custom requires a dignified "Your Highness and Dear Friend."
4. To all other persons except archbishops of the Anglican Church, Presbyterian missionaries, duchesses, ambassadors to the Court of St. James and members of the Reparations Commission a simple "Dear Aunt Jane," or "My Dear Uncle Willis" is all that is required.

If a formal touch is desired in a post card from a wife to a husband, a desirable form is:

Dear Peabody: This is to announce that I arrived here in good condition as shipped. I am happy to say there were no mishaps in transit and hope you will not be upset. It will give me great pleasure to hear from you and yours from time to time.

Trusting you are in good health and wishing you a long and prosperous career, I am, Your wife,

Louisa T. Beevo.

As a sample of a less formal post, the following is offered:

Hen: Arrived o. k. Dinner awful. Don't forget to change the water in the goldfish bowl and put out the cat. Leave money for milk under bottle every Friday. *Louisa.*

A still briefer form is:

Arrd. o. k. Send $100. *Lou.*

Each form has its followers, and it is not for us to dictate.

Introductions While Bathing. No bather should speak to another bather to whom he or she has not been introduced, unless calling for help. Even then it is better to know to whom you are calling. You will be entirely within your rights to cry for help after you have sunk once, no matter whether you know anybody in the neighborhood or not.

It is customary for a gentleman taking a lady into the water to introduce her, the custom being to say, "Mrs. Edwards, let me present Mr. Vincenzo; he can do a sitting standing dive." Or, "Miss Jones, Mr. Swiveljaw—the one in the red suit—desires to be presented to you."

The lady should shake hands and say, "Delighted! Ain't these clam shells sharp?"

The introduction should be limited, however, and it is very bad form for a gentleman to lead a lady through a lake, river, harbor, channel, inlet or ocean teeming with bathers and present her to everybody.

If a girl bather has no man friend and wishes to meet one, she may carry a card, beveled and engraved:

Introducing Miss Helen R. Atkins
MRS. WALLACE B. SHADD
The Seagate Inn

Not more than one card should be given to a person, and if she wants the cards back she should say so in the first place.

Entering and Leaving the Canoe. The canoe is coming to play a more conspicuous part each year in vacation life, and in no way can a vacationist remove himself or herself from society (polite and human) more promptly and permanently than by doing the wrong thing in one of these vessels. If a lady is to be taken canoeing, the gentleman should paddle the fool thing up to the float or dock and hang onto the dock with one hand while holding the other quiveringly to the lady and urging her for the luvva St. Swithin to use her head and not get in "like she was jumping into a firemen's net."

In case of accident the young man should precede the lady or ladies into the water and keep on their right while dragging them ashore.

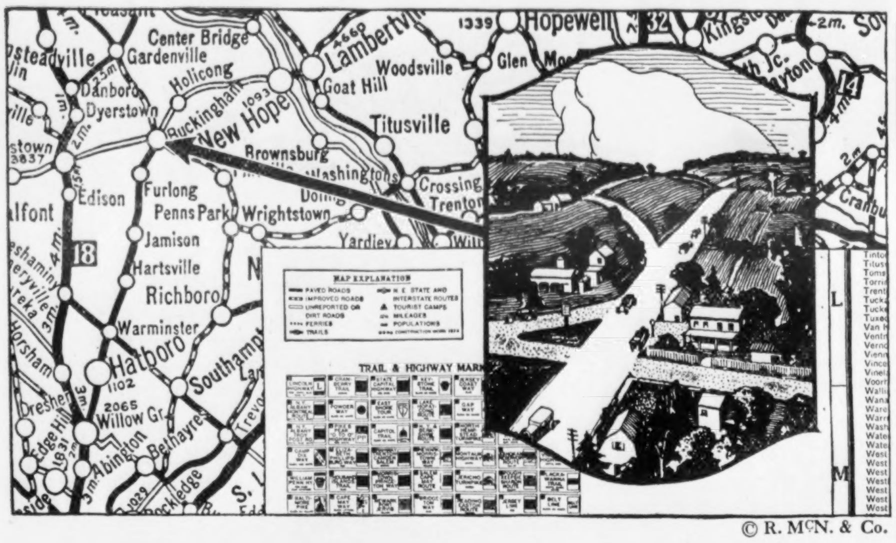
The Etiquette of Romance. While romance is allowed full sway, it should be remembered that there is something about a vacation that makes people giddy and that everything looks different when they get back to regular hours and diet.

Sufficient is it to say at this time that no young girl should fall in love with a young man and agree to marry him simply because he looks well in white flannels.

When to End the Vacation. The question arises: When should the well-bred vacation be considered off? Circumstances alter cases.

As a general thing it is the custom to wait until a high fever develops and the village doctor comes and orders you back to the office, factory or sweat-shop where conditions for a nice long rest are more favorable.

The next article in Mr. Phillips' Canned Culture series is "The Book of Picnic Etiquette," in the September 5th issue of Collier's



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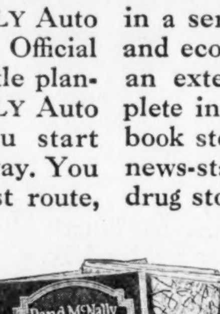

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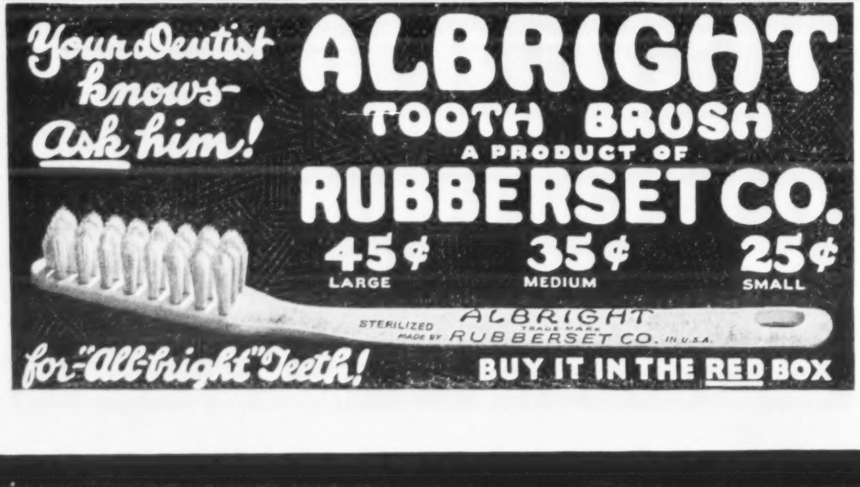


Harbor Luck

Continued from page 8

beginning to open in her own mind.

Considering her mood, it was unfortunate that Ryan should have been so exuberantly happy-go-lucky when he met her later that evening. Unfortunate too that he strove to banish her melancholy by boisterous gayety instead of pacing his mood with hers. Instead of cheering her up by his high spirits, he both irritated and depressed her. When he tried to kiss her on leaving she turned her face away.

"Why, Addie!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter? You mad with me?"

Addie shook her head. "No. I'm not mad. I'm worried."

"Worried!" Lucky repeated with the accent of one uttering a strange word. "What you worried about?"

She faced him angrily. "Don't you ever worry?" she demanded.

"Me?" said Lucky. "No. Sure not. What for?"

"What for!" she mimicked. "Oh, Lucky, don't you ever think about things at all? Here you are, just a deckhand, and you—"

"I know, Addie," Lucky interrupted, "but I'm goin' to be a pilot pretty soon now."

"How soon?" Addie asked severely.

"Most any time," Lucky insisted.

"In a month?"

"Maybe sooner," said Lucky.

"All right," said Addie. "I told you I'd marry you as soon as you got to be a pilot. If you get the job in a month, I will. If you don't, it's all off."

"Aw, Addie!" Lucky exclaimed.

"I mean it," said Addie, stamping her foot. "I'm tired waiting for you and having people nag at me all the time 'cause you're only a deckhand an' then seeing you laughing and carrying on all the time just as though everything was all right. I'll wait one more month and that's all."

She turned from him and ran into the house, leaving him amazed on the sidewalk. For a moment self-pity fought for a place in his joyous consciousness but found none.

"She's prob'ly got a headache," he said to himself comfortingly as he walked away. "She'll be all right tomorrow."

IN FRONT of a house a few doors from the Mullarkey residence a man stepped from the shadow of a stoop and hailed Ryan softly. It was Joe Coogan, the fireman from the Hetty Jane.

"I been lookin' all over for you," he whispered hurriedly. "You want to look out for yourself. You know Tony the Wop, Billy Gilhooley's gunman? He's set to get you."

"Get me?" said Lucky. "What's he want to get me for? We ain't bad friends."

"Gilhooley put him on you," said Coogan. "I was in the back room o' Dutch Johnson's. I heard 'em talkin' in the hallway where you come in from the side door. Gilhooley's sore 'cause Addie Mullarkey keeps passin' him up to step out with you. You want to watch yourself now."

Ryan laughed. "He'll never get me, Joe," he boasted. "They don't make bullets with my name on 'em. I'm lucky."

"Don't be silly," Coogan begged. He drew a gun from his coat pocket and offered it. "Take this an' look out for yourself," he urged.

Ryan shook his head. "I'll get by," he insisted cheerfully. "Don't fret about me, Joe."

WHEN Lucky went whistling to work the next morning Gus Leverett, the owner of the fleet of tugs in which the Hetty Jane was included, called him into the sooty little office of the canal-side firm and offered him the coveted job as pilot.

"I'm the luckiest guy!" said Ryan ecstatically. "I'd be tickled at this chance any time, Mr. Leverett, but a little somethin' happened last night that makes it mean a whole lot more to me than it ever would have before. Yes, siree! I sure am lucky!"

"You deserve it," said Leverett, patting him on the shoulder. "The boat I want you to take is a new one I'm having built. Seventy-eight foot over all, steam steering gear, a fifty-thousand-dollar job. Of course you'll have to buy a piece of her to get the job."

"Buy a piece of her!" said Lucky, aghast.

"Don't get scared," said Leverett, smiling. "Your bit won't be much. I've made it a rule since I began in business here that any man who went pilot for me had to invest in a small interest in the boat. I'll let you off for a thousand."

"A thousand!" Lucky exclaimed. "Where would I get a thousand dollars?"

Leverett shrugged. "You say you're lucky," he said. "If you are, you'll manage to raise it somewhere. The boat'll be ready in about six weeks. I'll give you that long to find the money."

"Lucky!" Ryan exclaimed in an awed voice as he clambered down the bank and jumped aboard the Hetty Jane. "I got to be lucky now!"

The Hetty Jane was late in getting back to the canal that night. She had hooked on to a sizable raft of piling well along in the afternoon and towed it up the East River to a job near Hell Gate. The going was slow, and it was deep dusk when the tug finally nosed into her home mooring.

Gus Leverett met the tired crew with the bad news. "Got a short night job for you, boys," he called to them. "Job just came in. Go over to Carter's shipyard on Staten Island and hook onto Tony Pallago's scale boat over there. Take it over to the Mobry Line pier at Weehawken."

Muttering angrily, the pilot spun the wheel and began maneuvering the tug about in the narrow waterway to get her bow headed for the bay once more. In the hold the weary fireman spoke his mind on the subject of all owners of everything, paying particular attention to the proprietors of tugboats. The red-headed engineer surlily manipulated the machinery, cursing the harbor and all its customs.

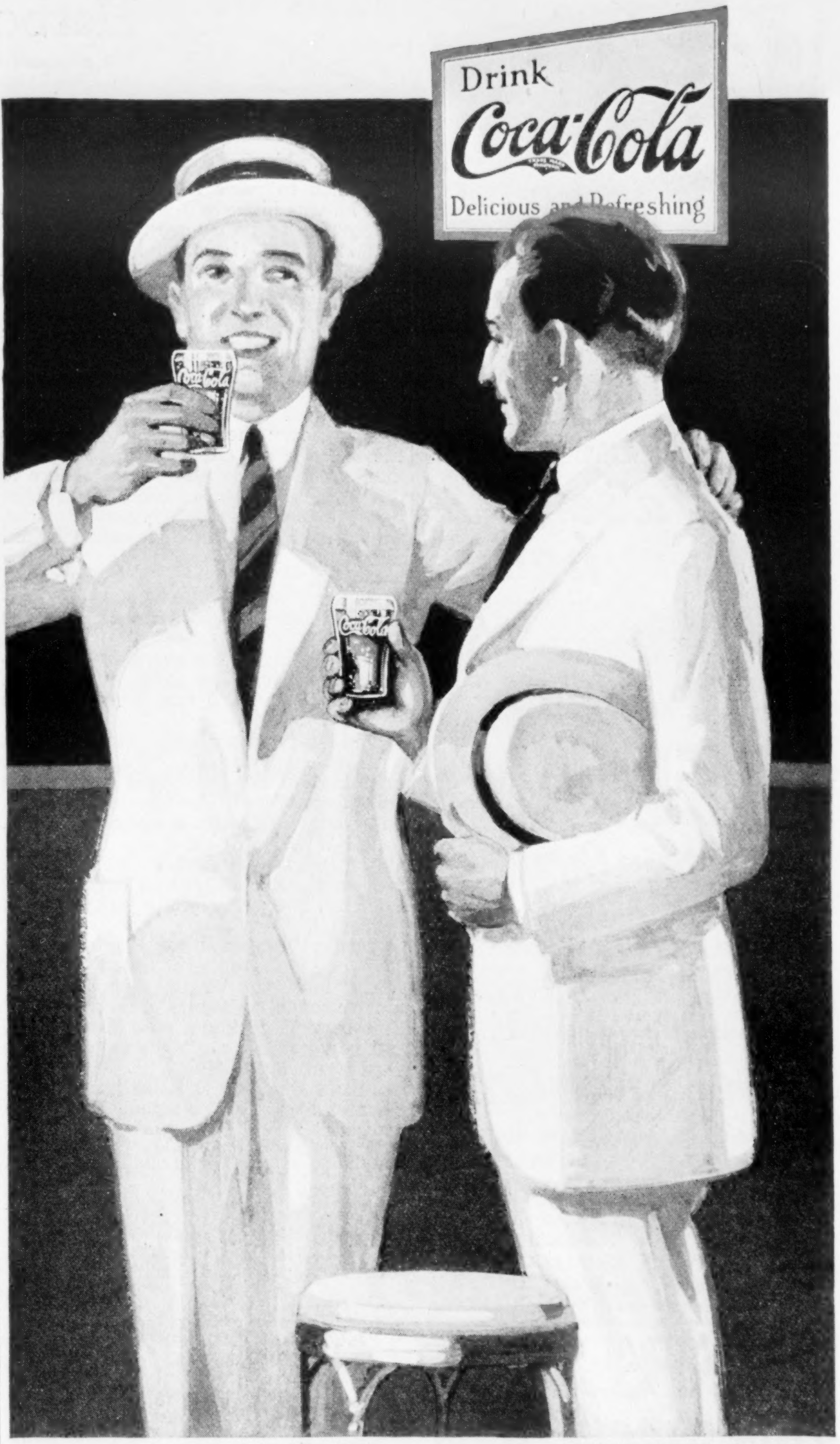
(*Continued on page 40*)

GEORGE ARLISS

whose "Just Dying to Go on the Stage" you'll remember in a recent Collier's has written an amusing account of actors, playwrights and play directors in the great struggle before the curtain rises on a new play. Look for

BEHIND THE SCENES

in next week's Collier's



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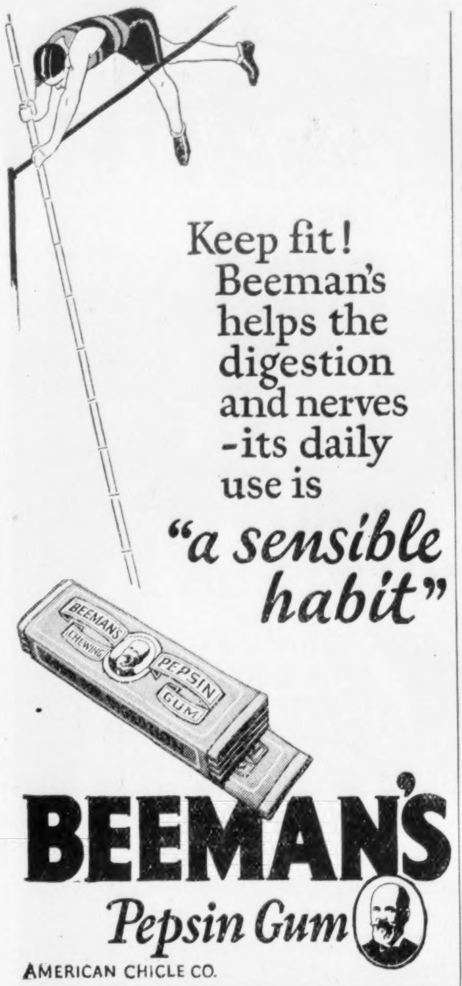

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Harbor Luck

Continued from page 39

In the bow Lucky Ryan sat on a towing bitt, his shoulders drooping, for once disconsolate. He was tired from the day-long mental effort to devise a way in which to raise a thousand dollars, and he was bitterly disappointed at not being able to go ashore to cheer Addie with news of the good luck that had fallen in his lap. That would fall in his lap, at least, if he could just raise a thousand dollars!

But as the tug steamed slowly down the dark canal and headed for the bay his buoyant spirits rose and he began to whistle. He forgot the unsolved problem of the needed thousand in gloating over the opportunity that was his if he got it, forgot his disappointment at not being able to get ashore to tell Addie of his good luck, in visualizing the expression of joyous surprise that would light her face when he did tell her.

He slid off the towing bitt, went back to the engine-room, and poked his irritatingly cheerful countenance in at the door.

"Pretty lucky for me, getting overtime this week," he said. "I need all the extra dough I can pick up right now."

The irritated engineer turned on him with an angry snarl. "You take that grinning fat head of yours out of here and keep it out," he stormed. "You and your luck! You make me tired. Luck! Why, you poor damn, dumb simpleton, you never had a piece of good luck in your life and you never will?"

"Why, I've always been lucky," Ryan protested.

"Lucky!" the engineer snarled. "You been engaged to be married for two years and you haven't got money enough to make the grade. Is that luck? You been a deckhand for four years, and now you got a chance to be a pilot if you can get a thousand dollars and you can't get it. Is that luck? You been a water-front bum all your life up to now, and you'll be a water-front bum all your life from now on. Is that luck? You're half-witted and you don't know it. You're the joke of the harbor, you and your talk of how lucky you are! Get t'hell away from me and stay away! You gimme the jumps, you and your silly gab about luck. Get out!"

STUNNED by the engineer's unexpected rebuke, Lucky went forward again.

He felt like a suddenly deflated balloon. The joke of the harbor! A half-wit! A water-front bum!

When the tug arrived at the shipyard slip he went astern, moving by habit, and passed lines to the deckhand on the scale boat.

"Looks like we're goin' to have a rough ride in the bay to-night," the hand on the scale boat shouted.

Lucky mechanically nodded assent and returned with his misery to the merciful darkness of the bow as the tug strained into the bay once more. He paid no heed to the heavy roar of thunder now directly overhead, the terrifying play of lightning all about nor the swiftly rising wind, but stood staring miserably down into the black tossing water, aware only of the storm of humiliation in his own consciousness.

As he stood thus looking down over the rail, a flash of lightning lit the surface of the bay about the Hetty Jane as brilliantly as a focused searchlight.

On the crest of the wave a dozen feet away on the port side of the tug, Lucky saw a woman's face, the mouth open, the eyes staring; saw an arm rise and reach in a swimming stroke. It was the face of a young woman with bobbed blond hair, and she was alive; alive and struggling in that nasty storm-whipped harbor chop.

A horror prickle of gooseflesh flashed over Ryan from heel to crown. His immediate subsequent action was as involuntary, as instinctive in muscular action as ducking at an unexpected shout. He yelled and dived overboard into the dark in the direction of the startling figure he had seen.

The woman screamed shrilly.

"Don't be scared," Lucky yelled as he took one final stroke and closed with her.

The woman screamed again and struck him in the face with her clenched fist. The blow and her struggling to free herself from his encircling arms did less to disconcert Lucky than his discovery in the first contact of the struggle that she was bare of arm and leg, clad only in a one-piece bathing suit.

He tried to shout assurances to her that he was attempting her rescue and in the effort to speak swallowed much water. Half strangled and rapidly growing weak from lack of breath, he realized that he must either immediately loose or subdue her to save his own life. With a supreme effort he managed to get his left arm tight about her neck and draw her head against his breast. Rolling half on his back then, he brought his right arm and shoulder for a moment well out of the water and struck her on the chin with all the force at his command, once, twice. Then she went limp in his grasp and that particular battle was over.

All that remained for Lucky to do was to swim through the rough chop back to the Hetty Jane, or some other boat that happened to be in that part of the harbor, towing his unconscious burden with him, get aboard somehow, and drag the girl after him. Searching a big haystack for a small needle was just a pleasant evening's Mah Jong in comparison to this task.

Then his right hand, flung forward in the beginning of a swimming stroke, came in startling contact with something solid and rough. He gripped and clung desperately. The object sustained him in the water and after a moment he knew from the feel what it was—a small rope fender hanging from the side of some sort of boat. A flash of lightning gave him a brief glimpse of the craft, a long, low motorboat without lights, wallowing drunkenly in the harbor chop.

A hot flame of new strength flared through him. He felt suddenly an intoxicating sense of omnipotence. Luck! who said he wasn't lucky? A million-to-one chance of being rescued from that wild black water, and his outstretched hand had touched that dangling rope fender that led from death to life! He shouted once for help, but his cry was lost in the mad medley of thunder, wind, and waves.

No matter! He needed no help. His luck was with him! Holding to the rope fender with his right hand, he gripped the woman's bobbed hair with his left, floated his body free of her, swung up his right leg until his heel hooked over the low gunwale, and, as the boat dipped his way, swung and muscled himself aboard.

Lying on his stomach then, he got the woman under the armpits and with a grunt heaved her in after him.

As he hauled her on deck he heard the engine of the boat cough, chug uncertainly a few times, and settle into an efficient, rhythmic roar.

Ryan rose to his knees, lifted his face, and laughed into the storm, a wild crazy laugh of exaltation. Never again could man or circumstance rob him of his belief in his luck! For had he grasped that rope fender thirty seconds later it would have been torn from his fingers by the speed of the moving boat.

He was Lucky Ryan, born on Friday the 13th, and nothing but good could befall him. He rose to go forward and announce himself to the unseen crew of this unknown craft running dark in the storm, when another flash of lightning lit the scene about him and revealed, facing him in the waist of the boat and not five feet distant, Tony the Wop!

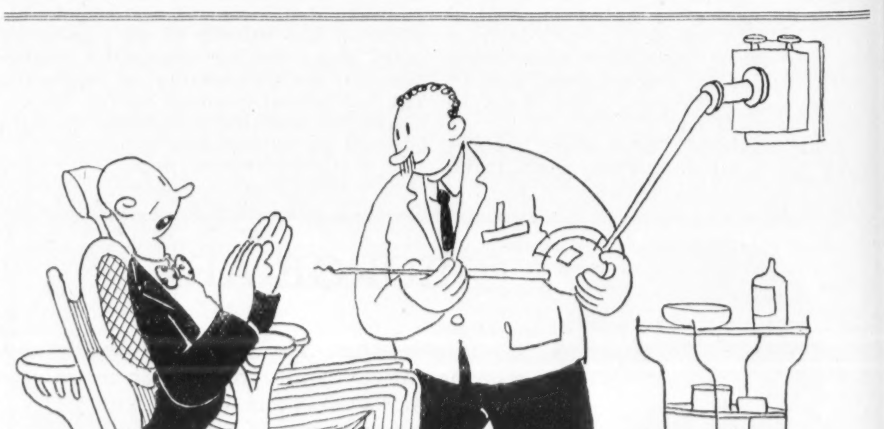
THE duration of visibility was but a second, but in that second Ryan knew that Tony had seen and recognized him.

Without hesitation, Ryan sprang for the spot in which he had marked the murderous little Italian and came to grips with him in the dark. His outstretched arms went round him, and, locked together, they stumbled and rolled to the bottom of the boat. Reaching for the Italian's throat, Ryan felt a sharp, hot pain in his side and knew that a knife had gone in. With a roar of rage he wrenched himself loose, scrambled to his feet and stamped savagely on the writhing form beneath until it ceased to move.

With a supreme effort of will he conquered a sense of fearful weakness that was creeping over him and felt his way forward in the darkness to where a voice was shouting alarmed inquiry. The groping fingers of his outstretched left arm touched a man's face. He lowered his left hand until the fingers gripped the throat and with that touch for a guide whaled away with his right in the dark. The clenched knuckles found flesh and he hit again and again desperately till he felt the form he held grow limp.

As his unseen foe collapsed in his grip a brilliant white light lit the scene again and Ryan saw that the man he held by the throat was Billy Gilhooley. The light remained and it struck through to Ryan's rapidly dimming consciousness that it was not from a flash of lightning. He dropped Gilhooley and turned about, holding his feet only by a supreme effort of will.

A brilliant searchlight was playing over the boat in which he stood. Very faintly, and to what seemed to him to be from a tremendous distance, he heard the command: "Halt there! Stop or we'll shoot!"



Bald-Headed Man: You won't hurt me, will you?
Dentist: I wouldn't harm a hair of your head

The harbor police! Ryan knew them and their ways. He must stop the boat or they would open fire with a machine gun, and back there on deck, exposed, lay the woman he had rescued. Blubbering with rage at the dizzy weakness that made him lurch and turned all his groping fingers to clumsy thumbs, he sought for and at last found the switch.

The roar of the motors ceased abruptly, and the long, swift craft rapidly lost speed. The police launch, invisible behind its blinding mask of focused light, came dashing on. Ryan, holding a sustaining hand over the warm, wet patch of weakening agony in his slit side, staggered, fell, and crawled aft, reaching the spot where the woman lay just as the police launch grated alongside and a uniformed figure leaped aboard.

"Don't shoot!" he muttered thickly.

Faintly he heard the officer kneeling near him and directly over the woman, shout: "Here she is, boys! We've got her."

Then Lucky's light went out and oblivion took him.

THE next he knew he was on his back in a hospital cot, and Addie Mullarkey was sitting beside him crying. A nurse stood near by.

"What's the matter?" Lucky asked.

At least that's what he tried to ask. Queerly to him, although his lips moved, only the merest whisper of sound came from them. So faint were the words that no one heard and Addie laid her ear close to his lips to listen.

"You'll be all right," the nurse said assuringly. "Don't worry."

"Sure not," said Lucky Ryan. The voice was but the ghost of a faint whisper that only Addie heard, but it expressed Ryan's customary surprise that anyone should think he would worry. "Why should I?"

Addie cried harder and kissed him lightly and Lucky went happily back into the healing blackness from which he had come.

When he woke again he was stronger and besides Addie there was a lieutenant of the Harbor Police present to ask questions.

"That woman you saved out of the bay was London May Jones, the smuggler," the officer explained when his questions were answered. "She was on the Metastic from Liverpool that was laying at Quarantine that night. Gilhooley was to be near the ship in his boat, showing special signal lights, and May's play was to slip over the rail underdressed in a bathing suit, shuck her dress in the water, and swim for it with eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in a rubber belt around her waist. They pulled the play according to schedule, only Gilhooley's engine quit on him before he got near the Metastic and May had to keep on swimming. We got a tip on the thing late and were out looking for Gilhooley. He had heard us and doused his lights. That's why he was rolling around there dark when you got aboard him."

The lieutenant rose and put on his cap.

"You're pretty lucky, young man," he said, smiling down at Ryan. "There's eighteen hundred reward out for London May, and I don't know any way to stop you getting it."

"Eighteen hundred!" Lucky exclaimed. "Dollars?"

"Sure," said the lieutenant. "What did you think? Shoe buttons? I'll be in again to-morrow."

"Eighteen hundred!" Lucky whispered weakly, his eyes shining. "Addie, I can buy in on Leverett's new boat with a thousan' o' that and go pilot right away. Then we can take the other eight hundred an'—an'— You know. Furniture an' stuff? Will you, Addie?"

"Just as soon as you're well enough to get out of here, honey," she promised tenderly. "Aw, Lucky, I'm so sorry I was mean to you that last night."

"You wasn't mean," said Lucky. "I guess you just didn't feel good, maybe. I told you then I'd get to be pilot pretty soon, didn't I? I'm lucky, Addie. I don't care what happens or what anybody says, I'm lucky, an' I know it. You think I'm lucky, don't you, Addie?"

"Honey lad," said the girl gently, "anybody who's as sure of his luck as you are is lucky even **if** he isn't."

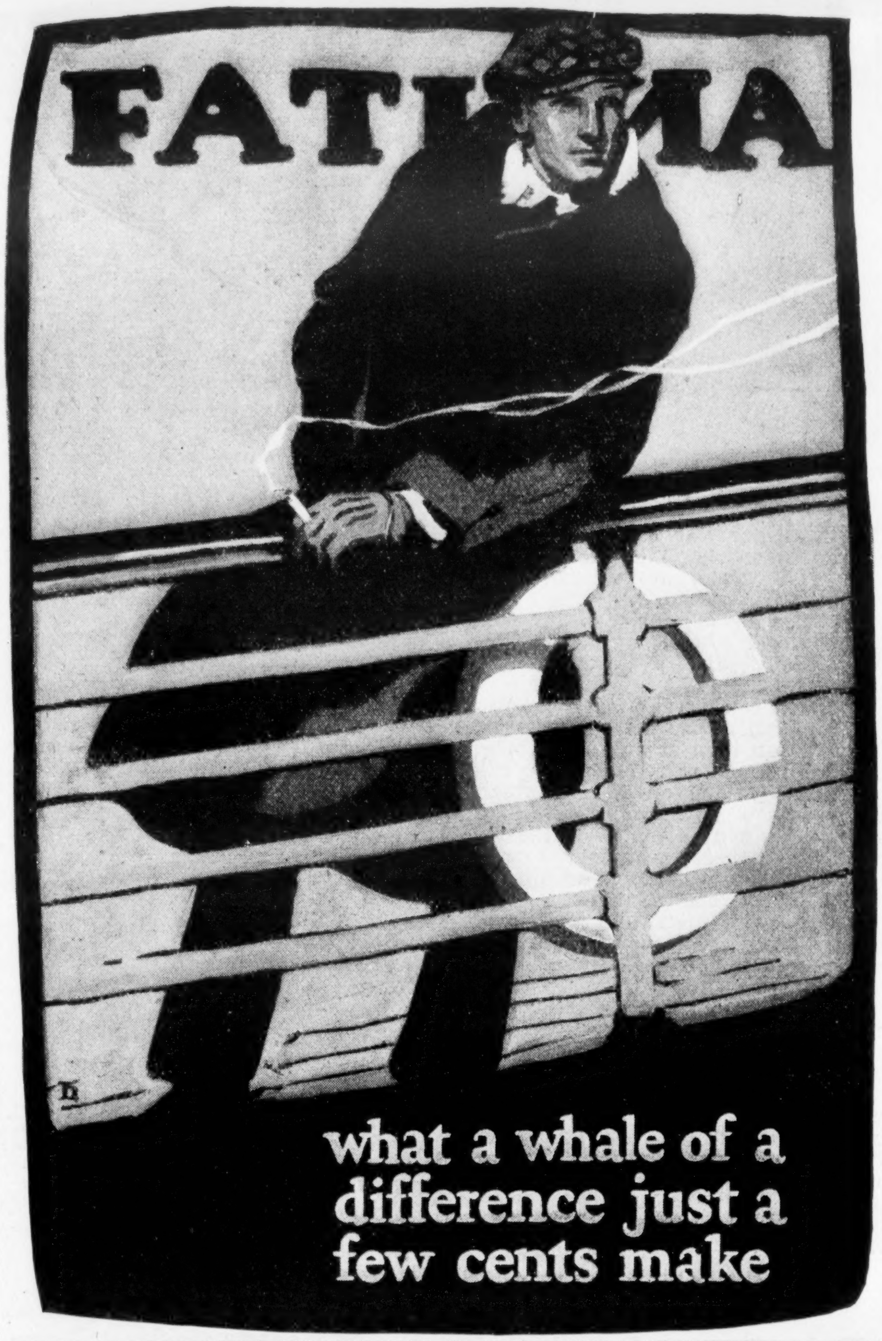
"I *am* lucky," Ryan persisted stubbornly. "Listen, Addie. Let's get married on Friday, huh?"

Are You Satisfied with the Enforcement of Prohibition?

THOUSANDS of replies to Collier's questionnaire on prohibition enforcement are pouring into our offices every day. Here are the questions Collier's readers are answering:

Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?
Is the law enforced in your locality?
If not, do you consider the law enforceable?

More than a thousand regularly accredited representatives are presenting the cards which bear these questions, which are answered definitely by either "yes" or "no." The men who take the answers from our subscribers indulge in no conversation that will affect opinion. We are interested only in learning what people are actually thinking about a question that is of first importance in our national life. The replies will come from every section of the country. They will give you the truest reflection of public opinion that you have yet seen on the subject of prohibition enforcement.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The Theory's All Right

To the Editor of Collier's:

I SEE by the papers that the "Pedestrians" are still taking a few verbal slams at the automobile driver.

As a pedestrian I can cross any street in the world without feeling the least bit afraid. Why? Because I know that I can stop *immediately* (if not sooner). I can increase my speed from "3 to 15 miles per hour in 0 second flat." I can turn at any angle to the right or left at once. I can turn completely around in an 18-inch square. I can jump backward. How many automobiles can do that? In the face of all that is there any cock-eyed reason in the world why I should be hit by a "gas buggy"? No, "as the feller says," not if I see it first. But there's the hitch. The pedestrian rarely sees the machine first. He seldom bothers to look.

Now then, as an automobile driver I *can't* cross any street in the world without feeling the least bit afraid. I must be eagle-eyed, for I have to look for the pedestrian. And when I see him I can't stop immediately, jump backward or utilize any of the above-mentioned advantages of the human body. Is there any wonder that there is a sudden contact of flesh and tin when some pedestrian tries his wrestling skill with an oncoming flivver?

WM. T. JAECKEL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Yankee Comments From the Coast

To the Editor of Collier's:

It strikes me that if the dissatisfied ones would push forward with one half the energy that they kick back the progress of the world toward the millennial climax would be at a speed that would astonish all the speed-o-cranks of the age.

J. R. PATTERSON,
Newport, Wash.

Us Lawless Americans

To the Editor of Collier's:

Queerly distorted valuations of offenses against public safety seem evident to me in the recent news headline of a Chicago newspaper. It reported something like 19,000 deaths and some 400,000 injuries by automobiles last year. The same paper indicated *total deaths* from automobiles in excess of the *combined total* of both guns and "moonshine" in Cook County since January 1st. Yet we hear no wild emotional outcry about prohibiting the use of automobiles.

Isn't it time for reformers to *stop and consider* the relative importance of definitely known occurrences? Aren't the *lives* and the *physical safety* of citizens to be regarded as matters of primary importance? Or does arbitrary attempted regulation of *appetite* come first?

A CHICAGO A. E. F.-ER.

We'll Ask the Eatons

To the Editor of Collier's:

Five of the seven Eaton children W. O. Saunders wrote about in Collier's are on the stage. They are acting because their mother had to repress her own desire to be an actress. Isn't this expressing oneself at the expense of others? At least one of the children doesn't want a stage career. What about the others? Are they sacrifices on the altar of their mother's thwarted ambitions.

P. C. H., New York.

Puddles and Politics

To the Editor of Collier's:

Have you ever driven one hundred and fifty miles away from any given point without encountering a detour? I never have, and don't suppose I ever will as long as I live in Pennsylvania, for it takes about that many miles to get into another state (except a state of intoxication).

It seems that if all the funds that have been voted for better roads were actually invested in those roads and the proper check made to ascertain if the people were getting their money's worth, we ought to have roads that would stand up under the maximum load conditions as we have them to-day and can anticipate.

F. L. A., Crafton, Pa.

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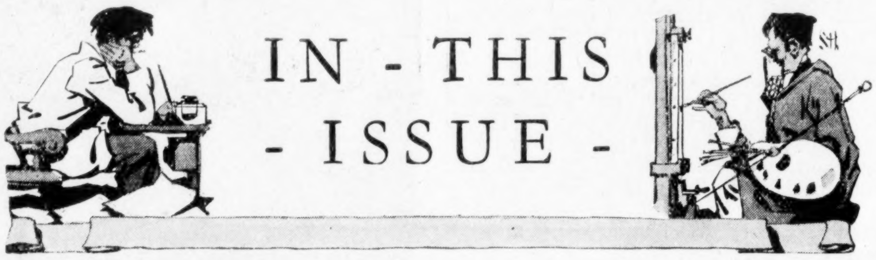

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They Do Want to Learn

To the Editor of Collier's:

I read with a great deal of interest and humble appreciation Mr. Rosenwald's letter in the July 4th issue of the Collier's National Weekly. Because our community has been directly benefited by the plan mentioned in the article, I am taking this means of telling others of the help that the Julius Rosenwald Fund is doing to inspire the Negro to higher ideals and to better fit him for a life of usefulness and self-reliance.

Four years ago our school was all but out of doors. Two hundred children in a three-room building, each room 20x20, with practically no seats at all. On rainy days we spent the time sweeping out the water and keeping fires to dry our floor.

I told the president of the city school board about the Rosenwald Fund, and we set to work. With the aid of white friends we were able to qualify for this fund. As a result we now have a nice five-room building in a very beautiful location with individual desks for the pupils.

It is needless to say that our group has taken on such new inspiration that it is impossible to picture the change from four years ago. Notwithstanding the mines have worked only half time for the past four years, we have bought a school piano, equipped the building with lights, planted flowers, trees and shrubbery, fenced off a garden from which we sold 15,000 potato plants last spring, bought one sewing machine and are now working to equip a manual training room for the boys and domestic science room for the girls.

LAYTON DAVIS, Carbon Hill, Ala.

And No Weeping Willows!

To the Editor of Collier's:

I wonder if "Some Jolly Old Gravestones" impressed anyone more than it did me? I was going to write to "What's on Your Mind?" and ask "Why the cemetery?"

The only reason I can see is that we've always had it. Why not cremate and "plant" the ashes at the foot or beneath the seed of a tree? But Mr. Johnson has said it better than I ever could.

MRS. W. J. SCHICK,
Cicero, Ill.

This Cat-and-Dog Controversy

To the Editor of Collier's:

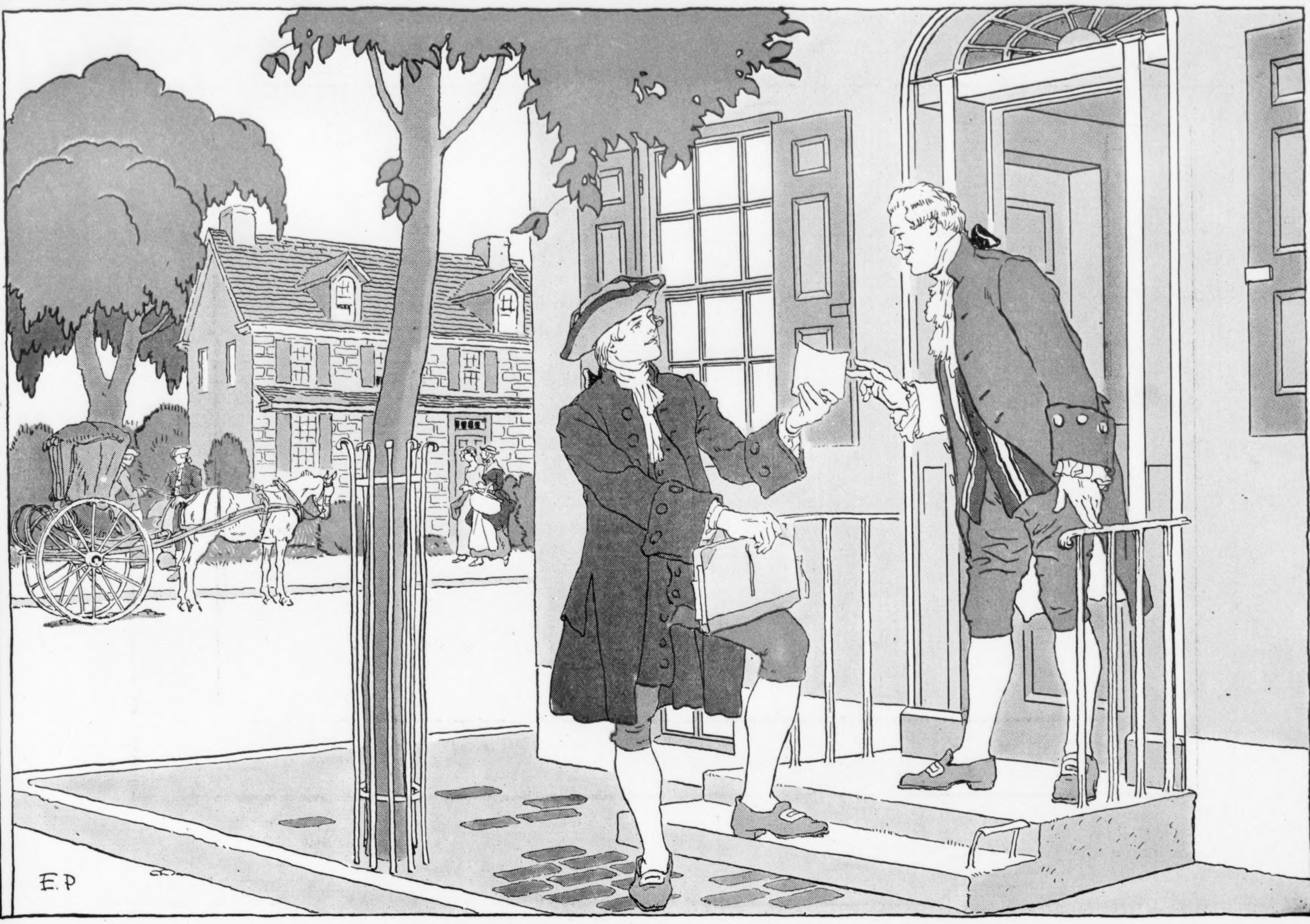
Mr. Ward refers to the dog as a whining, servile animal. Let him try to mistreat the next healthy dog he sees. The results will be obvious, for he will display them for weeks.

A dog will not suffer abuse from anyone except his master, and it is not cowardice which makes a dog stand this mistreatment. It is loyalty and tolerance.

I know of only two classes of dogs which will stand being mistreated: The homeless mongrel which depends on the garbage cans for subsistence, and which is subject to the caprices of the children in the neighborhood; and the dog which experienced great fear in its youth.

Are we humans different under the same circumstances?

LOUIS ARTURO, San Francisco, Cal.



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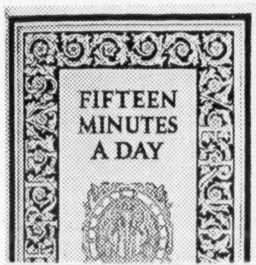

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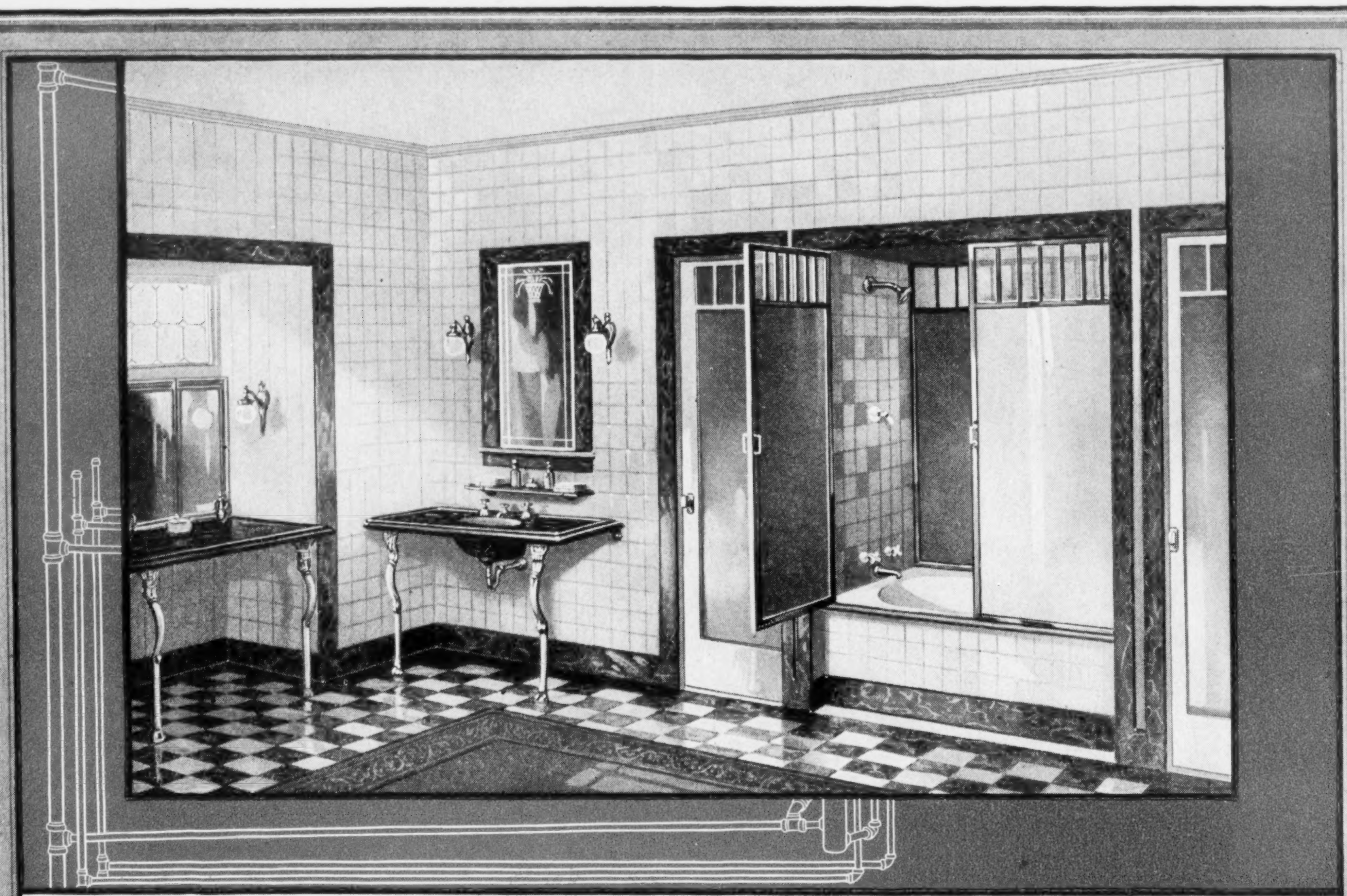

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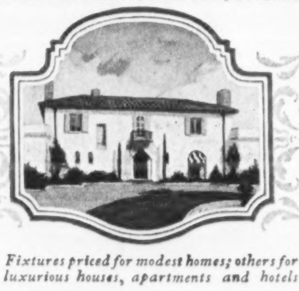

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